NUGÆ LITERARIÆ:

ETC., ETC.

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NUGÆ LITERARIÆ:

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THE

REV. RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON,
MINISTER OF BELGRAVE CHAPEL, LEEDS.

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MDCCCXLI.

"Nec meus hic *sermo* est."

HORACE.—Sat: Lib: ii., Sat: 2.

"Ego vero fateor, me his studiis esse deditum: cæteros pudeat, si qui ita se literis abdiderunt, ut nihil possint ex his neque ad communem afferre fructum, neque in adspectum lucemque proferre.....................Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si, quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis, tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero?"

CICERO.—pro ARCHIA.

"Saltem daretur in *sacris literis* tranquillè consenescere!"

ERASMUS.—Epist.

"Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things."

SOUTHEY.

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TO THE REVEREND JOHN ELY,

MINISTER OF EAST-PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS.

My dearest Friend,

Accept the Dedication of this Volume. I wish its Inscription to testify my sense of Worth and Integrity which I have rarely known equalled, and have never found surpassed. We began life together. We chose our Profession with a distinct understanding of the disadvantages which we must endure. There were other paths that we might have followed,—those of lettered fame and scientific investigation,—but our principles excluded us. The learned leisure which we should have coveted for its own sake, the opportunity of cultivating polite literature the charms of which were early felt by both, our present active requirements forbid. But we have not, for a moment, rued our Youthful Vow. Even these poor Flowers,—wildings,—plucked in haste,—I should loathe and trample, could I think that any duty of the Holy Office had been neglected while I gathered them. I have no confidence that to the most partial kindness they can present any bloom, or breathe any fragrance, save for a few short days: their chief value to me is that they enable me to bind a little Wreath,—though they wither in the offering,—in token and in memory of a Friendship, which has survived the course, and sustained the proof, of Thirty Years.

Believe me, Dear Ely,

Your ever attached and faithful Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

Leeds, April 5th, 1841.

" Λαμπασιν ακταις,
Ου ποτνιαι σεμναι τιθη—
νουνται τελη
Θνατοισιν: ων και χρυσεια
Κληις επι γλωσσα βεβακεν
Προσπολων Ευμολπιδᾶν."

SOPHOCLES.—Œdip: Colon: Lin: 1101.

"Considera denique sacra ipsa, et ipsa mysteria, invenies exitus tristes, fata, et funera, et luctus, atque planctus miserorum deorum. Isis perditum filium cum Cynocephalo suo et calvis sacerdotibus luget, plangit, inquirit: et Isiaci miseri cædunt pectora, et dolorem infelicissimæ matris imitantur: mox, invento parvulo, gaudet Isis, exultant sacerdotes, Cynocephalus inventor gloriatur: nec desinunt annis omnibus vel perdere quod inveniunt, vel invenire quod perdunt. Nonne ridiculum est, vel lugere quod colas, vel colere quod lugeas? Hæc tamen sacra Ægyptia. Ceres facibus accensis, et serpente circumdata, errore subreptam et corruptam liberam anxia et sollicita vestigat. Hæc sunt Eleusinia."

MINUCIUS FELIX.—Octavius.

" And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine.
. . . .
Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest."

MILTON.—Morning of Christ's Nativity.

immeasurable distance; it was purchased by Augustus of the people of Cos, the native isle of the artist, and was placed in the temple of Julius Cæsar at Rome. But whatever may be the perfection of painting, and the triumph of its ancient master-pieces, its productions are necessarily frail. Even the fresco but slightly survives the moveable picture, in many instances moulders before it; and the worm has often defaced the panel while the canvas has been spared. The youthful enthusiasm is sufficiently kindled by the notices of those transcendent consummate works, by the applause of contemporary nations, as well as by the award of critics and the suffrage of historians in their favour,—though the specimens themselves cannot be adduced to justify this fulness and unanimity of praise. But there is a sister art of more rigid durability. It selects for its material the granite and porphyry and the least oxydising simple or composite metals. Statuary may include sculpture and casting: in both the Greeks excelled. But the pale marble of Hymettus and Pantelicus,—or the blue-veined, as if that tinge were just traced on it to match the human skin, found in the mines of Paros,—were the substances preferred. The proudest elevation ever attained by this creative skill was in its bodying out of imaginary superhuman existences. These remain, after thousands of years, the archetypes, rather than the fulfilments, of the most poetic conceptions. It may be doubted whether the bard owes not more to these models than these models to the bard. They are fabrications which the *original soul* must claim. They *inspire* the sentiment, not merely *elicit* it. They *enact* the laws, instead of *obeying* them. They *lead* the march, nor look behind them on the *retinue*. The Belvidere Apollo, the Medicean Venus, the Farnese Hercules, continue to excite a species of idolatry. That "Sun in human limbs arrayed,"—that Cytheræa of chastest beauty,—that Alcides with a presence of power which disdains the club,—that monument of Glycon's genius whose name is on it, and to which probably Horace refers in the first epistle of his first book, where he says that no one should forego the precautions of health,

"Quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis:"

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the only ones; but invocations of the most solemn and even terrific kinds abound in their writings, giving their apostrophes an irresistible force and sway.—The Epic borrowed largely from these ideal beings. The machines, to take the phrase of Bossuet, are celestial interventions. Horace, in a well-known couplet, denounces this agency in any crisis which does not strictly demand it. It is well for his consistency that he has allowed that Homer sometimes nods. The truth is, that the divine appearances are the rule, and not the reserve, of the ancient epopee. The reader expects them. The associations of those times, alone could redeem them from a certain clumsiness of contrivance. Often they might complain that the historic poet,—as Leicester in the rehearsal of Puff,—had not "settled how they were to get off." The exit is as ungraceful, as the entrance was constrained. All we, however, inculcate is, that these fables were interwoven with the whole of the ancient literature, and must have therefore been most influential on the national mind. Tragedy in Greece partook of a public institution. Its writers agreed to uphold the religion of the country. Whether their policy was sound or not, they not only brought the divinities on the stage, but made them take an easy part in the dialogue. They are the actors, the dramatis personæ, themselves. Apollo is one of the interlocutors in the Orestes of Euripedes. Minerva appears and speaks in the Aias Mastigophorus of Sophocles. Æschylus filled the proscenium with the Eumenides. Scarcely, indeed, was there a connection, a reference, of any kind but it was impressed with this character: every scene was sacred, every hour festive, every object divine.—Nor was this influence weakened by any disclaimer of the wise and good. Occasionally a comedy might take some freedom with the presumed rulers of our earth and race. Aristophanes did not always spare them, but then he made up for this temerity by his lampoon on those who were at all disabused of popular error, and by always administering flattery to popular delusion. The religionist forgave his impiety as a licensed jest, because that jest was aimed at those who were pouring too strong a light into the recesses and retreats of ignorance. And we must not forget

that Philosophy was equally servile in its professed adoption of the general creed. Plato in his Io treats at length on the Poetic furor. He there, by the mouth of Socrates, avers that poets are inspired by the divine afflatus to the very loss of their own self-possession, comparing them to the Corybantes; that they are the interpreters of the gods; and that their exact unanimity, in all their theological allusions, establishes the identity of the source from which they must have derived them. The conversation was to reprove the rhapsodists of that period, but he does it by arguing the highest illapse, maintaining that the poets were the instruments of heaven, "gifted with the same powers as the priests of the oracles, and other prophets." And every tyro knows that *vates* in Latin signifies poet and prophet according to the connection, and frequently both at the same time: and that vates is formed from φητης, the latter syllables of προφητης, a prophet, by the change of the labials φ and *v*. How strong, then, was the hold which this system obtained on all the science, art, and polite learning, and even purest philosophy, of an age which, so far as man was the sole agent, seems to have culminated above any succeeding one; and of a people who would allow no alternative but Barbarian, or Greek! How taste stole thence its embellishment and reasoning acquired its confirmation! How it entered into every constitution of society and office of life! It was a universal element or principle diffused as air, subtile as light, binding as attraction!

The spectacle of Olympus swells upon us very gorgeously. We think that we behold some lofty summit of crystals rising into the azure and splendour of mid-heaven. It is aerial, without an earthly base. There expands the dome of the Celestial! Like as Ovid records of the palace of the sun, the workmanship exceeds the substance, however costly, out of which it is formed. The year is but a spring, and the spring is no delay of harvest. The woof of Ormus and the dye of Tyre in vain would emulate these tissues. Architecture builds itself up with gold and gem. The choicest incense loads each gale. The amaranth casts its shade and scatters its breath. Music flows from sightless lyres. The nectar cannot fail. Ambrosia grows with inexhaustible

abundance. The awful inhabitants of this heaven-embowering clime, this empyrean, are the αθανατοι, the undying, the immortals. Sometimes they withdraw into their respective dwellings and jurisdictions; at other times they keep high banquet and hold solemn debate. One while they separate as stars, the next mingle as constellations. On the lofty throne of that exalted state sits the Sire of gods and men. The cloud-compelling Jupiter,—his eagle Perknos couching at his feet,—his brow clothed with thunder,—his nod affrighting the universe,—he proclaims supremacy, and defies fate. Juno with her perfect beauty reclines by the monarch's side,—she is sceptred,—the peacock spreads his argus-eyed train of plumes in advance of her,—or many of this glorious bird yoke themselves to her car, while her hand-maid Iris throws the variegated arch above her head. The ivy-wreathed hair of Bacchus sets off his perennial youth, his thyrsus rules his panthers, and his only wrath pursues the goat because it roots up the vines: Silenus and his satyrs follow him not thither, nor do his earthly orgies and dithyrambics disturb the sky. Mars glitters in his mail. Apollo, that noble charioteer with his fiery-footed steeds of immortal race, only circles heaven in his daily course, and unfatigued relieves the "noctes, cœnæque Deum" with his noble gesture, and sweet harp, and the eloquence of which men can only say that the most perfect imitators "Phœbo digna locuti." Vesta is mysteriously silent; her thought is fixed and impassioned; the holy veil covers her face; she muses "in pure white robes, like very sanctity." And now for tricksy Mercury, ever voluble but ever humorous and ready to oblige, prepared to fly headforemost with his petasus, and with his talaria or winged heels just touching earth to rebound to his native seat with all the news of earth. Pallas, the Tritogeneia, with corslet and helm, often quells the anger of her father Jove by her wisdom and moderation, and leaving the wine-god to his magpie, prefers the grave monotonous whoop of her owl. Venus, and Cupid, here offer little annoyance to "the immortal shapes of bright aerial spirits;" while the boy's sportive archery need not be feared so long as he is in point-blank range of the Pythian

"Lord of the unerring bow." Diana, with her crescent ensign, is a still better protectress, and she stands braced and pure as new risen from the Castalian fount. Old Neptune, though always leaning on his trident and surveying his ocean-realm, proves his amphibious capacity and seems happier aloft than in his coral caves. Some subordinate powers here receive a welcome and an office,—though they can plead no prescriptive title to the place. Aurora, always the earliest riser, unbars the threshold of that vast festive pile at dawn. Hebe and Ganymedes are the graceful cup-bearers when it pleases their superiors to quaff. Momus is zany of the court. The Hours weave their zone. The Muses fill their choir. The Graces twine their group. There too are they who were of divine descent, but still not summoned to this nobility,—like commoners courteously distinguished during their aristocratic fathers' lamented lifetime: and a few who, though displaying a sinister bend of earthliness in their shield, are admirable heroes of exploit and fame. Vulcan, that skilful armourer and forger of thunderbolts, often leaves his smithy of Etna to take his patent's rank and seat. Esculapius has abandoned practice, and takes no less medicine above than he did below. Hercules, Castor, and Pollux, though the writ of summons could not avail them but only a new creation, disgrace not the "ætherea domus" to which they have been called.

The conception of this Mythology,—though often halting in consistency and always deformed by absurdity,—is confessedly great and magnificent. The ideas of power, beauty, authority, are caught, detained, and represented. Impalpable essences are arrested and clothed in appropriate forms. There is the relief of variety and force of contrast. Their immense superiority is felt to the allegories of the highest poetry. Æschylus has attempted to personify strength and other abstractions; but the harmony is wanting which fills up the dimensions, and the taste which supports the probabilities, of the deific fiction!

But let us look a little more closely at this hierarchy of the Pagan divinities, the Dii majores et minores. The poetic

glare being withdrawn, though still magnified through a poetic medium, how do their proportions dwindle, and to what contemptible frivolity and baseness are they reduced! What shrew and scold ever brawled in terms so gross as Juno allows her tongue? What female bosom was ever so relentless? Well may Virgil speak of "sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram;" and enquire, "Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?" Her large blue eyes, which Homer compares to those of an ox, shoot forth the successive fires of jealousy, cruelty, and revenge. She can threaten like any beldame: "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo." Jupiter was "like the air, a chartered libertine," adopting the vehicle of metamorphosis for every evil end, —reckless of his victims, though his queen was sure to pursue them with the cruelty of an Alecto,—and writing his history in one disgusting tale of brutal passion. Minerva induces Pandarus, during an armistice, to aim a shaft at the breast of Menelaus. The guilt of Mars and Venus, and their detection by Apollo, is but an article of amusing scandal to their peers. And when not morally vile, they are convicted of abjectness and levity. Hercules rescued them from the Titans,—a *mortal* delivered them ere he was the demigod! Horace in his fourth ode of the third book declares,

"Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juventus horrida brachiis."

How unsuitable the panic in Him who should have loured thunder, who should have crushed rebellion, who should have despised the puny effort against his dominion, being himself the god of gods. They can sink to what is undignified, and light, and by a no painfully difficult descent. Minerva banters the phrensied Ajax. The limping gait and awkward assiduity of Vulcan convulse the divine revellers into ἀσβεστος γελως. Venus is wounded by Diomed, and she retreats with a sore hand, but endeavours to make the best of it in the presence of Jupiter: but when Mars is wounded by the spear of the same warrior, he flies to heaven scared and groaning, filling the firmament with his shrieks, complaining to the Mighty Father, who soundly rates and ridicules him for his pains. Then when assembled, they

cannot agree about the contest in the Troad after many consultations; so, by the express command of the Thunderer, they, like us poor mortals, leave it as an open question, and agree to differ. Thus, in the fifth book of the Iliad, to which there has been already allusion, they absolutely fight against each other, take their sides, inspire their partisans, *backing* hero against hero, and a chance-medley it proves!

Though nothing can be more improbable than that this mythology was the vision of poetic imagination,—though we disbelieve that Homer and Hesiod could have originated it,—yet we think that we see in it marks of a modified *continuation.* This was not the first thought. This is not the original system. It has grown out of much that is antecedent. The form and consistence are superinduced upon an ancient substance. And history assures us that there is a greatly earlier date, and previous theory, of polytheism: polytheism more simple and elemental,—and as less ornate and elaborate, to our better reason less revolting. It is obvious that the records of the most distant times avoid the violent imaginings of the classic ages: and that in the Epicurean period of the classic ages, the learned resorted to a more cautious phraseology. There was an advised and measured mode of speaking which reveals a conscious necessity for circumspection and subdued statements. I can easily understand that a man in modern times who does not wish to commit himself to a certain belief,—to an avowal of a moral character and a moral government on the part of the Great First Cause, —will feel himself relieved by such general words as *almighty power* and *eternal fitness and right.* He escapes censure for scepticism; and yet never can be called to a reckoning for one tenable substantive opinion. So it may have been felt, by some ancient, a happy thought, an adroit expedient, when instead of a homage to any particular deity, he spoke of a *Numen;* and in appealing for a vindication of any cause and right, he invoked a *Nemesis* and a *Themis.* These are generalities, with which the credulous thought they fully agreed, and to which the suspicious could not openly object. And it must be remembered that, when a great antagonist system had well nigh sub-

verted heathenism, the philosophers, who still adhered to it, never ventured to defend that form of it which was classical and poetic, but that earlier pretension which was mystic and symbolical. This was the last plank of the wreck to which they clung! All besides,—the most ornamental and exquisite parts,—they abandoned as corruptions.

The more intelligent, therefore, adopted a fable which served to connect the poetic œconomy of the gods with an earlier and more philosophic theory. It was supposed that during the invasion and assault of the Celestial abode by the Giants,—some of them having fifty heads, and others a hundred hands,—having already heaped Ossa on Pelion,—the affrighted deities fled into Egypt. As that famous land was the principal reservoir of tradition and source of knowledge, as it could boast so superior an antiquity to Greece,—this was a happy conjunction of interests. The modern could then represent that the difference between it and the ancient was rather verbal than real. Both systems became fraternised, conscious that they must stand or fall together. The latter also found the necessity of borrowing the typical key from the former. It is only the poetry of Virgil which would make the gods of Egypt fight against those of Rome.*

And thence arose one of the most pointed characteristics of the Pagan hypothesis. It is generally denominated, the inter-community. It may be easily explained. The gods were local and provincial in their tutelage. This country was sacred to one, that to another. But men could not remain always in the place of their nativity: the ends both of education and commerce demanded travel. But what was the devotee to do when he entered the land of another divine patron? Must he preserve his fealty or transfer it? Must he practise the rites of the country in which he sojourned? The presiding powers were certainly restricted. They were called Indigetes, Θεοι *πατρωοι*. The knot was cut by this explanation, which is a refinement upon all the liberalism ever recorded, *one was as good as another*. This is a great truth. For were the greater number

* Æneid: lib. viii. 698.

found any more at large upon the earth, the "dignus vindice nodus" would infallibly be the hangman's noose. A sort of pass, or letter of license, was therefore virtually carried by all who traversed different countries. There was a boundless toleration, save when some of the priestesses had drank the libation instead of strewing it on the shrine. It was carried so far, that at Rome there was the noblest of all her temples thus consecrated to the whole company of the supernals. The Pantheon still exists, and is a monumental voucher of the necessary good-will, or perhaps good understanding, between different tutelaries and priesthoods. There was a compulsory arrest upon all competition! This was a little relaxed when a religion was transported from one country to another, which in after time occurred. But, though this was not much relished in the first instance by the predominant order, the principle of intercommunity left no alternative. The state speedily adopted all. Athens was hospitable in a most munificent degree, entertained gods known and unknown, always kept a niche vacant for the next new-comer, until it grew into a proverb that it was easier to find a god than a man. But while this was a very fast step towards a system of consolidation, there were incongruities in history to be reconciled, and incredibilities in popular belief to be explained. When the Theogony of the poet, and even of the grave annalist, was adduced, there seemed a necessity for an illiteral meaning. The nuptials of the celestials did not well consist with the celibacy and vestalism they imposed on their most favoured servants below. It was not a small embarrassment that the Cretans persisted to show their Ida on whose sides Jupiter was trained, and more disagreeably took money of the virtuosi who came to visit his tomb. Birth, marriage, and death, are very natural to us; but scarcely agree with independence, spiritualism, and immortality. All this was therefore to be mystically accounted for. The birth of a god was his *first acknowledgment* in any country. The marriage was the *superaddition* of one worship to another. The death was the *withdrawment* of a particular idol or rite, their disuse or extinction.

Something was, however, needed to satisfy the more philosophic enquirer. And the expedient was early embraced to establish a system of substitutes, or double images. I have found, in my enquiries, nothing more probable than the origination of idolatry in the more marked appearances and bodies of nature. The worship of the sun, and moon, and constellation, was probably its nascent form. But this was too large and too indefinite for the multitude. There was wanted something of a more personal figure, which a temple might shelter, and to which a multitude might bend. The anthropomorphite idolatry was too likely to lead away the mind from the celestial phenomena, and thereupon animals were used instead. The Bull represented the sun, because the strong curls of its forehead were supposed to resemble the out-beamings of that orb. The Cat was the remembrance of the moon, because the contraction and dilatation of the pupilla of its eye were deemed analogous to the increase and wane of that satellite. The Dog was devoted to Syrius because, at its particular appearance in the heavens, that creature was peculiarly affected; and we still speak of the dog-days as insupportable from their heat. The consequence was what might be expected: if the few retained the purer ideas, the crowd looked no further than the gross representations.

In addition to these intentional emblems, astronomy had left some mighty relics. This could only be the science of the few, and the heirs seldom equalled the renowned ancestors. Much of the Newtonian rules was known to the Egyptians, and is a restoration of their learning. Science, like higher truth itself, had degenerated in later times. The pyramids are most true to the meridian. The most rational solution of the sphinx is that it denoted the zodiacal signs of Leo and Virgo when the sun was apparently passing from the one to the other. Many of the symbols, in the ordinary tables and pillars, seem to refer to the computed times of Nile's inundation and recession. The most amusing fictions contain astronomic truth. There is a well-known tale of the cruel ban that was laid on Rhea: three hundred and sixty days were closed against her. But Mercury, the Egyptian Thoth, obviated this difficulty by playing at dice

with the Moon, and winning from her the seventy-second part of each day. He then made up of these stakes five days, which he added to the three hundred and sixty,—constituting the proper solar year. As the Scarabæus pushes its nidus backward with its feet, while it still looks directly forward, it was deemed a type of the sun in its real progress from west to east, though its apparent motion is from east to west. And it may be observed that there was a strong tendency in all mythology to convert public benefactors into stars. Saturn became one. The planets still keep their course with all their polytheistic names and adjuncts. The comet which appeared at the time of the games instituted by Augustus in celebration of Cæsar is called by Virgil* "Dionæi Cæsaris astrum:" and by Horace, "Julium Sidus."

The choice which was left to the inquisitive and educated, lay between two systems. The first was Pantheism. This assumed that the Deity was universally diffused,—not only an *anima mundi*, but that every thing, every element of things, was divine. It is evident that we should not only, if this were true, do as Juvenal describes his sceptics, "intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt," or as Malebranche speculates, see all in God: we should inhale, eat, drink, and digest divinity. The second, therefore, obtained far more favour. It was that which attributed to Nature certain energies, permanently regenerative principles.

We cannot fail to contrast the correct sentiments on morals entertained by these persons with the very crude notions they possessed of a First Cause. Beautiful were their figments of the fair and becoming, the *το καλον*, and *το πρεπον*. The distinction they made proved a refinement of moral sensibility. This may be simplified by selecting three Greek words expressive of obligation, Χρη, Δει, Οφειλει. The first implies the utility, the second the binding necessity, the third the equitable due, of the moral act. But the divine nature is not a subject within human compass; and, therefore, we find that the most sagacious minds failed to acquire the satisfactory information. Now this

* Eclog: lib. ix. 47.

Power of Nature was very early adumbrated in the mythologies to which Greece was so great a debtor. The primitive deities were Ouranus and Vesta,—signifying a conjunction and combustion of the elemental fire in the more rarefied region of the air. Thence resulted Saturn and Ops. Ops is the earth, beyond all doubt: perhaps as the source of wealth: probably there was an adjective of this form, and we have still the privative one, *inops*. Vesta is the goddess of flame: and hence her fire-worship. But we learn from Ovid's sixth book of Fastorum,* "Tellus Vestaque numen idem est." The earth is represented by other names, Rhea, Berecynthia. Cybele and Isis are additional appellations. These do not denote the mere map of the world, but a property it possesses of reproducing in all its kinds and species. This is the vis vivifica. Ceres is but one more specimen. Occasionally the moon is intended, but as a part of the mundane system, governed by the sun. To prevent confusion, I shall for the future call this power, Isis. She is named the mother of gods and men. Hence her common name is Δημητηρ. When Athens, therefore, in her frantic admiration of Demetrius changed the feast of Bacchus, called Dionysia, into Demetria,—there was a reserve in the flattery, at least in sound, and Isis might be as much honoured as Bacchus was wronged. She is designated Legifera, because all law is founded on admissions of property. In reference to the variety of the ways in which she is known she is styled Multiformis, and Multinominis; from her sustaining bounty, Multimammia. The general account of her is that she was espoused to Osiris,—that Osiris was slain by Typhon and hewn into twelve parts,—that she found eleven but could never possess herself of the twelfth, —that her daughter Proserpina was stolen from her by Pluto,—that she, a goddess, yoked her dragons to her car, and rushing to heaven implored the redress of Jupiter or the Supreme,—that her application being evaded, she never would again take her place in the divine rank and council,—that she went shrieking through the world,—that she carried lighted torches to assist her search,—that she sat down on a stone denominated, from the

* Lin: 460.

grief she suffered, Αγελαςον, near the fountain Callichorus,—that she found refuge in the house of Celeus, king of Eleusis,—that she purified his son Demaphon in the fire, showing her identity with Vesta,—that she sent another son, Triptolemus, to teach the nations useful inventions,—and that her Proserpine was compelled to pay her mother long visits every year, some say of four months, others of six. All this, however, carries us back to Egypt. Ceres was not a name known in that country, and yet was the favourite name during the most classic period in Greece. We have to think therefore of Isis in her days of earthly royalty, the bride of Osiris, or of Serapis, which seems to have been his later name. Tacitus, in his History, the fourth book, gives an account of Serapis, as if from the Egyptian priests themselves, which is by no means probable or consistent. Though there is much to disprove the idea that Anubis was originally considered the same with Osiris, yet in the farther periods of the Isiac worship, he was the god of her temples. He was termed Canicula Cynocephalus, because the heliacal rising of Sirius began the year and coincided with the highest swell of the Nile. Osiris might represent the sun, and Anubis the dog-star, or Sothis,—both, therefore, were emblems of heat,—and might be easily converted with one another. To help us in this remote speculation we must fix the literal, and then seek the figurative, narration.

Osiris and Isis were king and queen of Egypt. Typhon was his brother: Thoth or Mercury his minister. He seems to have possessed a mind as benevolent as it was capacious. He often visited other countries to teach them to sow corn, to cultivate their vines, and to ascend the gradual steps of civilization. He goes under many names, one of which certainly identifies him with Iacchus or Bacchus. The Egyptians called the ivy sacred to Bacchus, χενοςιρις. During one of these excursions or progresses, Typhon rebelled. It does not very clearly appear what part this vizier, afterwards called Trismegistus, took in the insurrection, but the name would warrant us to conclude that he three times took office,—so when he could serve Osiris no more, patriotism impelled him to kiss hands under Typhon.

The meaning of this, we must now endeavour to find. And our nearly exclusive source of information is the dissertation of Plutarch. Some of his comments I will immediately proceed to quote.

And first, in respect to the names themselves. He intimates that Isis is derived from *ιεσθαι*, and that this is not a barbarous title, for that all the gods are named *απο δυειν γραμματων του θεατου και του θεοντος*, (from their worthiness to be seen and their capability of motion.)—But Plutarch further informs us that Plato would rather take it from *Ουσια*, substance and entity. Osiris receives his name from *οσιος*, just,—and *ιερος*, sacred.

Of the slaughter of Osiris he reports many allegorical interpretations. Of these we cull three.—Osiris is the moisture so necessary to a country like Egypt, whose soil is so fertile, and where rain is almost unknown. The overflow of the Nile was the great resource. Typhon is the burning sun drying up all, and then by a strange change of character is the sea swallowing up the Nile.—Osiris is the principle of good: Typhon is the genius of evil. This second solution is but a mythos of the Manichean doctrine.—A third unriddling is, that Osiris is the highest portion of the soul, that which thinks and aspires to excellence: and that Typhon is the grosser animal part.

There was always in Egypt a strong attachment to *the double doctrine.* The priests were the depositaries of all knowledge, which they doled out with a niggard hand. This was called exoteric, and esoteric: the more public and the more intimate revelation. Pythagoras constantly employed it, though he boasted philosophy, and founded a school. He enjoined on his disciples the strictest silence for years, spoke to them from a concealment into which they could not pry, prescribed a course of initiation, and enounced his opinions in forms the most trite unless they contained a hidden redeeming sense. Surely these are not very serious counsels! "Put from thee every vessel of vinegar! Never eat in a coach! Never sit down on a peck measure! Wipe not thy bench with a firebrand! Never plant a palm! Stop not to cut wood on a journey! Pare not thy

nails at sacrifice! Take not a swallow into thy house! Never stir the hearth with a sword!" And all the historians and poets often appear to labour with a secret which they must not betray. Herodotus in his Euterpe speaks of certain flagellations, but says that, in whose honour the self-disciplining votaries inflict them, he is not at liberty to disclose. And, again, describing a temple at Sais, he relates that there is the tomb of a particular personage whom, he adds, "I do not think myself permitted to name." Orpheus, if the fragment be his which Suidas preserves, thus opens his noble hymn: "I will speak to those who may lawfully hear me: but instantly close the doors against all the profane." The Ionic sect were so cautiously trained by their great master, that their secresy became a subject of alarm to states! These tried more than once to extort the secret, but it was of no avail. At length Dionysius of Syracuse determined to master it. He ordered Tymicha into his presence, and pointed to the instruments of torture. But she, true to the taciturnity and secretiveness of her sex, would tell nothing; having, however, as a little help and slight precaution, *bit off her tongue*.

The Mysteries of Isis, of which a mercenary party was sure to make the most, were rehearsed with the greatest splendour at Eleusis, which has already been mentioned as the first resting-place of the bereaved goddess. It was always contrived, if possible, to *keep* a power to the spot, if its worship drew many votaries. These divinities were generally sculptured, in a ruder age, with their feet joined together, lest they should run away. Cumberland, in his Remarks on Sanchoniathon, says that all the Egyptian statues were thus formed: and argues that such was the Palladium of Troy. Warburton instances the case of a high wall being built to keep some god within his temple; else, says the smart-phrased prelate, "He would doubtless have soon shown a clean pair of heels." When the Egyptians first saw the disparted feet of a god by Dædalus, they chained the legs together lest it should escape: and Timæus accounts for the burning of the temple of Diana on the night of Alexander's birth, that she, being professionally called in, was necessarily absent from home.

Of the Eleusinian mysteries or cryphia, we have some scattered intelligence in the ancient authors, but nothing so full and authentic as in the Metamorphosis of Apuleius. It is, in its conclusion, the tale of one, by name Lucius, who had been transformed into an ass. I imagine that this does not imply so much moral degradation as ignorance. For this animal was not deemed unclean. It was an offering to Bacchus. And it was commonly employed to bear the sacred furniture of the Isiac temples.* But it knew nothing, of course, concerning the import of its burthen. It became a proverbial expression, "Asinus mysteria portat." So Lucius would compare his want and unsusceptibility of all religious information. In the opening of the eleventh book, the poor beast having escaped to the shore near the temple,—he (I shall use the personal pronoun to avoid ambiguity) awakes in the early watch of the night with sudden fear amidst the clear shining of the full moon. Hoping that his dire misfortunes may now have an end, he resolves to pray to that orb, after seven immersions of his head in the sea, which Pythagoras had ordained as the religious number. Gazing on her, he adores her as the queen of heaven, whether Ceres, then inhabiting that country,—or Venus, then worshipped in the sea-encircled Paphos,—or the sister of Phœbus, Latona Diana, —or Proserpina, otherwise Hecate, with three faces,—calling upon her to give "pause and peace" to his sufferings, and to restore his human form. Sinking once more to sleep, a divine face rises before him out the sea, most bland and adorable. Isis is known by her chaplet of flowers, and by the sacred asps. In her right hand is the sistrum: in her left, the cup. (That cup, it should be observed, wore the shape of a small boat, having reference to the admeasurements of the Nile during the inundation; and our small cups, of a certain use, though having little naval likeness, are still called boats.) She answers his prayers: describing herself as Parent-Nature, as the ultimate heavenly and infernal ruler, worshipped in every form and every name. Her mystic ship is to be launched on the morrow. Her priest is to bear a rosy crown in the pomp of her procession: and on

* Βατραχοι, 160.

the dispersion of the crowd he is enjoined to follow him, and to snatch the garland as if desirous of kissing the hand which carries it, and instantly he shall return to the shape of man. Having bound him with promises and vows, she disappears, or as is beautifully recorded, "in se recessit." He waits impatiently for the dawn, and soon hears the preludes of that festival. There is first a procession of a ludicrous kind. All sorts of actors and actings, grotesque and caricatured. Herb-women, clothed in white, now lead on the proper march, scattering their flowers: others, with glistening mirrors, multiplying the deeply-affected throngs who press towards the goddess: others still, waving ivory combs, as if by the motion of their arms, and the bending of their fingers, they were braiding her royal ringlets: and yet a fourth band, scattering the sweetest balsams and perfumes. Then advanced a great multitude of both sexes with torches and all kinds of artificial lights. After this there swelled the softest sounds of flutes and horns. These musicians were followed by the most lovely choir of youths singing appropriate strains. Now the herald-trumpeters advanced, sacred to Serapis, and commanding an uninterrupted passage. The initiated at length appeared, men and females of every rank and age. These are compared to earthly stars, and they now sweep onward striking their sistra of brass and silver and gold. The chief priests come into sight, supporting the symbols, the *exuviæ*, of the highest divinities. The *first* raised a dazzlingly refulgent lamp: the *second*, in both hands, bore the altars which are called the auxilia from one of the names of this goddess, Auxiliaris: the *third*, a palm, of gold most delicately foliated and the caduceus of Mercury: the *fourth*, his own left hand widely extended, itself a deformed one, as an emblematical display of Justice, being supposed from its natural slowness and coldness a fitter image of that attribute than the right: the *fifth*, the sacred fan: and the last a *ewer* Then appear the figures of the gods! The horrid image of Mercury is masked, evidently here thought the same with Anubis, the messenger between the Celestials and the Inferi, presenting an aspect alternately dark and bright. A miniature represen-

tation of the bull was borne on the shoulders of an attendant immediately after the spectacle of Mercury. The ark of the dreadest απορρητα succeeded. And the whole was closed by an urn, sculptured with Egyptian hieroglyphics, which was deemed a type of supreme power, and was enchased with the story of the divinest acts.—Lucius proceeds to say that he approached the priest, and instantly devoured the crown of roses. His metamorphosis was immediately reversed. Covered by one of that religious assembly, the priest congratulates him, being prepared for the miracle by a corresponding vision, that he has arrived at the *haven of peace* and the *altar of mercy*. He invites him to yield himself to a further initiation. All this may shadow the less mysteries. The ship, all being now arrived at the shore, is to be launched; and it is covered with significant devices. Given to the deep, it is kept in sight as long as possible, and then the procession re-forms, and with irrepressible triumph returns to the temple. They who are entitled to enter the penetralia, lay down the divine images in their proper places; and then the Grammateus, standing before the door of the shrine, pronounces his blessing on the whole people (this was after the subjugation of Greece) and releases his auditory by the salutation, Λαοις Αφεσις.* Lucius, however, is to be let into these secrets more adeptly. The doors of the inner temple, after he has been kept in suspense many days, are solemnly opened with sacrifice, and certain books of cypher are placed before him and explained. Then, attended by a religious guard, he is led to the baths. Being placed in one, the high priest bedews him with the holy water and thoroughly purifies him. He is then conducted, and bid to stand two-thirds of the day, before the image of the deity. He is commanded, in a way he must not declare, to abstain from any *gratifying eating*, that is, from any thing but was absolutely required for subsistence, from all flesh of animals, and from wine, for ten days. When the day arrived for his access to the sacred presence, the profane

* This reminds us of the language of the Deacon in the Roman High Mass: "Ite, missa est." The Latin adverb *extemplo* implies a very prompt compliance with such command.

being bid far distant, he was led to the very adytum! But how is the reader of Apuleius disappointed by the turn which the story now takes! "Thou wilt perchance enquire now, O inquisitive reader, what was then said and done? I would tell thee were it lawful for me to speak: thou shouldst know were it lawful for thee to hear! But I will not torment thee with a long delay, for perhaps thy curiosity is of a religious kind. Hear, therefore, but believe the truth. I approached the border of death: I touched the threshold of the invisible world: I return whirled through every element. I saw the sun shining in the fullest splendour at midnight: I stood before the gods, both heavenly and infernal, and worshipped them close at hand: behold I have told thee that which thou *hearest*, but which it does not follow that thou canst understand; and whatever I have confessed may be divulged without sacrilege."—He then describes his symbolic dress. And we learn from the Plutus of Aristophanes, that the garb in which the candidate was initiated was worn by him to shreds, and then was deemed so holy that it was devoted to Ceres in return.* His right hand held a lighted torch, his head was filleted with palm-leaves. Thus adorned like a sun, and standing like an expressive statue, the external draperies of the temple are suddenly shot back, and he stands forth in the presence of the waiting populace. Three days are apparently consumed, and the fourth was happily called the natal day,—the teleioi, or mystæ, being then born to the long-sought discovery. He, after stating his indescribable happiness, repairs to Rome, and still the worshipper of Isis, there he finds her temple in Campus Martius, exclaiming with unsurpassed elegancy, "Fani quia advena, religionis autem indigena"! He being then devoted to the priesthood, had other initiations to pass: but these cannot affect an ordinary case.

There are other books which cast glimpses on these rites, especially the poets. To these I shall find occasion afterwards to refer: I shall now only mention Catullus. Did his other qualities bear any proportion to his beauty of style, I would quote from him,—in their absence I must forbear; and yet his Atys

* Lin: 845.

has its admirers as a specimen of purity and a fable of immortality!

The Mysteries were of so dread a character, that we might fancy that all was most serious in the pilgrimage to them. But there was a gate at Athens where banter was quite licensed on all who passed it on their way to them. Indeed the Athenian would never lose his jest. In Aristophanes' Wasps we may learn that this was directed chiefly, if not exclusively, against those who were hastening for initiation. Philocleon says of Bdelucleon, "I will banter him, it was his way with me, ere I was of the mysteries."*

The Festival of Isis was annual: admission to her mysteries was confined to that period, except by extraordinary dispensation.† Much favour was necessary to enjoy this privilege. Warburton dilates very rashly when he says, in his Divine Legation, that the mysteries "were universally aspired to;" "that men, women, and children ran to be initiated." All this we must doubt from the extreme improbability that any secresy should be preserved, if the secret were so freely communicated. And all joined in reprobating any betrayal; thus Horace,

> "Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
> Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
> Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
> Solvat phaselum."‡

A supposed reference to these mysteries, in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, nearly cost him his life. Alcibiades was accused of mimicking them in his revels, that he had even travestied the part of the hierophant, that he had initiated some of his drunken associates. The informers had more than his vices, with none of his virtues and talents; but whether the *cause*, or *pretext*, of hatred, he never rose quite above the infamy of the charge. Harpocrates, the god of silence, with his hand on his mouth, always stood in the porch of these temples. The candidate had, we think, to go through the following trials. Having

* Lin: 1562.

† Herodotus.—Urania. Speech of Dicæus to Demaratus.

‡ 2 Carm: lib. iii.

been under regimen of abstinence and general restraint, having passed the day among the most exciting pageants and ovations, he was at night-fall summoned into the delubrum amidst an awful darkness and silence. Longinus has observed, "that to swear an oath in a common manner, impresses us with no sense of greatness: that depends upon the place, the spirit, the crisis, and the cause."* All was contrived to inspire this dread. Even Hercules seems long to have laboured under it, and the Dramatist very artfully gives the best account of his abduction of Cerberus, by supposing that his imagination became morbid by his contemplation of the spectacles unfolded in his initiation. In the Furens, Amphitruon asks him whether he brought off the three-headed monster by the use of bribe, or in fair fight? He answers, "In fair fight, but most fortunately I saw the inner rites of the Mystagogues!" His wits are diseased, and he confounds the false and the real. Is not his extrication of Theseus, also, but the rescue of the monarch from the cells of Eleusis, where he had been confined for contempt of these rites?

It is not easy to determine all the forms of initiation. They were often most trying to the nerve of the candidate. Faber, in his most excellent work, "the Origin of Pagan Idolatry," has quoted from Clemens Alexandrinus a passage which contains a formula required of the aspirant to these mysteries: "I have drunk the medicated liquor." Does not this imply an exciting, fortifying, draught? It appears that the most ghastly phantoms crossed the scene, hideous spectres rose from the ground, the noise of storms was heard, thunders rolled along, and the dogs of hell bayed in their loudest fury. The candidate was sometimes compelled to rush through ordeals of fire and cataracts of water. He was left to the deepest darkness, "in Stygian cave forlorn." The trials were both real and imaginative. A mimic Avernus was always there, and the epoptes was launched in a small galley upon it. He was whirled upon it to and fro. That galley was called the Baris, and it landed its navigator at last on the island or myrtle-grove of the blessed. Probably the doctrine of the Metamorphosis was taught them by the machinery

* Sect: 16.

of animal disguises and vizards: while that of the Metempsychosis was figured in the pleasant perceptions of their later course and final resting-place. A light, of which all spoke in perfect rapture, was diffused. That was the type of joy. Whatever was the reward, it was, however, painfully earned: and the ecstacy of the ultimatum, perhaps, consisted not so much in the actual acquirement as in the close of a formidable adjudication, and in the enrolment among a privileged order.

Four principal officers appeared. The first was the Mithras, always of one family, the Eumolpidæ, in which distinctive line it continued twelve hundred years. He was the hierophant, wearing a crown, selected for his appearance, and especially for the sonorousness of his voice. He regulated each scene and explained each lesson. The second was the Bearer of the Torch, who was charged to see that all were suitably purified. The third was the Pontifex at the altar, sometimes called Epibomius, there being very frequent oblations. The fourth was the Herald. Xenophon, in narrating the defeat of the Thirty Tyrants by Thrasybulus, describes Cleocritus, herald of the Mystæ, as remarkable for the loudness of his voice.* He has now cried, Off ye profane. Woe to any intruder! Livy, in his thirty-first book, mentions that two Acarnanian youths ignorantly entered the temple of Ceres, being uninformed in that religion, at the same time with others. But eagerly enquiring about what they saw, they were immediately betrayed: and though it was certainly unintentional on their part, the antistes, on account of the "infandum scelus," sentenced them to death.

The ceremonies begin. The misery of irreligion is pourtrayed by apparitions of those who lived impious lives. They are heard uttering bitter cries. Tartarus is opened with all its terrific retributions. There spread out the Elysian fields. The bowers of blissful immortality bloom to the eye, and the forms of the virtuous are descried reposing in them. There are many processions, celebrating the history of the goddess. Soft sounds come wafted from the distance, until we hear the full-toned ode.

* Affairs of Greece, lib. ii.

If the Batrachoi of Aristophanes preserve any subject of these musical rhythms, we are not left without some relic and suggestion of what the Mystæ sung:*

Let the Pipe reverberate through the porch—
Now breathe forth the mystic fume of the Torch!

. . . .

Iacchus, Iacchus, O, Evohe,
God of these seats, we call on Thee!
Come with the fruitful myrtle-wreath crowned—
Come with the foot's most jocund rebound—
Lead, O Iacchus, thy choral train,
Dancing along the verdant plain,
To thy Mystæ's holy and graceful strain!

Kindle the brands to their brightest glare.
Thou dost a blazing flambeau bear!
Like a heavenly star with far-darting ray
Thou lightest the bosom of night with thy day!
Our garden a glittering region appears;
Our aged forget their decays and their years,
And quiver with joy! O Torch-bearer lead
Our youthful procession to yon blessed mead
Which flowers enamel and fountain-dews bead!

Ceres! thou queen of the hallowed rite,—
Break from thy dread shroud on our sight!
Shield us in safety while glad we advance
And thread the merry maze of the mystic dance.
Sportive our language while solemn our mien,
With jest and with moral relieve we the scene.
Let a garland fillet each votary's brow!
Iacchus! companion of pomp and vow!
Thou hast taught us sweet music's note and time!
Unwearied hast marched to the sun-rising clime!
To the Goddess! Ye voices and footsteps chime!

But there were certain *doctrines* taught which must have been accompanied by sensible illustrations. Three days could not be spent in only shows.—That of the Transmigration, was doubtless one. The strangest fancy was when men professed to remember their original, or any stage of their course before their human existence. Pythagoras stoutly maintained that he was Euphorbus in the Trojan war. Herodotus states that the Egyptians believed that, on the dissolution of the body, the soul immediately enters

* Lin: 320—380.

some other animal; and that after using as vehicles every species of terrestrial, aquatic, and winged creatures, it finally enters a second time into a human body. They affirmed that it undergoes all these changes in the space of three thousand years. In the Travels of Anacharsis, Barthelemi has collected the confessions of Empedocles: and as he refers to a book which I have not been able to obtain, I will repeat the quotation: "I have appeared," says the Sicilian philosopher, "successively under the form of a young man, a maiden, a plant, a bird, and a fish. In one of these transmigrations, I for some time wandered like an airy phantom in the expanse of the heavens. But suddenly I was several times precipitated into the sea, thrown again upon the land, hurled into the sun, and again repelled into vortices of air."—A *pre-adamite* idea was also indulged. The soul was described as descending to our earth, that being a sentence upon some extra-mundane frailty. Here it was to refine and then regain its sphere. In Moore's "Epicurean" there is a beautiful description of the idea, and still more of the mechanism which depicted it. The young philosopher listened attentively to the hierophant, when he saw near him a lovely female form crouching to the earth, as subdued by error and sin. She soon began to rise, her countenance opened in smiles, she soared from earth a pure and spotless thing, entered a star in which were kindred essences, until the vision disappeared. Wordsworth almost sings a similar strain, though apparently afraid to carry it further than the first dreams of childhood. The ode will be easily recalled by the one line of fervid boldness: "The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."—The progress of the soul was a favourite conception. Spenser, Bunyan, and Donne followed an idea common to the Pagan idolatry. Cupid and Psyche is a most beautiful comment.

It is generally pleaded in behalf of these initiations, that they type the purgation of the soul. The poets are cited for the proof.

"Ω μακαρ οστις ευδαιμων τελετας θεων*
Ειδως, βιοταν αγιστευει,
Και θιασευεται ψυχαν." κ. τ. λ.

* Eurip: Bacchæ.

Claudian delineates in his Descent the same idea. Taylor most ingeniously argues for this opinion, — but what cannot he prove? Cerberus, he gravely states, is the discriminative part of the soul, of which a dog on account of its sagacity is an emblem; and the three heads signify the triple distinction of this part into the intellectual, dianoëtic, and doxastic powers! Hercules dragged the three-headed dog to-day,—intimating that by temperance, continence, and the other virtues, he drew upward these three qualities of the soul! These are the cathartic virtues, by which our higher nature is refined!*

In these initiations there would be frequent attempts to explain away the more singular observances. This would be particularly the case as the decay of superstition and the growth of philosophy demanded an extenuation of the forms. The learned would be told that many of the Egyptian rules of diet were but a "religio medici," the simple precautions of health. They would perceive that the mournings so very common in all the ancient heathen systems,—men and women rending the air with shrieks and gashing themselves,—referred to some of the great changes of nature. Thus the Phrygians mourned for Adonis, that is, the sun in its winter recession from them. Thus the Parthian Magi held the sea to be sacred, and that to defile its waters was impiety. The use or meaning of this tenet was to prevent emigration, and that part of the Caspian, close to Parthia, was called Pium Mare. The wanderings of Isis, in pursuit of the mangled limbs of Osiris, may be but the revolution of our earth through its orbit, always seeing the sun in the opposite sign of the zodiac, never finding more than eleven, itself being always in the twelfth. Plutarch describes the wailing, practised in her mysteries, as denoting the burying of the corn-seed, that wailing always being for something lost or dead. Proserpine or Persephone, when gazing on the Narcissus, is suddenly hurried away by Pluto; and this may but intend the sudden breaking up of spring, while her permission to return to earth, to her

* Vide a Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries, by Thomas Taylor, in the Pamphleteer.

mother Ceres, may signify the happy renewal of that season. Every thing in these allusions seems based upon agriculture. But a truce with these significations: they who have read Lord Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients," will perfectly well understand what ingenuity can do with such legends. Isis was considered, in fine, the goddess of goddesses, as Osiris was the god of gods, the Demiurgus. She therefore assumes any form. She appropriates every perfection. It was in the pride of this emulation, that Cleopatra clothed herself with the divine robes and badges of the goddess when she received Marc Antony. She rallies her troops with the crepitaculum.

We shall find that the philosophers are compelled to güess at the meanings of these ministrations, and to refine upon them. The following extracts from Plato's Phœdo will suffice. "The discourse delivered about these particulars, in the arcana of the mysteries, 'that we are placed in a certain prison secured by a guard, and that it is not proper in any one to free himself from this confinement, and make his escape,' appears to me an assertion of great moment and not easy to be understood." "And those that instituted the mysteries for us appear by no means to have been contemptible persons, but to have really signified formerly, in an obscure manner, that whoever descended into Hades uninitiated, and without being a partaker of the mysteries, should be plunged into mire; but that whoever arrived there, purified and initiated, should dwell with the gods."

Of the form of Isis we know little: of her appearance to the initiated, nothing. The Isiac Table, explained by Montfaucon, and copiously detailed by Shuckford,—even if it be genuine,—yields very scanty information. I believe it is now at Turin. Her general inscription was: "I am all that has been, and that shall be, and none among mortals has taken off my veil." The poppy wreath generally environed her head. Apuleius puts the following prayer in the lip of Psyche to Ceres. "Per ego te frugiferam tuam dextram istam deprecor, per lætificas messium cæremonias, per tacita sacra cistarum, et per famulorum tuorum draconum pinnata curricula, et illuminarum

Proserpinæ nuptiarum demeacula, et cetera, quæ silentio tegit Eleusis, Atticæ sacrarium: miserandæ Psyches animæ, supplicis tuæ, subsiste." Aithra, in the Suppliants of Euripides, makes her earliest prayer to Her as the Protectress of Eleusis. Indeed she was always figured as the help and comforter of the afflicted, an impersonation of the most indulgent mercy. It is often difficult to restrain the mind, amidst these descriptions, from thinking in the most solemn direction; for the Goddess is invoked with much of that sentimental devotion which the Madonna so widely receives as the Refugium et Consolatrix afflictorum.

The great policy of the Mysteries was to secure secresy. This was in every way induced by honour and by fear. The traitor, could he even have expected impunity, levelled himself with the common vulgar of mankind. Bayle, in his Historical Dictionary, states that red-haired men were offered to the manes of Osiris: and according to Horace, in his seventeenth Epistle of the first book, the common beggars and impostors of Rome made their last appeal to charitable credulity: "per sanctum juratus dicat Osirim." The rose-garland was an emblem of silence. We have the common phrase, doubtless of such origin, "under the rose:" but I hesitate to determine whether it was the sign of confidence from its use in the mysteries, or from being worn on the head at private feasts, the conversation at which in all civilised countries has been held sacred. But why this secresy? It is almost incredible, but it admits not of any doubt, that it arose from the selfishness of a desired monopoly. So mean was the common opinion of the deities, entertained by the great and devout as well as the obscure and ignorant, that they feared to be supplanted in the divine regards by other nations. They dreaded the transfer of these regards on inducements of costlier sacrifice by surrounding peoples. They seriously believed that such regards might be purchased by a higher price. They knew that many envious tribes and kingdoms thirsted to know who their deities were, that they might obtain this patronage. They therefore kept the secret, concealed the powers on whom they depended, lest they should be suborned from them

by richer bribes and alienated to the defence and aggrandisement of their foes!

We may now enquire into the architecture which would admit of all the wondrous illusions which initiation required. There was a succession of platforms. Immense perspectives stretched out to the eye. Perhaps there was a solid perspective, like that of Palladio's theatre at Vicenza. The actors must have been numerous, and the scenery could only be of the most curious and sumptuous description. Darkness gave way before the sudden blaze of Naptha, and the softest sounds of music stole upon the sense. Withal there was a facility, a naturalness, in these changes, so that the strongest minds could not resist the awe and rapture which attended them. Eleusis stood admirably for the purpose. It looked immediately upon Salamis in the Saronic Gulf: it was about mid-way between Athens and Nisæa. The extent of Grecian buildings was never their distinguishing property. Their proportion, their finish, their lightness, combined with certain though unobtruding strength, constitute their charm. But in this temple of the Mysteries, we must think of much subterranean space. The great oath was always taken in the deepest recess or crypt. This probably was closely connected with the Μυςικος σηκος,—an apartment perfectly arranged for the formation of sounds and their transmission. This was an important instrument of illusion. The strains rose and fell, swelled and softened, approached and receded, and wrought their magic upon the aspirant. He felt that harmony was every where, and that, like attendant spirits, for him awoke all these modulations. Then the sacred precincts extended far beyond the vaulted roof. There was a terrace, which Chandler says, may still be seen cut in the rock behind, about nine feet above the floor of the temple, two hundred and seventy feet in length, and forty-four in breadth. Much was probably exhibited on it; along it the "pueri et homines scenici" would wind; and the penetralia were in a small shrine at its end, where the deity unfolded her veil to the votary. These measurements generally disappoint. The temple of Ephesus was only four hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and in breadth two hundred and

twenty-one. This of Eleusis, in its reach from north to south, was three hundred and sixty, from east to west three hundred and one. We must compensate for their comparative diminutiveness by every beauty of design and decoration. The sweeping perystyle, the noble pillar, the exquisite intercolumniation! Nor must the treasures of gold be forgotten in the celebration of those of art. The Phocians plundered Delphi of two millions two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. Shakspeare has well seized the spirit of the scene in his "Winter's Tale."

> " *Cleomenes.*—The temple much surpasses
> The common praise it bears.
> *Dion.*—I shall report,
> For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
> (Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
> Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
> How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
> It was in the offering!
> *Cleomenes.*—But, of all, the burst
> And the ear-deafening voice of the oracle,
> Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
> That I was nothing."*

In the selection of their scenes, the Greeks were most apt and judicious. Delos was one of these holy haunts. An annual expedition of offerings was fitted out for it. It reposed on those pure waters, the most beautiful of the Cyclades. The spot is now covered with ruins, but Cynthus still rises, and Inopus still flows, to recall the taste of the worshippers and pilgrims attracted to these lovely shores. Auldjo, in his Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, says of the ruins on this island, "those of the great temple of Apollo cover an immense extent of ground, whose capitals, columns, architraves, friezes, cornices, lie mingled in undistinguished confusion; and from their size and number they had more the appearance of the fragments of some fallen mountain, than the remains of man's handiwork."

Still, if we trace the Mysteries to their source, we need offer no apology for the dimensions of the structures in which they were celebrated. Herodotus describes a labyrinth near

* Act iii., Scene 1.

Lake Mæris, consisting of twelve contiguous palaces, with three thousand chambers, half of which were under ground. And modern discovery has laid open temples in that land of wonders, so vast that miles must take the place of feet, and enumeration most cautious leaves untold the vista of colonnades. Philaæ, in the stream of the Nile, was an island built up into one temple. It was a principal sacrarium, a metropolitic shrine. Amasis is recorded to have built a stupendous one at Memphis. And indeed Rome constructed many large but still greatly inferior edifices. One was dedicated to *Venus and Rome.* Its columns were sixty feet high, eighteen feet in circumference, each fluting eight inches right across. It was built by Adrian. Perhaps the Isiac Rule was not the most favourable to architecture. It wanted much contrivance in its buildings for the purpose of *effect.* The temple of this divinity is the most perfect work in Pompeii: but it is not grand. Nor does it seem to have cared very anxiously for the more beautiful of the arts; for the frescoes taken from it, and which are now in the museum of Naples, are considered very inferior to the design and management of the mosaics of Herculaneum.—It shall now be my business to attempt a general harmony of the Eleusinian Mysteries with those which preceded this particular institute.

With the Egyptian they have a natural connection as well as strict identity. Some of these coincidences have been remarked. The ship, and the ark in which Osiris was enclosed, evidently are of one origin: the rose was a common emblem: the winnowing-fan was carried in the processions of each: the bull answers to the apis: the dog-headed Mercury appears in both: and especially the mystic death of the initiated, their sight of the future world, their presentation to the Inferi, their return to life, invariably recur. If we have a just representation of the tomb of Psammis opened by Belzoni, by that we might justify the analogy. But without that, sufficient is known. The ferry-boat of the initiated,—his introduction to Osiris who ruled heaven, earth, and hell, he being the Dîs of Tartarus,—the lotos, the emblem of life and moral progression,—are familiar pictures. And the honour is put upon Isis that she perfects all

by touching the candidate with the Alatheia, the breastplate of truth! Much information, though not falling under my plan, may be obtained on the Egyptian character of this Order from the learned and adorned work of Laurentius Pignorius. That of Meursius I have not been able to consult.

Perhaps we may go even higher than Egyptian lore. The Cabiri were considered a sort of demigods. Esculapius was one of them. The name, if a synonym of later times, seems taken from Cabea, the original mode of spelling *cavea*, a cavern, a recess in the earth. Almost all divinities had such an origin. This worship evidently existed in the time of Cambyses, for he profaned its temple and statues. These founders were ship-builders according to Sanchoniathon; I renounce, however, all connection with Ephraim Jenkinson, though I have pronounced that name before. They were early historians. They were universal fabricators and artisans. They "were the fathers of all such" as apply science to practical utility. They were doubtless Phenicians. The ship always held a place in their mysteries; but what is most convincing is, that Cabiria is one of the names of Isis!

There can be no doubt that the tradition of a Deluge was preserved among these symbols. Though the Arkite allusion, and the exploits of the Noachidæ, are often resolved into astronomic phenomena,—the crescent boat of the moon with its double silver prows, the glories of the principal constellations,—yet this was the subsequent use of the legend. Thus were preserved some remains of truth, some archives of history. The mourning, with which the rites were begun, expressed the fate of the world submerged, and the danger of the family that was tossed upon the superincumbent waves. The wanderings which were depicted,—wanderings of incertitude, bereavement, and despair,—denoted the erratic courses and drifts of the diluvian ship. The image, which was laid out as in death, represented the general extinction of the species, together with the probable destruction of all. Wailings and shrieks, as of a funeral, rung through each recess. The revivification was the subject of the most rapturous delight and praise. Man was restored. The

race was perpetuated. Sudden shouts of joy were raised. The trumpet pealed and the cymbal clashed. Darkness was turned into light, and the sacellum blazed with spontaneous illuminations. Processions wound into view, wreathed with vernal garlands and bursting into lyric songs.

A strong similitude prevails between all the mystic rites. The story varies, and sometimes the divine patrons are changed. The emblems are commonly the same. Whether the scene be in Eleusis or in Samothrace,—in the chambers of sculptured workmanship and around the altar of classical device, or amidst the Trophonian den, the Mithratic grotto, and the Hermaic cave,—whether the dilaceration be of an Osiris, a Bacchus, or an Adonis,—the legends refer to a common origin, and the ceremonies adumbrate a common event.

It will be necessary for the student of the hidden doctrine to be very careful as to his system of hermaneutics. Etymology should be, almost, his last resource. But chiefly let him be on his guard against the strange opinion of Faber and others, that there may be compound etymons of different languages. If one language will not serve, the adduction of a second can but be most arbitrary and perplexing. And let him beware how he yields to sound: and scarcely less how, in reducing words from their accidents to their radicals, he seeks the simple retention of the letters which his theory wants. Criticism should be the highest court of truth,—alas, how often is it open to trick and special-pleading!

But the latitude to which the Mysteries prevailed may be proved by a reference to the Druids. Phenicia, at the time of their influence in Britain, often sent her ships to our shores. This country was the principal school of the superstition, and in its colleges educated the Belgian and the Gaul. The Scythians were of the same religion. Now Herodotus speaks of certain Hyperboreans who were peculiar favourites with the inhabitants of Delos. These, it is morally certain, were our ancestors. The barley-stalk was their mutual symbol. The priests of our country wore the same amulet with the Egyptian priests. The steer was the sacred animal. The mystic pall

contained nearly the same symbols as the Isiac cista. There was initiation. There was the common shirk that an ultimate power, called Esus, received the worship paid to subordinate gods. In Mona was the sacred retreat, and thither from all countries of the north pressed the rich and powerful, that they might become versed in these mysteries.

I have purposely avoided, hitherto, the ingenious speculation of Warburton, that the descent of Æneas, in the sixth book of the Æneid, is a description of the Eleusinian rites. He bends it to a particular argument to which all will not consent. It is this, that every epic must be conducted on the rule of teaching one great leading moral. To this we cannot subscribe. We do not discover it in Homer and Virgil. We believe that any such view suggested by *this* critic, might be met by another *as* sound invented by *that*.* Is not Æneas initiated in the *lesser* mysteries, those of Hercules, by Evander in the eighth book of the Æneid? Both these epics are certain kinds of history, and the poets have done their best to clothe them with the adornments of their art. That Virgil wrote for the inculcation of piety to the gods seems very questionable; for though he constantly gives his hero the epithet "pius," he as constantly exhibits him the sport of the principal deities, who persecute him with the lowest spite, and never for a moment pretend to chasten him for the purpose of eliciting and proving his virtue. May not this epithet design his filial piety rather than that which warms towards gods? The main design is apparent in every line, to flatter the Roman nation by the character of its presumed ancestor, and to justify the gross usurpations of its arms. And Virgil was not a probable party to such a moral. He was a Stoic. A thorough believer in the mysteries would scarcely have spoken, as he speaks, of the "illaudati Busiridis aras" in the opening of his third book of Georgics. Nor are his well-known lines in the second book quite a manual of devotion: "happy is he who dives into the reasons of things, who tramples upon every

* To show what any ingenious scholiast may do, let the reader turn to the Paper (on the Prometheus of Æschylus,) in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature; Vol. I.

fear, even upon inexorable fate itself, and not less defying the roar of the insatiable Acheron."* And if the descent of his hero into the shades, denote his initiation, the very same might be said of the intention of Hòmer in respect to Ulysses. In the eleventh book of the Odyssey he enters the Cimmerian cave, visits the dark abodes where he finds heroines and heroes, until at length, scared by the cries of the lost, he hurries to his ships. It is an episode in both poems. But could Homer, in his age, have dared thus to unveil the mysteries, if his descriptions were intended to represent them? Or if Virgil, from the country and period in which he lived, ran not the same hazard, how after his publication could the mysteries be mysteries any longer? Yet he can speak of the "mystica vannus Iacchi,"—an inferior institute to that of Ceres. But they continued about four hundred years after the Christian æra, and Julian was initiated in them, repairing to Eleusis for the express purpose, and afterwards inviting the supreme pontiff of that worship into Gaul. Nothing sooner dissolves the charm of poetic composition than the bare suspicion that the bard has never felt the fine enthusiasm, that he is only taking advantage of excited feeling to impress particular opinions, that he is setting politics to verse, that he is a Màchiavel with a laurel on his brow and a lyre in his hand. The mysteries could not have contained those *particular* revelations and apparitions which were disclosed to the hero, unless arranged for the occasion: and the apostrophe to Marcellus, so exquisite on the supposed reality of this vision, is quite destroyed when it occurs in the midst of such ceremonies. The horn and ivory doors are borrowed from Homer, who ascribes similar language to Penelope: and as the ivory door opens to the dreams which are only imaginary, Æneas, on that principle, by coming out of *it* and not the gate of *horn*, would represent the whole secret, if initiation were intended, to be fabulous and nugatory. As it is, it forms a delicate key which the poet puts into the hand of his reader.

* "Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."

It is natural, then, to ask how did the Mysteries commence? What is the foundation on which they rest? I will briefly state my opinion: I must leave others to weigh it.

I think, then, that it was not an immediate invention of any man, or class of men; but that the institute arose, and accidentally, from the change in writing. The symbol was left on the temples and in the sacred books: but an arbitrary character was introduced in every other connection. In a few generations the *symbolic* became the sacred character exclusively: and was understood only by sacred persons. Signs, like these, would soon strike the multitude with an obscure blind awe, and only the priests could interpret them. Then occurred the double temptation, *avarice* to make *gain* of them, and *ambition* to turn them into means of *influence*. As the most wealthy and intellectual would be the most curious to pry into them, so it became necessary to support the claim to superior insight by the gloss of sophistry and plausibility. There was little difficulty in the preservation of secresy; for on its violation, the mystagogues lost their spell, and the initiated their distinction. And then as priesthoods were wanted for the more popular rites, and governments found the influence to be great exerted by them over the populace,—statesmen and kings thought favourably of the Mythic institute, because it kept the inferior religious functionaries in check. I therefore conclude, whatever of deception there was in it, it was not the effect of an original plan to deceive, but of a yielding to circumstance and a compliance with temptation. Nor is it probable that in the Greater Mysteries there was any low debauchery. Being sanctioned by the public magistrate and the virtuous philosopher, this would be an unreasonable suspicion. The symbols, however, were of the grossest kind. And in the ordinary services of Isis,—the constant ministry of her various temples,—we have the strongest proofs of the most profligate excesses and cruel seductions taking place.

The impression produced by the Mysteries on *different* minds would be as *different*. The vivant portrait, the tableaux, would to some appear as glimpses and visions of a supernatural

power and a spiritual world: to others they would appear *illustrations* only, cleverly managed. Some would be confirmed in their belief, others would be disabused of it.

What was the *inducement* to initiation? Various motives may be assigned. The inquisitiveness of the mind, goaded by any obstacle to its gratification.—The contemptuous spirit of *caste*, which is always greedy of distinction.—The scorn of the many, which this indulged.—The tendency to incorporation and sodalities, which have been always strong civil passions.—The intercourse it facilitated between the brotherhood throughout the world would not be overlooked.

What was *taught* in these *hidden schools?* I may answer this question by another. Why has this Essay been so necessarily defective? Why has it omitted certain facts essential to a full understanding of the subject—facts which it would have required little ingenuity to collect? Because the highest sacred emblems were of such a loathsome character that the most passing allusion could not be endured to them. The scenes from which profligacy turns away, were the deepest type, and the holy ground, of Paganism.* It is of these mysteries in their former state that we speak: there is a sequel of a still darker character to their history.—Never was there a more unfounded assumption than that they taught the Unity of the Divine power, the first chief cause. Taylor, the translator of Plato, than whom Plato never had a stauncher and more loyal disciple, maintains that it is evident that he was a real believer in his country's gods. Socrates would surely never have refused to be initiated had he expected this doctrine as the result. Cicero, in his Natura Deorum, though he had been educated at Athens, never clearly concludes it. It would have been the loud boast of the philosophers who thronged the court and camp of the Apostate, when he had blotted the cross from the

* Need I speak of the Phallus worship? Taylor preserves an extract of Psellus on Demons. Unblushingly he quotes it to prove how innocent were the Eleusinic rites. Did abomination ever go farther? "Επειδη δε εμελλον και αφροδισιοι επι τη μυησει γινεσθαι συμπλοκαι...... κ. τ. λ. Εφεις η βαυβω τους μηρους ανασυρομενη, και ο γυναικας κτεις, ουτω γαρ ονομαζουσι την αιδω αισχυνομενοι. Και ουτως εν αισχρω την τελετην καταλυουσιν."

Roman labarum, had this dogma ever lain dormant in Paganism. The precious doctrine would have been dug into light, to overthrow their Christian adversaries. But a Maximus had not the hardihood to assert it, nor Iamblichus the ingenuity to intimate it, nor Julian the credulity to receive it. He took other views, indulged other dreams, and only sought the restoration of the whole of his gods. It was an error of some of the first Christian writers to affirm such an opinion. Clemens Alexandrinus, Augustine, and Eusebius, were of this number. Their motive appears to be, that they might the better attack the character of the Pagan philosophers, as concealing their knowledge and hiding their light. But the worship and reverence of the gods was a principal admonition in the conduct of these rites. And yet Warburton asserts that the Mystæ were taught, "the whole delusion of polytheism"! He adds, with his nice consistency,—that this was "done under the most tremendous seal of secresy," for they were informed, that "*the gods themselves* punished the revealers of the secret"! Was there ever such barefaced suicide in logic? This self-violence is not imposed on him by bringing distant sentences together. Can it be believed that these are consecutive sentences?—And most unsatisfactory was every sentiment concerning the immortality of man. They could not *strengthen* the popular impression of this,—for they only *reflected* the creed current among all,—but they *impaired* it. The acute and intelligent would rather diffide in that which asked such auxiliaries. The very terms of the poet are far from the manner of assurance. "Non omnis moriar," is but an author's vanity. "Pulvis et umbra," promise but an equal fragility to both. Cicero's phlegm is characteristic: "Et si non ero, sensu omnino carebo." Plato's sentiment of the soul's reabsorption seemed to destroy its identity and self-recollection.—The cypress, because when that tree is cut down it never recovers, was the shade,—and the asphodel the flower,—of their grave. Their urn could not quicken its ashes. Their epicedium was seldom more than a faltering of desire, generally a wail of despair.

And even on the concession that the initiated were admitted

to purer information, on what does their claim to benevolence depend? Became they possessed of a higher and more holy knowledge? They were sacramentally *pledged* never to make others happier by it. Or is it pleaded that they sheltered the lamps in the recesses of the sanctuary, until an opportunity should arise when they might venture to place them aloft to guide and save? The answer is, that eighteen ages saw this system in existence, and no attempt was made to turn it to the benefit of half-a-hundred generations. Nay, more, the system itself became increasingly more corrupt. Juvenal did not spare the ministers and the shrines. Josephus describes such inconceivable abuse even of the Isiac rites, then observed at Rome, that Tiberius commanded the crucifixion of her priests, the demolition of her temple, and the contumelious flinging of her statue into the Tiber. Suetonius relates the same fact, only he adds, that the exiles were permitted to return on the condition and pledge that they would no more celebrate their evil art.* The Isiac ministers in the later centuries very generally practised the Goetic and Theurgic arts of Egypt; and called themselves Mathematicians. When the work of Constantine was for a time apparently undone by his successor, astrology and divination were *avowed* by them. We must recollect that Rome always claimed a purer mythology than Greece. Dionysius Halicarnassensis, speaking in his Roman Antiquities, remarks of Romulus,† "He established temples, and courts, and altars, and shrines, and images, and badges, and ranks, and all the means by which the gods bless our nature: and the festive days which it is proper that we keep to each one of the gods and genii, and the sacrifices in which they delight to be worshipped by us, and the feasts, and the celebrations, and the remissions of toil, and all such things, following the most approved solemnities of Greece: but he rejected all the traditions respecting them, in which the charges of crime are cast upon them, deeming them too gross, not only for gods, but too base for wretched men. He taught his citizens to speak and think in the most exalted manner of them, and to ascribe

* Lib. iii., cap. 36. † Lib. ii., sect. 16.

to them nothing unworthy of their blessed nature. Cœlus is never heard of among the Romans as mangled by his progeny, —nor Saturn eating up his own children lest they should overpower him,—nor Jupiter, having dethroned Saturn, shutting him in Tartarus,—nor the combats, the wounds, the chains, nor the menial offices, of the gods among men,—nor is any holyday overcast by sorrow, by female moans and paroxysms for gods carried off, as in the rape of Proserpine, and the misfortunes of Bacchus, and stories of that kind. Nor can any one see among them, (however their habits may be depraved,) men pretending inspiration, nor drunken hidden mysteries....... Though I am not ignorant of the uses of the Grecian fables, I prefer the Roman theology: thinking that the advantages of such fables are small, and that only a very few can be profited by them." And this was partly true, and the colonization of the Isiac worship in Rome was felt to be a scandalous injury to public morals. The satirist spoke of Osiris as corrupted by presents and bribes.* The votaries of that superstition took alarm, and apologised for it. All became allegory in their hand. They explained all into historic fact or philosophic truth. There is not an inconsistency but Iamblichus can justify. For instance,—the objector says that he cannot understand how the violent threats of certain devotees can be reconciled, such as,— "to burst open heaven, to divulge the secrets of Isis, to strew the limbs of Osiris to Typhon."† The sophist replies "that these words are not spoken against the sun and moon or any celestial power,—but that there is a sort of powers distributed throughout the world, unreflecting and irrational, which yield to the inducement presented by another, but know nothing by themselves, nor can distinguish truth from falsehood, nor possible from impossible. This kind is moved by these truculent menaces, because they are agitated by such emphatic expressions,

* "Illius lachrymæ mentitaque numera præstant
Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, ansere magno
Scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris."
Juv: lib. vi.

† "'Η γαρ τον ουρανον προσαραξειν, ἡ τα κρυπτα της Ισιδος." κ. τ. λ.—Sect. vi., Chap. 5.

and carry all things with them under the influence of this astonished agitation."

The history of these strange orgies now draws to its close. They were encouraged, as we have seen, by Julian. His chief oration is to the Mother of the gods. On his coins, in the fourth century, we mark the *deified bull*, the obverse having his head,—and in the reverse of another is the Anubis with the caduceus and sistrum. They were finally abolished by Theodosius. Without justifying his interference with their religious import, most warranted was he in suppressing it as a league of impostors and a nursery for crimes. Foolish enough was the institute, when Plutarch rashly and impudently said, that "there was nothing in it unreasonable, idle, and superstitious;" but it had now sunk indescribably lower by adopting all the darker studies and incantations of sorcery. The world groaned beneath the curse of such absurdity, licentiousness, and sacrilege. The proconsul of Greece might intercede with Valentinian for the delay of his sentence to extinguish the system,—because it was the very delight of that people: its attraction of the powerful and opulent from the ends of the earth might easily constitute it such delight. It was a Paradise of fools; and an Erebus, throwing its pall of darkness over mankind. Not a debt of gratitude could it ever claim. Evils of the most monstrous malignity grew up under its protection. It looked coldly on the ignorance, and stood unmoved by the wretchedness, of nations upon whose wealth it rapaciously fastened; into whose chains it drove rivet after rivet, and jointed link after link. It juggled for itself, and long its sleight availed it. In the mean time, who of the epoptæ became, from *its* lustration and impulse, the benefactor of his species? Who was the deliverer, the philanthropist, that came forth thence, his country's blessing, the world's restorer and friend? Until the reign of Hadrian, there had been issued no proclamation against human sacrifices. And what was that which built its very morals on obscenity, and taught its virtues within precincts devoted to all that can sicken and revolt? What must the state of feeling be, when the lowest vice is piety,

and the most unbridled libertinism is worship? And how has it disappeared? Did Epicurus reason down its madness? Or did the dreams of Plato spiritualise away its grossness? To the eternal infamy of those philosophers, they made common cause with it, lent it their advocacy and flung over it their shield. But too late came their help. Its hidden recesses were already profaned. Its mighty pillars were visibly shaken. And soon the dread and awe, which had held the human mind so long enslaved, were indignantly renounced. A new cause of fear, a new form of hostility, arose. A light had pierced and scared it. A power was moving over the minds of men which smote it to the ground. It had withstood time,—political shock,—all mortal chance and change,—it could not resist *Christianity!* This brings with it no secrets but its wonders of love. It is the Revelation of the Mystery, and would make all men see what is its Fellowship. Every artifice of iniquity, imposture, superstition, shrunk from the eye of this blessed Religion. Hers was the triumph of this overthrow. It was her unassisted victory. She did more. She achieved, for the first time, human happiness. Every other attempt to retrieve the condition of our world, and the destiny of our race, had been disconcerted. Jurisprudence, philosophy, art, civilization, all had failed. Their experiments lay in ruins. She met them retiring, flying, from the struggle. She advanced the more confident and assured. She lifted up her meek but sublime standard. And still she is the living power of all truth and goodness. Still she builds for virtue its only foundations, and for peace its only safeguards. Government cannot boast so solid a pillar, and patriotism cannot imbibe so pure a motive. She lives in light, She walks in love,—Knowledge is her herald, and Benevolence fills her train!

"Τελευτησαντες δε δη, υποπτεροι και ελαφροι γεγονοτες, των τριων παλαισματων των ως αληθως Ολυμπιακων εν νενικηκασιν: ου μειζον αγαθον ουτε σωφροσυνη ανθρωπινη ουτε θεια μανια δυνατη πορισαι ανθρωπω."

PLATO.—Phædrus.

"Hanc sententiam significare videtur Laconis illa vox, qui, cum Rhodius Diagoras, Olympionices nobilis, uno die duos suos filios victores Olympiæ vidisset, accessit ad senem, et gratulatus, 'Morere, Diagora,' inquit, 'non enim in cœlum adscensurus es.' Magna hæc et nimium fortasse Græci putant, vel tum potius putabant, isque, qui hoc Diagoræ dixit, permagnum existimans, tres Olympionicas una e domo prodire, cunctari illum diutius in vita, fortunæ objectum, inutile putabat ipsi."

CICERO.—Tusc: Quæs: lib. 1., sec. 46.

"The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

SHIRLEY.—Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.

ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

CHOSEN to pronounce the funeral panegyric over those whom Athens had lost in her first campaign of the Peloponnesian war, and whom she honoured to be inurned with hearsed pomp and cypress bier in the Public Sepulchre which, covered with military device and patriotic heraldry, gloomed in her fairest suburb,—Pericles thus spoke, "I deem it sufficient for men who have tested their courage in action, by action to be honoured for it."* By this eulogy he appears not only to denote the propriety of such elegiac honours as were then rendered,—the procession, the torches, the trailing spears, the drooping standards, the solemn bringing home of the slain, the sumptuous though empty car which represented them who could not be found among those that had fallen on the battle-field or wave, the piercing laments of the female kindred, to whom the nearest place was conceded that they might look within that mausoleum and mark its piles of the illustrious dead,—the sentiment conveyed a meaning that had acquired an early hold, and maintained a long possession, of the ancient world.

It may thus be stated. It is most natural to mourn for those torn from us by the grave. It is not custom, but the unbiassed heart, which impels this grief. But how strange is it that amidst scenes so melancholy, and corresponding moods so pensive, rude boisterous riot should prevail! The sigh, the tear, are only decent: the matted hair, the rent garment, the lacerated flesh, might be excused. There is something significant in all these tributes to the departed! It is, however, impossible thus to interpret and justify keen contests of muscular quickness and strength around the pyre and the tomb. Yet these were not of one age or country. True it is, that we

* Thucyd: lib. ii.

are often reminded of them by the classic poets. But Homer would never have described the jousts which Achilles claimed for the memory and repose of Patroclus,—nor Virgil the gymnastic rites which Æneas offered to the shade of Anchises at Drepanum on the anniversary of his funeral, had they done violence to the sentiments or usages of the peoples for whom they wrote. Their art and taste would have precluded such a license. Low down as the æra of Alexander the Great, we find the existence of the custom. The dying conqueror alluding to it, and foreboding the quarrels that flowed from the strife to be his successor, said, "I anticipate a bloody competition at my funeral games." He emulated the more cruel part of these observances by sacrificing innumerable victims to the Manes of Hephæstion, as the Phthian chief had immolated the Trojans on the pile of his friend. The magnificence of his own obsequies required a preparation of two years; and we learn from the grief of his mother Olympias that he should so long remain unburied, how general was the conviction that the peace of the soul depended upon the fact of early and befitting sepulture. The phrase employed concerning Polydorus,—"animamque sepulcro condimus,"*—we compose his soul in the grave,—carries the idea to the extreme importance of these offices. It is related of Socrates† that, when President of the people, he refused his sanction to the sentence which condemned the nine captains to death for neglecting to pay the funeral rites to the dead, after the naval engagement at the Arginusian islands, only because it was impossible from the storm. Not merely was the troubled spirit of the uninterred supposed to wander a hundred years on the banks of Styx,—but it was imagined that vengeance was dear and due to the warrior still. Therefore, after the most sanguinary engagements, not a difficulty was felt in allowing a truce for each party to carry off its dead. How perfect are the pleadings of Priam for the body of Hector,—Ἑκτωρ κειται ακηδης—and Achilles yields, and withal grants the supplicated twelve days for the mourning and the burial rites. It is only on the poetic conceit that he has become

* Æneid: lib. iii. † Mem. Xen: lib. i.

a bird of song,—free as the air, and deathless as the elements,—that Horace can resist his nature, though he rather betrays its instincts, when he deprecates,

> "Absint inani funere næniæ,
> Luctusque turpes, et querimoniæ:
> Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
> Mitte supervacuos honores."*

And then, too, often a savage immolation took place of the captives to the spectral host which, it was believed, still hovered round the scene. In the Ajax of Sophocles, the Atridæ refuse his body burial, until Teucrus and Ulysses overrule their relentless hate. We revolt at the sacrifice of the four youthful captives to the ghost of Pallas, the son of Evander,†—for which the poet is obliged to apologise, but which, if not very common, would never have been introduced at all, and least of all ascribed to *his* hero. Indeed, the farther we descend, the more appalling is the spectacle. The Roman gladiators seem to have their origin in this cruel institution. They were at first entirely compelled to their mutual butchery. Their name, *bustiarii*, marks that their frightful occupation was related to the burning pile of the dead. This tribute was not only presented at the more solemn funerals, the *Indictiva*,—but when wretches at last took up the mercenary business of this slaughter, even private persons exhibited them for the honour of their deceased friends. It became a universal opinion that the disembodied spirit was gratified by a libation of blood. Horace, in his third Satire of the second book, says, that if the heirs of Staberius had not engraved the sum he left them on his tomb, they were condemned to engage a hundred pairs of gladiators for the pleasure of the people,—an association which, it is equally clear, is of a mortuary character. In the Lex Tullia, made by Cicero when Consul, it is ordained that no one should exhibit shows of gladiators for two years before he stood candidate for office, unless it was devolved *upon him by the Testament of a friend*: a further proof how prolonged was the original design of these shows. The same orator, in his ninth Philippic, pleading for

* Lib. ii., Carm. 20. † Æneid: lib. x.

the funereal honours of his deceased friend Servius Sulpicius, who had died in discharging an embassy to Antony,—moves the Conscript Fathers to carry the resolution, to please to decree, "Statuam pedestrem æneam in Rostris statui, circumque eam statuam locum ludis gladiatoribusque, liberos posterosque ejus quoquoversus pedes quinque habere." And this inhumanity is the more flagrant, because, though many of the gladiators were as vile as their calling, yet there were those who groaned beneath its bondage. It was common to confine them previous to their combats, which says little to prove their readiness for the task. About four-score who, with other six hundred, were shut up to grace the triumph of Probus, overpowered their guards, filled the capital with alarm, cut their own passage through the crowds that thronged its streets, preferring to be mowed down by the soldiery to being the gazingstock and sport of the amphitheatre. Similar escapes were attempted at Præneste, and from the army of Otho, in the dreadful conflict of the two legions at the Po.* How natural are the care and daring of Antigone for the exposed remains of Eteocles! How detestable, merciless as absurd, are the deliberate executions of conquered kings and princesses, scornfully directed by the unrelenting Victor, to complete his triumph through the Forum, and to solemnise his sacrifice in the Capitol!

In these enormities we discern the abuse of a custom which was intended to have an analogic meaning. The age of heroes soon became that of demigods. The games around their tumuli shadowed their might and dint. They were strictly, in the first instances, commemorative. Hence the remark of Pericles already quoted. But when the dead received their apotheosis, *worship* was added to *commemoration*. There was a tutelary to propitiate, and a power to adore. It passed from the character of a typic and laudatory festival to a more reverent and religious ceremony. It still swelled to a higher import. For the celebration of the demigod was felt to be derogatory from the honours required by the supernal deities. To them these institutes were soon primarily dedicated, while their

* Tacitus—Ann: lib. xv. Hist: lib. ii.

first patrons were to satisfy themselves with an inclusive and inferior homage. Scruples might be raised, dialectics might be argued, distinctions might be taken,—and some convenient reference to a δουλεια and a λατρεια might ease every difficulty and still every doubt.

It will be my present duty, not to vindicate every thing belonging to the Olympic Games, but to narrate their history, and explain their intentions. And the preliminary statements will serve so far the matter of their defence as to extricate them from the supposition of encouraging the horrid guilt of human sacrifices, and the vindictive oblation of prisoners and gladiators (the latter either coerced or hireling) to the angry ghosts of armies and private citizens,—all of whom were imagined to pass away as angrily as Penelope's screaming suitors, or to break forth as indignantly as Turnus' exasperated shade.

This, however, only would be relevant if these Games can be proved Funereal. Of this there can be no doubt, whatever historical original we give to them. That of Iphitus and Lycurgus, will render them a series of actions descriptive of the labours and combats of Hercules, to whom Pausanias informs us the Eleans were enjoined to offer sacrifice. That of the Alcmenan Hercules, will explain them as expiatory tributes to the Eleans against whom, and their ungrateful king, he had warred, but whom he was afterwards desirous to appease. That of the Idean Hercules, though lost in legendary mystery, will unfold them as representations of fame and posthumous renown paid to his Sire of Crete, the Jupiter whom he had assisted against the Titans, had co-operated with against Saturn, and had probably laid in his grave: a grave which the shepherds of Ida, long after the days of Minos, were simple and honest enough to show. And this is the more intelligible, for one of the names of Jupiter is Palæstes; and fable at least records that Hercules was by some accounted impious for engaging in a good stand-up wrestling match with his father at the risk of parricide. We cannot but remember, also, that the Mythological Heaven of the heroes admitted the continuation of their

gymnastic delights. It was filled with mews, intersected with courses, or laid out in arenæ.

> "Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris;
> Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
> Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
> . . . .
> Quæ gratia currûm
> Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
> Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repostos."*

The subject of this Essay is very interesting, not unuseful, illustrative of the most wonderful people which ever existed, deciphering many peculiarities of their national temperament, opening a passage to the heart of their idolatry,—besides constituting a splendid observance which survived kings and kingdoms, and filled a notation of more than a thousand years. It is pertinent to historical letters, and classic studies: it can be made to pourtray and impress the course of each duty and the encounter of each ill!

If I may crave indulgence for any heaviness of the style, or any minuteness of the detail, in this discussion,—it should be recollected that accuracy is every thing in such questions: moreover, I may claim credit for the utmost pains-taking and research in my power. It will often be necessary to cite the opinions, allusions, and statements of Grecian and Latin authors: the greater part is mine own selection, while others, which were suggested to me, I have always attempted to verify. Knowing that Gilbert West was the chief modern writer on these Games, I forbore to examine him until my principal materials were collected: I then read him with much advantage, and some mortification, for I soon found that proofs and descriptions which were, until then, regarded by me as fortunate and hard-gained treasures, had been ascertained and seized by him before. I cheerfully, however, remit the reader to that author, that he may try the extent of my obligations to him.

Memorials are necessary to the civilization of a people: there must be annals and registers. This may be done by dif-

* Æneid: lib. vi. lin. 642.

ferent ways. The trophied pile may seek the sky: the sculptured marble may adorn the fane: the course of time may be traced on the tablet: history may transmit the fleeting incident to her page: columns and scrolls may preserve in lasting characters what otherwise is lost. Or this perpetuity of national recollection may be secured by solemn conventions of men, by sports, by processions, by festivities, by gestures, by cries. The record is thus embodied, rehearsed, depicted in visible and living forms,—Time sounds its intervals through the human voice, and Event delineates its features in the human image. Such was the Olympic foundation! Though the first authentic period of this Solemnity was that of the Course in which Corœbus was the victor, yet it is evident, that while chronology could not venture an earlier computation, the Solemnity itself was remotely antecedent. It is easy to follow it until it is buried in the obscurity of backward ages. We learn, on the fullest evidence, that instead of commencing at 776, before the Advent, it was kept by Iphitus and Lycurgus about 884. Greece, we are informed by Pausanias, being then much torn by intestine divisions and desolated by pestilence, the oracle of Delphi was consulted. The response of the Pythia was, that the Eleans should *restore* the Olympic Games. The chief of Lacedæmon concurred. However fabulous the machinery, the truth is evident, that religion and government felt the loss of that which had been formerly advantageous to both. It was, therefore, determined to revive it. From this time we must ascend to Hercules, the Theban, the son of Alcmena. There is no reasonable tarrying-place between the two points of time stated. This will certainly carry us beyond the siege of Troy, and well nigh to the Amphictyonic league. To this it is objected, that it is not probable that such an institute either should be suspended, or, being suspended, should have been renewed. Now we know that the religious offices and games of Andania in Messenia had been lost for centuries: and then were re-consecrated by Epaminondas upon the authority of a plate found in a brazen urn. That plate was covered with almost obsolete words, but so far as they could be deciphered

they referred to certain mystic ceremonies.—More formidable objections, however, exist to this ancient date, though we think they may be rebutted. It is, in the first place, contended, that as Homer has, in his catalogue of the ships, introduced the contingent force of Elis,—and as, after the establishment of the Games that country was neutral ground,—the siege of Troy must have been prior to them. We reply, that that neutrality was international, respected only and necessarily the other powers of Greece, and could not excuse it from joining in an expedition against a common foe. Also, we learn from Polybius, that "when the Arcadians attempted to take Lusion from them, with the lands which lay around Pisa, they were obliged to have recourse to arms, and to change their former way of life."[1] Moreover, the Oracle which forbade them to take part in the disputes around them, permitted them to defend themselves.—Next, it is affirmed that had these Games been known in the days of Homer, he would have noticed them. Now, many memorable characteristics of city and country are omitted in his celebrated Epigraphy. No mention is made of Eleusis, though the barks of Telamon sweep by those awful shores, and her inhabitants must have been enrolled in the bands of Salamis or Athens. Ceres is scarcely intimated to exist, and never to be an object of worship, through all the writings of the bard. She denotes little more than the fruit of the ground. It will not be disputed, however, that the Eleusinian Mysteries were then extant, and flourishing in their greatest pomp. Dodona is described as cold, but not a word is uttered concerning its oracular oaks.—It ought not to be forgotten that, in the times of Homer, these Games were "maimed rites" in comparison with their later magnificence: and that in singing the stern and lofty epic, the muster of compatriot nations, the kindling of lofty passions, the rush of daring deeds, it was easy for him to forget the mimicry of war,—to despise the drill-ground of athletic craft for the realities of the battle-field,—to hurry at once to Tenedos where their navies rode majestically at their anchorage, and to the Dardanian strands until they burn with one refulgent mass of mail, caparison, and weapon! But all

this while the assumption has been undenied, that in the Homeric poems there is this perfect silence. Yet nothing is more gratuitous. In the ninth book of the Iliad, Ulysses, one of the princes delegated to Achilles, offers him as a reward for his return to his command, twelve compact steeds, αθλοφορους,—victorious in the equestrian contest, οι αεθλια ποσσιν αροντο,*—which by their fleetness bear off every prize. In the twenty-third book we have the very "order of the course." All the mighty and warlike are at Troy. Greece is deserted, but the games are transferred to the present scene and abode of her noblest chivalry. Better and apter proof could not be found. The model was in the Olympic festival, and all is arranged and executed and beheld as a *familiar* sight. And so in the Odyssey, the same acquaintance is displayed. Ulysses, shipwrecked on Phæacia, is entertained by Alcinous with many of these exploits: and the poet, reflecting the feelings of his more refined countrymen, puts into the lips of the Host a disgust of the more perilous encounters, especially excepting the cæstus, in which Sparta, though the most hardy of nations, had never suffered its champions to engage. *Had* Homer never alluded to these spectacles, what would have been proved? Virgil speaks of Elis, and of Alpheus, its holy river, without deigning a recollection of the exhibition which had there its chosen spot: and who will deny its notoriety in the reign of Augustus?†

It is no small confirmation that these Games were known before Homer and the Trojan expedition, that in the Olympian temple, according to Pausanias, there had been eight figures, one of which was destroyed, expressing eight different kinds of contest. In later times, the principal were only *five*, as their names pentathlon and quinquertium designate. In the death-honours of Patroclus the number exactly corresponds to the original statues of the shrine. There was the chariot-race, the gauntlet, wrestling, running, the single combat, the discus, archery, and hurling the spear. The two that were laid aside,

* Lin: 124.

† Æneid: lib. iii. He does, however, allude to it in his third Georgic: but not in his graver poem.

were the single combat and the bow. The chariot was retained, but was considered rather a splendid ornament, than an elementary subsistence, of the true regulation. The games of Iphitus were, therefore, a compression and emendation of what was ordained of old: capable of receiving, after each revision, that which was suitable to raise and adorn them.

Perhaps the identity of these agonistical rules will be doubted from the difference of the assigned rewards. Rich spoils provoke the Grecian chiefs on the Phrygian shore: a chaplet of leaves adorns the victor in the Olympic strife. The withholdment of *this* may be readily explained. The tree was sacred from which those leaves were gathered: it grew but on one spot: it shed them only there, and on them who contended there: other guerdons were consequently proposed.

But if other proof were wanting, it might be concluded that Homer knew the very ground on which the candidates of Olympia contended. For Nestor, when directing Antilochus in the tactics of the chariot-race, tells him how to cast his eye forward to some object as his directory and aim:

"Η τευ σημα βροτοιο παλαι κατατεθνειωτος:"*

the outset and goal of the Olympic race were *tombs*, as we shall shortly have occasion to state. Besides, the most ancient institutions of Sparta, the government of the oldest men, the Γερουσια,—the constant appeal to the Γεροντες,—is evidently alluded to again and again.†

We have not reached their origin yet. We are credulous enough to coincide with them who identify them with Hercules. Probably he established them as the solemn Exequiæ of those who had fallen, on either side, when he conquered Elea. Dispelling the haze of vain tradition which floats around him and exaggerates his proportions,—we are willing to admire him for higher attributes than those of sinewy conformation and brutal

* Il: xxiii. 331.—"The mark of some hero long since deceased."

† "Ηδε γερουσιν
Ειπω βουλευτησι."—Il: vi. 113.
"Γερουσιον ορκον."—Il: xxii. 119.

courage. The mantle of the sage and the senator may well displace his lion-skin, and a sceptre of wisdom and a crook of mercy may be fashioned from his club. Polybius, in suggesting topics for a Discourse on Peace, says§ that the orator may show that when Hercules instituted the Olympic Games, as a recompense after his toils, he sufficiently declared this to be his meaning,—that when he brought mischief on any by making war, he was forced to it by necessity and the commands of others, but that willingly he had never done harm to any person. Diodorus Siculus, in his fifth book,* is disposed to think that the Olympic Regimen was devoted by the hero on his return from the Argonautic voyage. And in an earlier part of the same book he says, "that this which is deservedly the most renowned of all, took its beginning from the best of men."† In the sixth Olympic ode of Pindar we find a similar attestation: "When Hercules, brave for every danger, that illustrious branch of the Alcean stock, instituted the rite which overflowing crowds attend in honour of Jupiter,—the noblest ordinance of such festivals,—he was commanded by him to fix his oracle on the highest altar."‡ The voice is, indeed, unanimous in favour of Him as the Founder.

* "Cogitantibus Argonautis in patriam abire, Herculem ferunt hortatum esse ad res magnæ fortunæ obeundas: adegitque ut jurejurando pollicerentur alterum alteri si opus esset auxilio fore. Elegisse autem clarissimum Græciæ locum ad statuenda certamina, concursusque hominum celebrandos: idque certamen maximo deorum Jovi Olympio consecrasse. Cum Argonautæ omnes in fœdus communis præsidii jurassent, instituendorum cura Herculi demandata, illum elegisse aiunt ad hominum conventus Eleorum regionem juxta Alpheum flumen. Unde juxta eum loca maximo deorum sacrata Olympia ab eo appellantur. Cum equorum certamen palæstramque instituesset, modo certaminum statuto urbes propinquas ad deorum spectacula excivit. Et gloria, famaque Herculis ex spectatione certaminum Olympicorum vulgata, Græcorum omnium qui clari essent eo concursus fuit."

† "Merito igitur omnium hoc ab Hercule institutum certamen habetur præstantissimum, quod ab optimo viro principium sumpsit."

‡ "Θρασυμαχανος ιλθων
Ηρακλεης, σεμνον θαλος Αλκαϊδᾶν,
Πατρος θ' ιορταν τι κτιση πλειστομβροτον,
Τιθμον τι μιγιστον αιθλων,
Ζηνος ιπ' ἀκροτατω βωμω τοΐ αυ
Χρηστηριον θισθαι κιλιυσιν."—Lin: 114.

But it does not precisely follow that he was founder in the strictest sense. May he not, too, have only the praise of a restitution? The testimony of Herodotus seems decisive. *Πανηγυριας δε αρα και πομπας και προσαγωγας πρωτοι ανθρωπων Αιγυπτιοι εισι οι ποιησαμενοι: και παρα τουτων Ελληνες μεμαθηκασι.* "The Egyptians were the earliest of mankind to institute the sacred throngs, processions, and offerings: and from them the Greeks were instructed."* The Judges of the Olympic Stadium sent (still according to Herodotus,†) ambassadors who were Eleans to Psammis, king of Egypt, to consult respecting these games, and to ask what improvements could be suggested. He called together the wisest of his subjects to give them the conference. Why was this done, if Egypt was not the source of these and similar rites? But in the fifth book of Pausanias, there is yet stronger evidence: he says that the Eleans in their libations not only adore the Grecian divinities, but those which are worshipped in Libya; that they appear to have used, from the most ancient period, the oracle there; and that there existed, in his day, altars in the temple of Jupiter Ammon which were dedicated by them. Libya and Egypt, bordering on each other, differed little in their mythologies. And, above all, the different positions, or rounds, of wrestling contests are depicted in the most ancient Tombs at Ben Hassan, seventeen centuries in their excavation before Christ. This will greatly tend to show whence the earlier games were derived, and their strictly funereal character. And it is a strange forgetfulness, or ignorance, which they betray who seem to think that Egypt was little noticed by the Greeks. Hesiod, in his Theogony,‡ couples the Nile with the Alpheus! No one can be the most slightly acquainted with the Euterpe and Thalia of Herodotus, who knows not his frequent reference to Egyptian dynasties, stories, and arcana. Homer, in the ninth book of the Iliad, makes Achilles speak of the Egyptian Thebes with its hundred gates. The same allusion is found in the Odyssey more than once.§ It is reasonable, consequently, to believe that a far older ritual was in the mind of

* Euterpe. † Idem. ‡ Lin: 338.
§ Libri ii. 15; iv. 385; xiv. 257.

Hercules, that he brought it with him from the eastern countries of Africa, and that much of the Saitic Mysteries shone in the mirth and ambition of Elis. Far more than revels and tilted lists did he intend. The persecution of living worth is well told in the cruelties of Eurystheus: its ultimate vindication, its eventual triumph, is not the less impressively proclaimed in the return, and in the glorious destinies, of the Heraclidæ.

Four different places were devoted to this species of solemn entertainment. One was in Phocis,—Pytho,—the seat of the Pythian games. This was a most classical topography. It was mid-way between Helicon and Parnassus, making an isosceles triangle with the woodland of Daulis and the oracle of Delphi. Castalia yielded to the panting contendant its refreshing draught. The other three belonged to the Peloponnesus,—the Isthmian, celebrated on the neck of land near which Corinth was built, and which bound Achaia to the Peloponnesian peninsula,—the Nemean, celebrated in Nemea, a city of the Argives, not far from the rise of the Inachus,—and the Olympic, celebrated at Pisa in Elea. Probably all partook of a common descent, but my Dissertation, only embracing the last, I shall merely allude to the others, as they, from a general resemblance, may furnish important illustrations.

The Geography of this far-famed Arena must be primarily settled. It stood hard by Pisa a town of Elis, or Elea. Olympia, which some have imagined to be another name for the territory of Elea, was really only another name for the town: the one being the vulgar and original, the other its classical and adopted name. And it is quite necessary to disabuse the confused allocations which have been gravely set down by those who seem to think that Greece is small as the space which it fills in maps. Near Pisa rose a mountain, or rather a hill, of no considerable elevation, which was called Olympus, in honour of Jupiter; and sometimes in honour of his father Saturn, the Cronian steep. Strange that it should have been mistaken for the Olympus of Thessaly! There is another misapprehension. The River Peneus flows between the Thessalian Olympus and Ossa, forming the vale of Tempe. But another river of the

same name flows higher in Elea than the Alpheus, the two forming natural divisions of that province. It need scarcely be said that the two mountains and the two rivers, each named Olympus and Peneus, are hundreds of miles apart.

We have every reason to believe that Elea was a most beautiful country. Occasionally undulating in its surface, it more commonly presented a fine champaign. Its very name speaks the luxuriance of its olive groves. The climate was genial and attempered. Its rivers bore with them the pure springs and refreshing snows of Pholoë and Stimphalus, and their sea-tide wafted back the briny breeze. Arcadia might be considered a portion of it. Its cheerful uplands and fruitful plains have long since been sung. Its pastures are ever-smiling types of peace and plenty. Its soft reeds breathe the sweetest conception of the rural lay. Bucolic verse could want but the bleating of the fold to compose its spell. The bee on the flower, —the lowing herd,—the nightingale in the copse,—the music of waters,—must have filled the shepherd-minstrel with the ecstacy of harmony and the soul of song. What happy swains of the crook, and Dryads were not envied there! It was the Sylva of green-wood,—simplicity found there its retreat, and melody trilled its carol. Pan peeped through those glades and played his merriest pipe. Fauns stole from their covert, and wove their graceful dance. The forester sounded his horn through its thicket, and woke the echoes of the chase.

> "What gallant chiding! for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seems all one mutual cry! Who ever heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder?
> The hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind:
> So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn!"*

Phigaleia, so famed for its exquisite compositions of sculptured

* Shakspeare's Mid: Night's Dream.

relief, was a city of Arcadia. And such a vicinage was suited to the scene. "For Elea," says Polybius, "far exceeds all the other parts of Peloponnesus, both in the number of the inhabitants, and in the natural riches which are there produced. There are among the people, those who are so fixed in the enjoyment of a country life, and so satisfied with the abundance of which they are possessed, that, in the course even of two or three generations, they are never known to visit the capital. This affection for their country is chiefly nourished by that high regard which, by the Constitution of the government, is shown to those who are settled in it.......The motive that inclined their Legislators to make such laws......seems partly to have been, that the province was itself of very wide extent; but principally because the inhabitants lived in ancient times a kind of holy life: when their country, on account of the Olympic Games being celebrated in it, was regarded by the Greeks as sacred and inviolable, and the people all enjoyed a full repose, secure from danger, and exempted from all the miseries of war."

These Games were considered to transcend every other class of similar exhibitions. It was a gymnasium which distant nations crowded to behold. Pindar, who might, as a Theban, rather have inclined in favour towards others nearer home, unequivocally assigns this preference. He calls its garlands, στεφανων αωτω, the most renowned of coronals.* But it is more conspicuous when chanting the praises of the other games. In his fifth Pythian, at the end, having extolled the feats of Arcesilaus in other games, he says, "I pray that *Jove* may grant to the race of Battus the highest success, an *Olympian* victory."† In his tenth Nemean he exclaims, "Pisa contains the highest rites of Hercules."‡ This, beyond doubt, was deemed the grandest tournament of the civilised world.

Of Pisa, as a city, we know little or nothing. It reposed

* Olym: ix. 36.

† "Ερχομαι νιν Ολυμπια τουτο δομεν
Γερας επι Βαττου γενει."—Pyth: v. 166.

‡ "Τευχεν δ' αρχαι Πισα
Ηρακλεος τεθμον."—Nem: x. 60. 61.

on the Alpheus,—a city not so much of commerce, as of wealth consecrated by religion and of trophy bequeathed by valour. Seneca, in his first Chorus of the Thyestes, says,—

> "Piseas domos turribus inclytas."

And a little after,—

> "Gelido flumine lucidus
> Alpheus, stadio notus Olympico."

We may therefore infer, that it was a city of towered height and majesty, of templar beauty and venerableness, glassing itself in the clear and noble stream which washed its base.

But it was the Temple of Jupiter which glorified this place. It was enclosed by a peristyle of columns,—but built after the Doric rule, it was not of the elevation of modern shrines; sixty-eight feet was its altitude, ninety-five its breadth, and two hundred and thirty its stretch. It was composed of the Parian Marble,—while laminæ of the same material from Pantelicus covered the roof, an invention claimed for a Naxian: but there seems nothing very original in slabbing marble. Perhaps, therefore, it was the mode of binding them that made him so eminent that statues were raised to his honour; and if his insertion of them resembled, or in any degree anticipated, the roof of King's College Chapel, Cambridge,—those statues were not undeserved. Eagles supported, perhaps like Caryatides, the pediment; the friezes and architraves were nobly embossed with historic reliefs. On the summit, there seem to have been figures human and equestrian: together with chariots and shields. The Propylæum, with its union of chasteness and magnificence, filled the beholder with deepmost awe. The portals were of brass. The Thunderer was sculptured by Phidias, and it was called his master-work. The posture was sitting, and the throne was wrought of ivory and gold. His conception was that of Homer in the first book of the Iliad:

> "Η κυανεῃσιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων·
> Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος,
> Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο· μεγαν δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον."

Those dread brows were filleted with the olive wreath. In his

right hand was an image of victory. The left held a sceptre, composite of all metals, with the eagle recumbent on it. The sandals and the robe were of gold. The body seems to have been principally carved from ivory, and was constantly kept bright by the sacred oils. The measurements, it is plainly intimated by Pausanias, were extravagantly described: and we may believe that the prince of statuaries would not greatly exceed the heroic standard, making a due allowance for the distance from which it is seen. For in considering any of the gigantic statures which looked from the Acropolis of Athens, we must recollect their first position, and that *we* see them or fancy them as they are on a level view with ourselves.—This chamber was the awful Cella. The whole temple was enriched by a tithe on the spoils of victory, and treasures flowed into it from the ends of the earth.

Pisa, or Olympia, was a high place of sacrifice. There was constant religious service. It was a Hierapolis. Every thing was so sacred that the victor was ἱερονικης. Ministration succeeded to ministration. The altar of Jove was chiefly composed of the ashes of the offerings, which, agglutinated by the water of the Alpheus that was consecrated exclusively for this compost, and mixed with the burnt white-poplar, were laid on it, not only repairing but greatly increasing it. Its skirt was a circumference of one hundred and twenty-five feet. There was a circuit above it of thirty-two feet in ascent. There the altar itself was twenty-two feet loftier still. Victims were consumed on it every day according to the Elean law, and pilgrim-strangers might offer at any hour. While Jupiter was the Guardian of the scene, here was a lavish exemplification of the Intercommunity of worship. Whatever deity condescended a visit, male or female, they might obtain a niche for their image and a victim for their altar. There were six principal ones, and two tutelaries were attached to each. Βωμους εξ διδυμους, is the phrase of Pindar.* The first article of the peace between the Lacedæmonians and the Athenians, in the tenth year of the Peloponnesian war, is, "In regard to the *common* temples,—

* Olym: v. 10.

permission is granted, to all who desire it, to sacrifice, to visit, to consult the oracles, to send public deputations, in the prescribed forms of every people, both by land and sea, without any molestation."* One altar was inscribed to all the gods, a common ground of worship: and as if this was not sufficiently liberal, another rose to the unknown gods.

The Stadium next invites our notice. This was a raised platform of earth, surmounted and settled on a lower one of stone. Sand and dust were not removed, but indeed added, that while the racer had less risk of fall, he might have more difficulty of progress. Hercules obtained the credit of measuring the ground. Aulus Gellius says, that Plutarch remarks with what skill and acuteness Pythagoras reasoned in discovering and ascertaining the superior height and size of Hercules. "For as it is well known that Hercules had measured with his feet the space of the stadium at Pisa, and that the length of it was six hundred of his steps, and that the other stadia in Greece, afterwards introduced, consisted also of six hundred paces, though somewhat shorter,—he drew this obvious conclusion: that according to the rules of proportion, the exact measure of the foot of Hercules as much exceeded those of other men, as the Olympic stadium was longer than the rest. Taking, therefore, the size of the foot of Hercules, and adding to it such a tallness of body as the regular symmetry of all the other limbs demanded, he inferred that Hercules as much surpassed other men in stature as the Olympic stadium exceeded those which were nominally of similar extent." It is in this story, that we find the probable occasion of the proverb, Ex pede Herculem.—Still after all, from the best evidence it was only six hundred and four feet in its length. The Hippodrome was six hundred and four feet in breadth, and was twelve hundred and eight feet long.—There are two allusions in the opening of Lycophron's Cassandra which illustrate the manner of the start, and some peculiar associations of the course. The keeper of the Prison says to Priam, Εγω δ' ακραν βαλβιδα μηρινθουσχασας, κ. τ. λ. "I now, as though the extreme barrier were sinking

* Thucyd: lib. v.

by a cord, enter the prophetess' course of mystic words, just as the fleet courser spurns the repressing bound." We have here the very picture of the manner in which the impatient racers were set loose, and signalled for their career. In a few following lines, there is an allusion to the "rocks of Cronus whence the courser speeds," with the additional information that there was the tomb of "the earth-born Ischenus." He was the reputed son of Mercury and Hieræa. And it is remarkable that the sepulchre of Endymion was placed as the starting-point for the running man, while that of Ischenus was for the running horse. This hero is reported to have devoted himself for the Eleans in a famine. And since these Games, as we shall find quickly, had much to do with the state of the chronology, and that chronology was regulated by the lunar cycle, the tale of the shepherd king of Mount Latmos wooed by Diana was, perhaps, but an aoid, a mythos, to describe his celestial observations, while his astronomic musings would pass for more ordinary long-continued slumbers and dreams. We are also told that when the race was about to begin, a brazen dolphin was suddenly elevated at one end of the course, and a brazen eagle at the other. These would be of use to give notice to the spectators and guidance to the athletæ. The dolphin is in honour of Neptune: the eagle, of Jupiter. To Pausanias,* concerning what was called the Taraxippus, I must wholly refer you. I know not what he means. The horses were, he relates, exceedingly frightened whenever they approached a particular monument at the end of the course, inhabited by some evil influence in the shape of ogre or in the form of spell. I should think the sudden rising, and violent fluttering, of the mechanical eagle, might cause alarm in any horse. But something marvellous was wanted, and therefore a supernal agency is adduced.

To avoid repetition, it may now be considered at what time this Festival was held. Poor Ovid noted his exile by the interval between these celebrations. In his letter to Brutus from Pontus,† he sighs, "quinquennis Olympias." Polybius remarks,‡ "These then are the most striking events that were

* Lib. ii. c. 20. † Lib. iv. Ep. 6. ‡ Lib. ix.

included in the Olympiad before mentioned, and in the course of four years complete, which is to be considered the proper term of an Olympiad." It enters the fifth year, but is only just the revolution of the four. Therefore it was called Τετραπενταετηρις. It commenced on the first full moon after the summer solstice. The month was the Hecatombæon, our July. As this necessitates the variation of many days, it was not a perfect period and demanded intercalations. It was indeed the Lustrum, in *period* as well as in piacular sacrifice. It lasted five days: πεμπταμεροις αμιλλαις,—five days' contests.* Statius says, "Pisæumque domus non æstuat annum." It could not commence before the ninth of July, nor later than the sixth of August.

Next to the Stadium in interest, was the Altis, the sacred grove. It was laved by the river Cladeius. It was entered by a path called the Pompic, because the sacrificial processions passed that way. The Prytanæum, an abode of legislation and of festivity, contrasted itself with the verdure of the scene. The sculptures that were set up amidst its avenues were scattered lavishly. They must be reckoned by many hundreds. Pausanias wearies by his garrulous mention and criticism of so many. We may infer that as works of art they were magnificent. Where the workshop of Phidias yet stood, nothing defective in truth and grace could have lifted its head. What a picture is presented to the mind, in the assemblage of more than four hundred full-length figures of gods and victors,—of purest marble, of noblest symmetry, each look an attribute, each port a history,—gleaming from the green leaf of the wood, and foiled by the deep-blue sky! What noble walks of sculptured border, what vistas of columned scene! And temples rose up in every direction. And some of them must have been massive as they were elegant. *Dodwell* found in Elea some frustra of the Doric order, the flutings thirteen inches wide, and the diameter of the whole pillar seven feet three inches. These dimensions considerably exceed those of the Parthenon and the Olympeion at Athens.

* Olym: v. 14.

It must be supposed that there was something enthusiastically kindred to these games in the Elean character, that they should so long keep their hold upon it. The people seemed to live for them. They affected the whole cast of their manners and establishments. It was the hope of youth and the remembrance of age. We, therefore, learn from Plutarch's Lycurgus, that while the Athenians were best adapted to conduct mysteries and pageants, the Eleans were best suited to direct the agonistic contests, ως καλλιστα τυτο ποιυντας. It was their genius, and seems to have been the *genius loci*, too.

What cannot be urged more strongly than necessary is, that the Olympic Tethmos was strictly religious. It began and ended with hecatombs of sacrifice. The Theocloos was the great high priest. The Vestal fire ever burnt. Certain representatives or deputies were commissioned, according to Plutarch,* under the name of Theori, to bear from the different cities victims for this solemnity. Jupiter Olympius was the object of supreme homage. From the spoils of Platæa, the Lacedæmonians erected an image of him, ten cubits high. Antiochus devoted an exquisite curtain to hide the god, it being of Assyrian woof and Phenician purple. So in the tenth Olympian Ode of Pindar, we read,—"All the temple resounded, during the sumptuous feasts, according to a praiseworthy custom. And now following those earlier institutions, taking a characteristic song of resplendent victory, let us worship Jupiter, who, with infinite power, peals the thunder, and wields the bolt which quivers in his hand, and the whole fury of the scorching, crashing, elements." This mixture of religion with the struggles and onsets of the course, may seem to us most incongruous. But such was deemed their nature, and such were the sentiments regarding them. In the tenth Nemean, Pindar presents the prayer of Theiaios to Jupiter, while he intimates that his ambition is, after having gained other rewards, to win the Olympic prize: "O Father, Theiaios hath cherished an inward purpose which he cannot reveal. Every issue of our actions is with Thee! Not with an unanxious heart, as though too confident in himself,—he seeks

* Demetrius.

success from Thee as a simple favour." When young Nestor pleaded for Eumelus, he says,

> " Αλλ' ωφελεν αθανατοισιν
> Ευχεσθαι, τό κεν ουτι πανυστατος ηλθε διωκων."*

The failure of Teucer in the competition of shooting with the arrow, and the success of Meriones, are attributed to the unshriven state of the first, and to the pious vows of the second.

After solemn prayers and oblations to Jupiter Olympius, the exercises began. Their order of succession is doubtful. We must not trust to the enumeration of scholiasts, who would sacrifice any thing to a hexameter or pentameter:

> " Αλμα, Ποδωκειην, Δισκον, Ακοντα, Παλην:"

" Leaping, running, throwing the quoit, hurling the spear, and wrestling." Some of the Latin editors give another arrangement: "Jaculum, discus, cursus, saltus, lucta." These constituted the Pentathlon.

The *Pedestrian* race, however, was the principal one. It always gave its record and fame to the Olympiad. We seem to have little notion of the fleetness and endurance which practice gave. The Hemerodrome, or messenger, often performed prodigies. Pheidippides walked one hundred and fifty miles, from Athens to Sparta, three miles an hour for fifty hours. Pliny says,† that Pheidippides was surpassed by Anystis, a Lacedæmonian, and by Philonides, the courier of Alexander, both of whom ran in one day a hundred and fifty miles from Elis to Sycion. In Plutarch is the touching narrative of Euchidas. The Oracle having decided that all the altar fires of Greece should be extinguished because the Barbarians had polluted them, and that a virgin flame should be brought from Delphi, he ran from Platæa hither, and returned before sunset, having accomplished his task of the hundred and twenty-five miles. Just able to salute the citizens, he fell and immediately expired. The course of the foot-racer being about the eighth of a mile, there was the greatest difficulty in its being so short, because it must have been a rush, with a full spring of the muscles,

* Iliad: lib. xxiii. † Nat. Hist: vii. 20.

demanded at once and not acquired by going. Crescit eundo. Yet there was little trial of sustained vigour. The double race, the Diaulus, was therefore added; and after that the Dolichus, which was twelve and sometimes twenty-four times over the same distance. The inscription of Pindar in the tenth Pythian, is to a Διαυλοδρομος, and that of his twelfth Olympiad, to a Δολιχοδρομος. This gives a four miles, or an eight miles, race. Such would be quite enough, we may imagine, for wind and sinew.

It would seem that the runners were drafted, by ballot, into different classes. The winners of each class were then pitted against each other. Sometimes there were too many to run, and those who had to wait for the turn were called Εφεδροι. When these were summoned to run with those who had already engaged, from their freshness, the delay was all in their favour.

The *Discus*, or quoit, was the second exercise. Fable assigned it as a pastime of the gods, and Apollo was said, in mischance, to have killed Hyacinthus with one. It was a smooth heavy mass, like a small shield: not, however, horse-shoed or hollowed, as is the one of our village-greens. Much was made of this exploit. It was a warlike missile. From the brawny arm it would be hurled as from a sling. Its stroke would be often terrific. Its regular projectile was allowed for, and it swept an unerring aim. What bone or casque could resist! This was, however, but the mimic sport. It is not very evident whether the excellence of this art consisted in throwing it furthest, or in striking some mark. In the Discobuli which we have preserved to us in casts from the antique, the eye appears measuring something more than distance, while there is a noble expression of the entire shape. From the Lyrist we learn, in his first Isthmian Ode, that these quoits were stone; λιθινοις δισκοις.

Darting may be considered as the third athletic sport. This does not refer to the flight of the arrow from the bow, but of the javelin from the hand.* It was, probably, an instrument somewhat between the pilum of the Roman legions, and the shaft. Xenophon, in relating the advance of Thrasybulus from Phyle, describes the dispositions of his troops. First the

* "Trans finem jaculo expedito."—Hor: Carm: lib. i. 8.

heavy-armed, then the targeteers and light-armed darters, and the slingers were posted still more below.* In his Treatise on Horsemanship, he shows his reader how best to use his hand in order to give the fullest effect to his lance.

Wrestling is the next essay. On a Panathenaic Vase described by Bröndstead, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, two wrestlers are drawn, one of whom has seized the left leg of the other to throw him down: and a master of the games, or agonothetes, attentively watching them. This exercise, in common with all the others, was performed naked. The unseemly fact must be known for a perfect understanding of the institute,—but it need not, after this, be repeated: γυμνοισι σταδιοις. *West* has shown, from an epigram on Milo, and from a quotation out of Seneca, that three falls amounted to a defeat. The most singular preliminary for the combat was, the anointing of the whole body. There were baths of oil near every palæstra. The officers appointed to superintend this preparation were, the *Aliptæ*. Thucydides says, "the wrestlers were anointed with oil before they entered the lists." Lycophron, in his Cassandra, speaks of games celebrated by the Argonauts near the African Syrtes, where, though they had washed in the sea, the oil with which they were anointed remained on the shore, nor could be washed away by rain or snow. This is sufficiently hyperbolical: the following is as comic. The Chorus, in the Knights of Aristophanes, resolve to anoint the Sausage-vender, as though a wrestler against Cleon before the Senate, with the fat of his own sausages. This practice must have given great suppleness to the limbs, and rendered the hold very difficult from the slipperiness of the body. We have proof that they rolled themselves, after this, in the dust, that they might be capable of fastening their seizures more tenaciously.†

Leaping was the fifth of these efforts. Extraordinary agility here might be expected from the other contests, and from the muscular power of those who were matched in them. But we have nothing authentic. Amphialos sprung further than any of his competitors, but we know not how far that was.

* Affairs of Greece, Vol. II. † Lucian.—Anacharsis.

One singular fact we receive from Pausanias, that this vaulting was always accompanied by the music of flutes. It does not seem to have been much regarded, nor do we, I believe, read of any who were crowned for it.

These five contests were the Pentathlon: but it was not necessary for any candidate to undertake them all. Still he might; but if this was his large profession and emulation, failing in any, he was adorned for none.

Very early was added the Cæstus, at first a club well loaded with some heavy metal,—afterwards a gauntlet of leather and iron covering the fist,—still later a gauntlet requiring the open and extended palm. These were fierce and cruel passages. They were calculated to brutalise the spectators, and were often of serious consequence to the parties.* This was called emphatically *Pugnum;* "Neque pugno, neque segni pede, victus."† West has cited from the Greek Anthology the following lines, expressive of physiognomical disaster:

"This Victor, glorious in his Olive wreath,
Had once, eyes, eye-brows, nose, and ears, and teeth:
But turning cæstus champion, to his cost
These, and still worse! his Heritage, he lost;
For by his brother sued, disowned at last,
Confronted by his picture, he was cast."

By the union of the cæstus and wrestling, an institute arose under the name, Pancratium. The victor in both was the Pancratiast. This double strife was much favoured, and this double honour dearly craved.‡

Another addition to the original simplicity was the Armed Course, the Αγων χαλκειος. In the first Isthmian Ode we read of the ασπιδοδουποισιν οπλιταις δρομοις, the course in which the runners carried heavy and clanging shields. The ninth Pythian is dedicated to Οπλιτοδρομω.§ At one time we may suppose it was a shock, an affray, of arms, of no little peril: but refinement soon turned it into a mere race, encumbered with military ensigns and accoutrements.

* Olym: v. 34, &c., Nem. iii. 27, &c., Nem: iv. 156. "Livida gestat armis Brachia."—Hor: Carm: lib. i. 8.

† Hor: Carm: lib. iii. 12. ‡ Nem: iii. 26, &c. § Olym: iv.

The most splendid innovation was that of the Chariot-Race. This vehicle was a two-wheeled car, balanced with much difficulty, and the hinder part often dragging on the ground. It was yoked with two or four horses, and when with four, they ran all abreast. Open entirely, often made of metal, richly emblazoned, it was driven at a furious speed. The candidate was not always the charioteer. This might be deputed to a substitute. It had to pass twelve times round the course: δωδεκαγναμπτον περι τερμα δρομου.* Sometimes there was a profusion of these chariots: we find from the fifth Pythian, that in the course near Cyrene, forty chariots were crazed, and their drivers precipitated from them, while Arcesilaus brought his home uninjured. Occasionally the horses were urged without the restraint of reins. On a Panathenaic vase† a two-horse chariot is painted, the driver holding a goad in his right hand, and a long wand in his left, bent at the end, reaching beyond the horses' necks, and capable of stopping them by hooking into some part of their harness, probably that about the head. More frequently they had reins. In the feigned account, given by the Pædagogue, of the death of Orestes in the course, the charioteers are said to have shaken their reins,—ηνιας χεροιν Εσεισαν. When the royal youth, from accident, was hurled out of his chariot, he is described as entangled in them: συν δ' ελισσεται Τμητοῖς ἱμᾶσι.‡ This does not seem easy to be done. But in "Burton's Antiquities of Rome," when he narrates the curiosities in the Chariot-room of the Vatican, several bas-reliefs are mentioned in which the drivers have bound the reins in various folds around their bodies. Burton suggests this illustration of the passage in the Electra.‡ In the Rock-Temple, Ebsambul, Rameses is sculptured standing in his chariot drawn by two horses, the reins fastened to his girdle behind him.§ When the son of Alcibiades was the client of Isocrates, it appears that the libel which had been heaped upon the father's memory was, that he had stolen or taken with violence his famous horses from Tisias. The orator proceeds: "At that time, the Olympic Games were the chief theatre of

* Olym: iii. 59. † Ut supra. ‡ Soph: Elect: 714—749.
§ Lord Lindsay's Letters from Egypt, &c.

glory.......The conquerors not only rendered themselves famous, but reflected splendour on the state to which they belonged. Alcibiades observing this considered,......that the glory acquired at Olympus raised the reputation of the republic in the esteem of all Greece. Upon this reflection, though inferior to none in bodily strength and address, he disdained the gymnastic exercises as belonging to men of mean extraction and narrow fortunes, or to the members of inconsiderable states; and applying himself to the management of horses, which none but the most affluent could undertake, he excelled all his competitors. He had more chariots than the greatest states. His sacrifices and other expenses in the festival were more magnificent than those of whole nations."

While the Αρμα, the Οχημα, and, among the poets, the Διφρος, indicate the horse-chariot, the Απηνη was generally drawn by mules, ημιονος. This depreciation was not allowed until 'the seventieth Olympiad, and it was repressed in the eighty-fourth. It was denounced, we are informed in Pausanias, by proclamation. Aristotle tells us, that when Simonides had received a small douceur to write an ode upon a victory by mules, he replied that he felt ashamed to celebrate half-asses: but the fee being raised, he sung: Hail ye daughters of noble steeds, swifter-footed than the whirlwind!*

After this,—for charioteering was certainly much antecedent, and belonged to the original games of Hercules before the restricted rule of the Pentathlon,—horse-racing was introduced. It might seem that this, as simpler, would have the earlier rise. This was not, however, true. It was not true in war, for these chariots were used greatly before the employment of cavalry. It was not true in the games, for strictly equestrian exercises were of the latest date. There is little information to guide us here. The Κελης, the vaulting horse, is the Pindaric name,—and the practice may have been to leap them,—or more

* Οτι μεν εδιδου μισθον ολιγον αυτῳ. κ. τ. λ.—Aris: Ed: Basil: Tom: ii. Rhet: 218. Διφρος is generally applied to the war-chariot, or as a supernatural machine for the muses or the gods. Τεθριππος,—Inscription to Pyth. vii.,—was the four-horsed, answering to Quadriga, the two-horsed to Biga.

probably for the riders to fling themselves from them at certain stages of the course, and with them finish the race. Studs were trained for these contests,—

> "Seu quis, Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ,
> Pascit equos."*

From the fifth Olympic Ode it appears that mules, as well as horses, ran, and that both were governed by a single rein. The probability, I think is, that μοναμπυκια was a kind of halter, such as our dragoons use when they take their horses to water: for it is very desirable to have this power of directing the animal, in case that either of the reins should break, or be cut asunder in battle.—We often meet with much concerning the horse in Homer: Phœnix is Ιππηλατα,—Hector is Ιπποδαμος. The steeds of Eumelus are celebrated for their winged fleetness,—and all will recall the captured coursers of Rhesus which Ulysses and Diomede rode back to their camp. Horses, as in our days, had their names; our Eclipses and Plenipotentiaries are only the descendants and successors of the Xanthus of Achilles, the Æthe of Agamemnon, the Pherenicos of Hiero, the Aura of Phidolas. This latter mare, its rider being thrown, finished the race by herself, and stood before the judges as if claiming the victory. The statue, decreed on such occasions, was raised, says Pausanias, to her according to the wishes of her owner. The four horses with which Cimon won the Olympic prize were buried with him.

We must not forget to remark, that very soon in the history of these Games, exercises were opened for boys, Εφηβοι. They were at first excluded from the Pentathlon and the Pancratium. They were trained in almost all the towns; the gymnasia being, in short, military colleges. They were admitted to the serious contests of the stadium, and wrestled and ran for prizes. There is a notice in Plato which leads us to suppose that they seldom grew up into healthy manhood. Yet this is not an invariable rule. In the eighth Olympic Ode, Pindar entreats forbearance if he reverts in his hymn to the glory of Meilesias when yet a beardless boy. In his fifth Nemean, he

* Virgil.—Georg: lib. iii.

says that the chin of Pytheas had not shown so much of hair as the tender bloom which precedes and germinates in the earliest grape. Indulgence was doubtless extended to them. In the games which Xenophon describes in his Anabasis, the boys ran the short, and the men the long, course. After all, the eighth Nemean is addressed Παιδι πενταθλω. It is supposed that these competitions were in honour of Apollo, Ακερσεκομας, the Unshorn.

The summer at its height, the moon having "filled her horns," the four years of tedious hope having expired, the Games begun. From Sophocles we learn that a trumpet sounded for the course. In Pindar we obtain the same fact, Λαοισσων μναστηρ' αγωνων Λεπτου διανισσομενον Χαλκυ: "the reveille of the listed heroes sounding through the thin brazen tube." Sudden attention is arrested! We must now look at the candidates. None could enter the stadium but on the oath that they had exercised for ten months, one month of the ten being spent at Elis. They had trainers, and these were permitted to cheer and direct them during the strife. In certain notices of Montfaucon at the close of Chrysostom's Works, and taken from them, we find that the trainer might sit upon the doors, encouraging with voice and sign his pupil, though he must not approach him nearer. It took a long and severe initiation. The quotation of Horace is very worn:

> "Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit fecitque puer."*

But the most elaborate tractate on such preparation is contained in the thirty-fifth chapter of the Enchiridion of Epictetus: "Do you desire to conquer at Olympia? I own before the gods I should! for it is a comely thing. Then think upon all the prerequisites and consequences. And thus go about the work. It is necessary for thee to live by rule, to submit to hard fare, to abstain from diluted messes, to exercise regularly, at the appointed hour, in heat, in cold, to drink nothing refreshing, nor wine, as perchance you may have done: to be plain, let him surrender himself to an adept and proficient as he would to a physician.—So enter the lists! Here it is very possible

* Ars Poet: 412.

your hand may be injured, that you may dislocate your ankle, get repeated mouth-fulls of dust, be most mercilessly mauled, and after all be vanquished. But if, having considered all these difficulties, you still persist, go forth to the contest."* Having been thus adjured before the altar of Jupiter Ορκιος, they had to be canvassed for pure descent and unimpeachable character, and the right of challenge was in assembled Greece. Abiding the decision of the lot, they waited their turns and prepared for their undertakings. The Judges were called Hellenodicæ. Their number varied. At last it was decided to remain ten. They were chosen by the Elean people, were always full ten months in office previous to the games, and never were suffered to contend themselves. Their power was absolute. Xenophon, on the Lacedæmonian Republic, says of the Ephori, "the Lacedæmonians do not, like other states, allow those elected always to command during the war,—but like *kings and presidents in the Gymnasia*, if they perceive any one acting contrary to law, they immediately punish it." It is true that the Egyptians declared that justice could not be impartially done if the Eleans, who were the assessors, might also be the combatants. Yet, though generally speaking, this might be a ground of distrust, it does not appear that it was suffered to operate. We read in Pindar, Μεγαλων αεθλων αγναν κρισιν. They could expel nations, and suffered not for a time the Lacedæmonians to sacrifice in their temples or contest in their games. They fined the Athenians, and obtained, notwithstanding a long contumacy, the mulct. Every punishment was threatened against bribery and subornation. Statues were erected from the penalty upon every fraudulent intrigue, bearing the inscription of the disgrace. It was not only avenged, but committed to the fame of a bad immortality. Thucydides, in his fifth book, informs us, that Lichas, a Lacedæmonian, was scourged in the course for declaring his chariot the victor, in opposition to the judicial award, —and this at the very time an attack was expected from his countrymen then under exclusion.—It being boasted in the

* "Θελεις Ολυμπια νικησαι; κἀγω νη τυς θευς· κομψον γαρ εϛιν· Αλλα σκοπει και τα καθηγουμενα. κ. τ. λ.—Εγχειρ: 35.

presence of Agis how rigorously just were all the transactions of the Olympians: "No great matter," said he, "that they cherish justice one day in every five years!"

Secondary in dignity was the *herald*. He made the proclamations, and declared the victors.* This office was contested. Pausanias says that there was "an altar near the stadium, on which no sacrifice was offered to any of the gods, but trumpeters and criers contend upon it after the ancient manner." Among his different points of singular ambition, Nero sought this distinction. Of course he gained. Who would shout against an Imperial articulation? Backed by thirty legions, and carrying in his pocket the key of the ærarium, he won all before him.

The *honour* and *reward* of so much toil and self-denial was the *Olive wreath*. Much has been advanced upon the selection of this leaf. But of this, nothing is satisfactory. The association of peace with it, is quite an accidental idea, and does not seem to have existed in the Grecian mind.—That the tree was common in Elea (from which circumstance the country perhaps was called) appears rather an objection against its being selected for such a rare occasion. When turning to Theocritus, the twenty-fifth Idyll, I found Hercules describing the obvious ground for it. Narrating his encounter with the Nemean lion, while walking with the king of Augias towards Elis, he says that the club with which he slew it was an olive-tree, torn up by its roots, from Helicon.† This is not improbable as the instrument of death to the monster, because the olive grows to be very hardy where it flourishes best.‡ Ulysses describes the club of

* Olym: xiii. 141.

† "Ετερηφι δε βακτρον
Ευπαγες, αυτοφλοιον, επηρεφιος Κοτινοιο
Ευμετρον· το μεν αυτος υπο ζαθεω 'Ελικωνι
Ευρων."...... Theoc: Ηρακ: Λεον:

‡ "No tree is so tenacious of life as the olive. When branches decay or cease to bear, the trunk is cut across a few feet from the ground, and a new set of shoots springs up. I saw many in my ride this morning as old, I verily believe, as Plato himself: some in particular where the trunks were hollowed out to mere shells, supported chiefly by the bark, and yet sending forth numerous and vigorous shoots."—*Cumming's Notes of a Wanderer.*

Polyphemus, Ροπαλον χλωρον ελαΐνεον.* This history is the best explanation I can find; the games being instituted by Hercules, and subsequently perpetuated in honour of him, what could be a prouder memorial than the tree which was his favourite and trusty club?

A palm was given to every victor as soon as he had won, but the coronation was reserved to the fifth day. Then, before the congregated nations, they were brought forth and marshalled into a splendid retinue, with attendants, with strains of triumph and pæans of congratulation. After that ensued a solemn pause. Two illustrative passages are found in Chrysostom: "Do ye not see in the Olympic contests when the Agonothetes, wearing his crown upon his head, arrayed in his robe, holding the wand of office in his hand, enters through the gate, how great is the quiet and decency, while the herald demands with a loud voice, that all should be silent and be decorously behaved?" The other quotation is still more apposite: "In the Olympic games, the wrestler, boxer, and pancratiast enter at different times: but in one and the same moment all, who have overcome, are by the herald declared to be victors." This was, also, clear from the foregoing anecdote of Agis.

But their honours were by no means exhausted. They were led round the Arena, fathers blessing them, brothers carrying them, flowers strewn upon them. Each had felt that the honour of his family and the renown of his country were committed to his care. The eye of Hellas was upon every deed. A nobler triumph awaited him! The representatives of their own people were here,—but not the multitudinous people! As no woman† was suffered, for obvious reasons, to attend these games, the victor could not here receive a mother's tears or sister's greetings.‡ But they awaited him. He returned home with a procession which his native city emptied itself to meet and swell.

* Odyss: ix. 320.

† Ælian relates, in his tenth book, that Pherenice was admitted, after much dispute, as the daughter of one victor, the sister of three, and the mother of a combatant at the time. The priestess of Ceres was a standing exception.

‡ From the Defence of Murena by Cicero we find that the Vestal Virgin was permitted to attend the shows of the gladiators.

Thither came the virgin and the matron, the infant struggled against its nurse's hold, and the hoary-headed disdained his staff,—it was a conqueror's return. The last meed was not refused: the wall of the city was broken down to make an entrance for him, as though the noblest porch-way, which every obscurest inhabitant could tread, was far too unworthy to receive such a heroic citizen. This fact is confirmed by Plutarch. In the Roman Questions he shows that walls were held to be sacred, and gates to be common; and in his Symposiacon a different statement is afforded: that cities which might boast such natives could not need walls! The elation of that moment may be guessed from the shame and depression of those who returned home defeated. Meilesias is praised by Pindar* for having, after training twenty-nine successful pupils, brought out Alcimedon, and thus is his triumph over his young antagonists described: "He, by favour of his tutelary, and not abandoning a self-collected strength, compelled four poor striplings to make a most unenviable retreat, to tell a most piteous tale, and to steal back by hidden by-paths to their abodes." And in the eighth Pythian the same melancholy theme is touched. Of those whom Aristomenes overcame it is said: "No joyful return is adjudged to them, nor as they enter the presence of the expecting mother will the loud mirth diffuse itself, but pale-faced grief will fill that dwelling." Monuments were speedily raised to them in Olympia, and sometimes in their own lands. The expense was most generally borne by the friends and countrymen of the successful candidate: in a few instances, by the direction of the Hellenodicæ, from the rich exchequer which they could command. The statues were of brass or marble. If the mouldings of the ancients were as superior as their chisels, what must have been the ranges and vistas of breathing marble and living brass! How would those forms, each individuated in character and action, εικονες ισομετρητοι, move the ambition of the aspirant, and excite within him every kindred emotion! Few see their own monuments,—they are built for posterity. In Altis, however, the subject of them, and the admiring spectator, met

* Olym: viii.

beneath the same pedestal, and the present and the future were blended into one!

But Song was to do a more memorable service than metal or stone. It is here that Pindar's eagle soars, and revels in its flight. The poet's power is carried to a tyranny. "For when a man," he sings, "who has performed noble deeds goes down to the dark abode of death uncelebrated by verse, he has struggled hard for a brief delight. But the vocal harp and the sweet pipe secure his fame." His lyrics abound in bold and abrupt figures,—sometimes gentle as a rill and murmur of Ilissus, but more generally overwhelming as a Tegean cascade. In his fifth Nemean, he indignantly repels the notion that he should be the fabricator of human likenesses, fixed and immoveable on their base: he is the poet whose unrestricted verse flies faster and further than the bark. A few of his metaphors may be culled: and should they seem vauntingly extravagant, it must be remembered that they have conserved many a name and incident which no material trophy could have perpetuated! "I send the out-poured nectar of my strain, inspired by the Muses, to the valiant conquerors, a pure essence distilled from my very soul."* "Adorned with the rich coverings of song."† "Weaving the variegated garland of harmony for brave men."‡ "The wreath of my verse shall ever bloom."§ "We must open to the heroes the triumphant gates of poetic celebration."‖ "I will set the loved city in a blaze by my tender lays."** "For these waken the sounding career of song."†† "I wish that I could invent unknown terms for my theme; that borne aloft in the chariot of poesy, my courage and masterdom were equal to my soaring."‡‡ "These encomiastic lines shall go forth, requiring and exciting the publication of future annals, and bind far distant ages to the sacred pledge of renowned virtues."§§ "Pierce, O Echo, to the sombre dome of Proserpine, that thou mayst bear the glorious news until thou findest his deceased father Cleodomus: then tell him that his son, in the valleys of the illustrious Pisa, has crowned his youthful locks with a coronal

* Olym: vii. † Ib. i. ‡ Ib. vi. § Ib. ‖ Ib.
** Ib. ix. †† Ib. ‡‡ Ib. §§ Ib. xi.

which, as if winged, surpasses common fame."* These all respect the games of Olympia; one or two more may be added of the other orders. "Farewell, O friend; I send you this honey mixed with purest milk (the bubbles of the infusion beading around the famed cup) on the Æolian airs of flutes."† "Fly from my Bow,—straight towards the mark, O Hymn! winged by a favourable gale"!‡ "I woo the cheerful Muses to light up the beacon of my song." "The ambrosial fountain of my odes."§ "I shake over Alcmanes this chaplet, and suffuse him with the dew of song."||—It is unnecessary to multiply any other quotations of the Theban bard: to the end he continues the enthusiast of his art: "For mighty deeds we know but one mirror,"**—he held it up,—it caught the streaming glories which played around him and which were so well adapted for its noble field of reflection,—he threw them off in quick and surprising flashes of genius and power,—and the odes which he has left are the foci of the bright and burning rays! What a zest must the candidate have felt, when a Pindar stood observant by him, jealous of his deeds, attuning in stanzas of deathless strain the chronicles of deathless history.

Whatever, we learn, was the ardour, and the impetuosity of the candidates, they were compelled to submit to restraint. An example of this occurs in Plutarch's Life of Themistocles. And I repeat it the more readily, because it is a story told of so many, and is so ignorantly applied. Eurubiades exclaimed to him, "In the Games, Themistocles, they scourge those who prematurely rise." "True," said Themistocles, "but they who are too late are never crowned." On this, the tyrant raised his staff to strike him: and then he replied in the familiar words: Πατaξον μεν,—ακουσον δε.—Strike, but hear me!

The concourse at these games was immense. It was the convocation of all Achaians. Thucydides writes of it, in his fifth book, "as the whole assembly of united Greece." And Cicero, reprehending the silly boast of Eleus Hippias, adds, "Cuncta pæne audiente Greciâ."†† The importance of the

* Olym: xiv. † Nem: iii. ‡ Ib. vi. § Isth: iv. || Pyth: viii. ** Nem: vii. †† De Oratore.

Solemnity may be inferred from the vastness of the Assembly. The Πολυξενώτατος βωμος made the greatest foreigner feel himself welcome and secure.

The question naturally occurs, How could they be accommodated? If the Olympians were inclined to raise the price of lodgings and ordinaries, as York at a Musical Festival, and Newcastle at the British Association,—they had no chance. From Hiero pitching his tent there, instead of going to the principal Hotel, we may conjecture that such portable accommodations were not infrequent. The full moon, independently of the twilight of a summer night, was no mean auxiliary. Nor did this people keep house like ourselves. The climate was most serene. The noblest productions of art were exposed without fear of injury or even of weather-stains. The torch-race, sacred at the Athenian Ceramicus, might be here a common frolic: they would run from one to another until the first flambeau had kindled all, and there glared suddenly on temple and sculpture the blaze of an unnatural day. They wanted no repose, or could afford none. Chrysostom says,* "The spectators in the Olympic contests sit from midnight to the following noon, that they may see to whom the crown is awarded."

Nothing was more honourable than the prize of these victories. Justin gives the following account respecting Alexander: "Eadem die nuntium pater ejus duarum victoriarum accepit: alterius, belli Illyrici: alterius, certaminis, Olympiaci, in quod quadrigarum currus miserat."† Chilon, the Lacedæmonian, and one of the seven wise men, author of the celebrated apothegm, Know thyself,—which he certainly then forgot,—died of excessive joy over his son's success. Solon,‡ being asked by Crœsus, the king of Lydia, what man, of all he had ever seen, he thought most happy,—mentioned Tellus, an Athenian, who died honourably in the field of battle fighting for his country, leaving behind him virtuous children to celebrate his funeral. He was then asked, whom he placed next on the list of happiness? he answered, "two young Greeks who had been conquerors at the public games, and who peacefully expired after performing an

* Adversus Judæos, Vol. I. † Lib: xii. ‡ Herodotus—Clio.

act of filial piety to their mother." In short, we obtain distinct approvals of them in numberless accidental passages, not in poets and rhapsodists only, but in orators, philosophers, and historians. It is a favourite allusion. Would Demosthenes in his first Philippic, upbraid his countrymen for their short-sighted policy and inconstant resistance? "Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip: for when one of these receives a blow, that blow engrosses him; if struck in another part, to that part his hands are suddenly turned; but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist, he has neither skill nor prowess." Would Aristotle urge, in the Nicomachean Ethics, the necessity of energetic virtue? "But as in the Olympic Games, not the most beautiful and robust are crowned, but those who contend, and only some of these are victorious; so they who act rightly obtain those things in this life which are beautiful and good." And again in his Art of Rhetoric, he speaks of the abrupt exordium as resembling "the absence of any preparing extension and graceful movement of the arms like the Athletæ before they begin their strife." Would Thucydides aggrandise a national Deliverer? "When Brasidas entered Scione in the Pellene, the inhabitants repaid his eulogies by placing a golden crown upon his head, while every individual was busy in adorning him with ribbons, and caressing him like a victor in the solemn games." The Christian Fathers, without any implicit favour towards them, often make them illustrative of their purpose. Clement, in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, observes, "Moreover we must consider, that he who contends in a corruptible combat, if he is found doing any thing that is not fair, is taken away and scourged, and cast out of the lists. What think ye then that he shall suffer, who does any thing that is not fitting in the combat of immortality?"

Hitherto we have only noticed this Festival in connection with physical enterprise: it was not without the lustre of polite letters. Gorgias was celebrated for his eloquence in the grand assembly. It is asserted, without an atom of evidence against it, that Herodotus read to the people, or some portion of the people,*

* Lucian.—Herodotus or Ætio.

thus convened, his History of the Expedition of Xerxes against the liberty of Greece, when the tear of admiration fell from the son of Thucydides. Pausanias assures us that there was a place called Lalichmion, in one of the gymnasia, in which were exhibited specimens both of extemporary orations, and writings of every kind. Orators, we gather from Dionysius Halicarnassensis,* were engaged to animate the athletæ. Not pretending to settle the question of the Arundelian Marbles, we may believe them when they inform us that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were permitted to contend in literary contests, using for the conqueror the word, ενικησε. In the ninety-first Olympiad, according to Ælian, this latter tragedian competed with Xenocles. Isocrates delivered his Πανηγυρικος† at the same spot, and it testifies that, whatever was the neglect of literature, it was not despised. "I have always thought it extraordinary that the lawgivers who instituted our public games, and established our general assemblies, should have appointed prizes of no mean value to the combatants who excel in feats of bodily strength and dexterity, while they allowed the talents of men of genius to languish under discouragement.......The wrestler may increase his own activity, the racer may redouble his speed, but neither of them can transfer any share of those excellencies to another; but the wisdom of the sage diffuses itself through the whole society. ......The little encouragement given to literary studies shall, however, never induce me to renounce them." Lysias spoke to the same Concourse: the speech is lost: but a fragment is preserved in Dionysius Halicarnassensis.‡ Horace strongly insinuates his preference of literary, to gymnastic, honours.§

Music was one of those more refined arts in which men strove to excel. The twelfth Pythian is inscribed, Αυλητῃ. While there was the Arena for the combatant, and the Suggestum for the orator, there was a building, similar to the Odeum at Athens, for the Musical essays and prizes. It is,

* Ars Rhet.

† Πανηγυρις,—signifies in the first instance, an assembly, a convention,—the encomiastic idea is quite accidental.

‡ Vol. II.

§ Carm : lib. iv. 3.

I know, most difficult to determine what the Greeks included in music. Sometimes it is put for obedience to the laws, because the earlier laws were in verse and were periodically chanted. It often intends poetry. It further occasionally describes ethics, Αρμονιαι ηθικωταται,......πρακτικαι.* A Spartan education consisted in gymnastics and music. Socrates, in Plato's Phœdo, speaking of the mandate which had haunted him through life, to attend to music, says,—he "once supposed it to mean that he should labour in philosophy which is the greatest music:" afterwards he thinks he obeyed the charge, by versifying Æsop's Fables. But in these trials, Music must be literally intended: and, in a manner, it would soften the sterner passions and rougher contentions of the scene. Pliny† informs us that at the Pythian games a contest of painting took place in the time of Phidias, and that Panænus succeeded.

The Harp was of various form. Sometimes it was strung with seven wires, as in the second Pythian, επτακτυπου φορμιγγος. The same number is ascribed to it in the fifth Nemean, φορμιγγα επταγλωσσον. The player upon it was commonly the composer of his strain. The poet and the performer were judged at once. The victor of the course was glad of this commemoration, and felt that the common hymn of Archilochus did not suffice. He sought, therefore, a personal inditing of lyric fame: to be himself the burden of a votive song.

What a singular amalgam is this festival,—rude to savagism, refined to philosophy! It reminds us of the honours paid to Castor and Pollux: Ιππηες, κιθαρισαι, αεθλητηρες, αοιδοι.‡ It was characteristic of the people and of the age. They were elevated, and most depressed: free, and most enslaved: noble, and most degraded. Thus extremes were combined, and inconsistencies reconciled. And such an institute as this was true to their violence and cultivation, like the common altar of Hercules and the Muses, or like the hoof of Pegasus opening up Hippocrene.

We must not, still, think that they were without some defence. And a few of their advantages shall be reviewed.

* Arist: † Nat. Hist: xxxv. 9. ‡ Theoc: Id. xxii.

They were the imitative arts of war. Qualities were then necessary which are little regarded now. It is of little consequence in modern tactics that generals should be stalwart as Ajax, and swift-footed as Achilles. But these things are still wanted in their troops. Now Greece was a number of small states. Their population was bound to serve whenever there was intestine, or common, danger. They were all, therefore, educated for this. The sports were only the pupillage through which they passed. The Olympic was the field-day of those exercises which again and again had been performed in the barrack-yard. Running was necessary for the onset: the cæstus would have given the arm a vigour whatever the weapon it wielded, and whenever it was left unprotected: wrestling was often necessary in grappling with the foe, while the power of seizing and raising a person was often happily applied to bearing a wounded ally from the field: to throw the javelin and to leap were equally essential discipline. The chariot broke the hostile ranks, and the rider of the vaulting horse was thus accustomed to a very common practice. Xenophon tells us that the light-armed infantry mounted behind the troopers, who were often little more than carriers, were rapidly borne where they were most wanted, and could make as sudden an attack, leaping from their horses, as in jumping upon them again, they could make a retreat. The apparent folly is thus retrieved. Lycurgus rewarded the victor with military promotion. Whatever we may think of thus arming a whole people, it is done to this day. Every free town of the Continent is most rigid in levying its inhabitants. It is virtually required among ourselves.

The rewards of these Games were adapted to raise a disinterested feeling, and afterwards, though changed, to secure a constant competition. An olive-wreath was a compensation of no sordid character. And yet a nimbus, a halo, could not have inspired them more. "You have all things," was the greeting, "short of being Jupiter himself."* It was a knightly pledge. And if chivalry is content with decorative order and symbol, how foolish is the state which grudges it, and the people that envy at

* Isth: v.

it. Its consciousness may prompt a haughtier air and carriage, —but what suffering is redressed, and toil rewarded! If this be not "the unbought grace of life," surely it is "the cheap defence of nations." It is a true wisdom to beget in the public mind a generous desire to serve the land of our fathers and of our children, and that it should feel the service repaid in its acknowledgment. The age is degenerate when all is barter and huckstering, and pure fame is outweighed by gold.

> "Honour 's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not:
> It ought not to be sported with."*

But quickly thus degenerated that lofty unbargaining ardour! The combatants sought more substantial honours. They were indulged with exemption from all taxes, a place in the magisterial feasts, precedence in society, and a strange power of transferring their distinctions. Cimon made over the glory of his first two victories in Olympia to Miltiades and Pisistratus. In the latter instance, whatever was the motive in the former, it was the condition of a recall from exile.† Hercules, in the Ἀλκηστις, informs Admetus (to account for the restoration of his deceased wife to his arms,) that he had obtained her as a prize, while other combatants, in the games which he had celebrated, received horses and oxen. Such was certainly true in some of the earlier contests. When the æstus of a noble enthusiasm fired them, these pastimes themselves struck terror in the foe. Xerxes having enquired of some Arcadian princes, how they, the Greeks, were then employed, was answered,—that they were keeping the Olympic feast, and looking on gymnastic and equestrian sports. Again enquiring, what was the victor's recompense, it was replied, an olive-chaplet: when Tigranes, hearing that they fought for honour and not for money, could no longer repress his admiration, but said to Mardonius,—Against what a people dost thou lead us, a people who fight not for mercenary hire, but only for renown,—αρετης, virtue!‡ When once this

* Addison. † Herod: Era: 232. ‡ Herod: Uran: 298.

feeling decayed, they sunk into a tribe of prize-fighters. That which had, while regulated by honour and consecrated to religion, secured a seed of warriors, thus became an injury to society,—it was letting loose a swarm of idlers and bravos upon it. It is, however, due to Olympia, to assert its comparative purity. Μια εκπρεπης Διος Ολυμπιας.* Pindar can allege no rewards of a sordid nature as emanating from it. "The silver vases" came from Marathon.† "From Sicyon they returned enriched with silver wine-cups, and from Pellene, clothed in finest robes; with brazen stores which cannot be counted, nor is there time to tell the honours heaped profusely by Cleitor and Tegea and the other mountain-cresting cities, and not the least from Lycæon holy to Jove, upon them who for exploits of foot and hand in the course were proclaimed the victors."‡ Pindar does not altogether escape the suspicion of the φωναν υπαργυρον, the venal tongue. In the second Isthmian there is a strong flavour of Corinthian taint.—Among the rewards of the Panathenaic there were two worthy of remark. The first was the insertion of the victor's name into the Peplus, a magnificent veil or embroidery. This was a votive offering to Minerva, as we hear Helenus urge Hector to advise their mother to take her richest mantle, πεπλον επι γουνασιν,—a veil to be thrown over her knees.§ The weaving of this testimony into its texture was the greatest honour. Diodorus Siculus, reciting the gifts bestowed upon Hercules by the gods, says that Pallas gave him a *peplus*.‖ This is all we know.—The second is not quite so noble. The conquerors received a share in the Sacred-oil Company. On all these amphoræ, holding eight gallons, some of which are still found, is the inscription, Τον Αθηνηθεν αθλον ειμι. "I am a prize from Athens;" or when ειμι, is omitted, αθλων, "of the prizes from Athens." They were alone permitted to export it, and it became to them a source of considerable revenue.

The Games were designed to preserve a harmonious feeling between all the Grecian people. A confederacy was from the beginning felt to be necessary among so many petty states.

* Pyth: vii. † Olym: ix. 137. ‡ Nem: x.
§ Il: vi. 74. ‖ Lib: v.

Against the Barbarians of Thrace was their first united stand. Then came the Argonautic expedition. This is one of the most charming of all historic fables, for it partakes of both. What youth does not recall the story of the Argo's building and of the Argo's launch, with fifty heroes on her prow? Orpheus striking his harp, Hercules leaning on his truncheon, old Chiron dancing on his fetlocks with very transport as he sees it pass, and holding the young Achilles high to watch the adventurous bark? After this arose the coalition of the seven chiefs against Thebes. The fourth memorable banded force of all these powers was in the attack of Troy. The people, the Demus, were disposed for feud and quarrel among themselves. Their jealousy of prerogative often involved them in the most unnatural disputes. The country was the scene of continued civil war. It was always an auspicious hour when an invasion threatened, or any wrong from without. Then only were they compacted. But it was wise to have a common ground of concord. This was found in these Festive Rites. Here they were proud of their pure extraction. None of them spoke of others but as barbarians. They were resolved that those barbarians should not cope with them in the lists. Alexander, the son of Amyntas, having desired to enter them, was scornfully repelled by one universal cry: This is a contest between Greeks, and not with Barbarians. He proved his Argive blood upon the spot, and then was admitted: Macedonian was not a sufficiently near approximation.* "We owe a just tribute of praise," speaks Isocrates,† "to the authors of our public assemblies. It is in these that our differences are reconciled, our prejudices are removed, and that, joining in our prayers and sacrifices, we are formed into one body and state. It is in these that we call to mind our common origin, confirm our ancient prejudices, enter into new alliances, or cement the former ties by which we were united."—And here, as briefly as I can, I will show how these Games bound all Greece together. We know that these little republics were very unruly. Whether Venice deserved her title or not, "the most serene Republic," it would be a sarcastic

* Herod: Terps: xviii. 6. † Paneg:

every one confessed silently at the time, that by natural right the sovereignty belonged to it." It is not beneath the attention of a government to promote not only by education the "sana mens," but to encourage every thing that may case it with "sano corpore." A state has a precious interest in the health and thews of its people. How aptly does Milton put the case in his Apology for Smectymnuus: "Then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness to render lightsome, clear and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it requires firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations, rather than to see the ruin of our protestation, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

We may suppose that these Games were great improvements on more ancient Pagan Orgies. There is not now the shadow of a doubt that the Egyptians practised human sacrifices. All the intimations of the most ancient sacrificature are of the most frightful cruelty. Here was a system comparatively merciful. The ritual was formally framed against all licentiousness. It was not a mockery of captives, but the cheerful collision of freemen. But very different was the bloody and libidinous worship of those who "rose up to play." The Sampson of Holy Writ may well be called by the Poet, Agonistes. The blinded wretch was brought, seemingly, into the amphitheatre of Gaza. "The lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice. ....And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport....And he made them sport."* Now with the catastrophe, we have no present concern, but that it was a public spectacle is plain, for three thousand men and women were on the roof, probably some temporary scaffolding.—Instead of viewing the Olympics from our position, we should regard them from points of observation in the old heathen world; and we should find the benevolence and refinement of the change. Indeed the Greeks were far more religious and humane than the Romans. Homer

* Judges xvi. 24, 25.

greatly surpasses Virgil in this spirit of seriousness. The divine interventions and machines of the latter are poetic conveniences, —those of the former are personal convictions: Υμεις θεαι εστε!* Grecians could not have sat without disgust and horror in the Circus. We might presume that manners and feelings would be corrected by these Rules, as Horace sings:

"Qui feros cultus hominum recentum,
.... decoræ
More palæstræ."†

In connection with this design, it may have been purposed to maintain and establish this purer Mythology. A common temple and object of worship must have checked the propensity for new gods which belonged to small and more ignorant tribes. Beneath the flattering title of the Patron Deity of the whole of Greece, the people were united by the patriotism of religion: Πατερος Ελλανιου.‡ His name was, indeed, Panhellenius!

A high morality, considering its standard, was promoted by these Games. So severe was the law of marriage, that a doubt of legitimate descent debarred from the ordeal. Any disgrace of character was disqualifying.—Idleness and luxury were, by the necessary discipline, put under strict restraint. Chrysostom states, that in the Olympic contests there stands a herald crying with a loud voice, Does any one accuse this man of being a slave, a thief, or open to the proof of any evil deed? The candidates were led round the whole line of spectators, their fathers, brothers, and relatives, to see whether any imputation rested on pedigree, station, or character. Quick-sighted envy there took its place, and every vindictive feeling had there its scope: an equivocal repute had consequently little chance of evasion. Who among the poets is so pure as Pindar? The scene was, withal, reputed as most holy: and the virtues were consecrated by the sanctions of religion. Somewhat of a self-defence might be operative: and Olympia was set up as a counterpoise by the Peloponnesians against the attraction and influence of Eleusis.

They were intended to assist the liberty and general

* Il: lib. ii. 485. † Carm: lib. i. 10. ‡ Nem: v.

equality of that people. Dedicated to Jupiter Eleutherius, all "good men and true" were equally welcome. Glaucus the ploughman may use his iron-hand, which drove in the coulter, as undisputedly as any sceptred palm.* Aristotle copies an epigram on an Olympian conqueror, who utters his own surprise at being turned into one from a travelling fishmonger.† The crowd can vent loud execrations against a Hiero, and Themistocles denounces him. But we must distinguish here. Whoever contended must be disciplined according to the terms already stated. Now the poor man could not afford this. In the Memorabilia, Socrates says of a master, who complains that he could not go through his lacquey's fatigues, "What a shame for a man, who has gone through all his exercises, not to be able to bear as much fatigue as his servant!" This implies that the servant had not so been trained. Sometimes, however, a poor man was sent by a state: if he succeeded, he obtained a little independence. Solon fixed the pension at five hundred drachmas: about sixteen pounds sterling yearly. The chariot-race was the most aristocratical distinction. Its expensiveness confined it to the wealthy. Aristophanes speaks of it as showing the pride, and proving the ruin, of the Athenian youth.‡

These Games were of the greatest use for the purpose of Chronology. Until this Calendar was invented, secular history continued an entangled web. This gives a great precision. Only one omission occurred of the victor's name in eight hundred and forty-four years. All this was notable. It depended on no mysterious tablets, like the private registers of the Roman pontiffs. It may seem strange to date from the hard blows of the stadium, to call the world to time at the moment you thus call the boxer. A frolic mind might find amusement in its improbability,—as the poor plaintiff at a London Police Office lately exclaimed that the blow which he received from the prisoner, had almost knocked him into the next week: Scaliger,§ Usher, and Newton, however, are profuse in acknowledging their importance. And in Olympia were the rolls of all treaties and

* Paus: vi. 10. † Rhet: 192. ‡ Ιππης.

§ De Emendatione Temporum, p. 36.

histories. They were also engraven on pillars raised for that purpose. In the peace between the Athenians, Argives, and Mantineans, while its articles were inscribed in the capital of each state, "they were to erect jointly, by way of a memorial, a brazen column at Olympia, at the then approaching games."*

These Games sent back to their own countries many a man who would never have been appreciated but for this high stamp of approval. Greatness owes much to occasion, and wants a theatre. Here was test which had often elicited the master-mind. Here a fame might be acquired which was reflected upon others, and upon posterity. Cities were proud of the hero, and his associated name flung around them a newer splendour. Ortygia, Himera, Agrigentum, were so ennobled. Olympia, thus, stood related to the civilised world, —a thousand eyes brightened, and a thousand hearts beat quick, at its sound,—and it seemed every where present, just as Alpheus was fabled by submarine passage to spring up in Arethusa.

"Quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cœlestes pugilemve equumque
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
Munere donat."†

These Games were of the greatest value in restraining and directing ambition. In a country comparatively small, and among its many rival states, the presence of so much heroic spirit might have proved fatal to liberty, and been tempted to war against itself. Here was always the staff and skeleton of a mighty army, and here might have idled its proper chiefs. But here, too, was constant muster and emprise. To stand well among his compatriots, and still more to surpass them, the ablest general must continue his exercises of skill and strength. And to win the peaceful olive of the course was almost as honourable as to gather the laurels of the field. Ambition, therefore, fretted not, nor did treason lurk. The fiercest martial temper was ready to strike the invader, and in the meanwhile found ample scope and reward in the competitions of

* Thucyd: lib. v.

† Hor: Carm; iv. 2.

peace. Thus were the greatest captains ever prepared, "straining upon the start," and ever saved from intestine feud, "guiltless of their country's blood." How Tully warms when he speaks of Athens and her rewards! "Quæ ego vidi Athenis! quæ aliis in urbibus Græciæ! quas res divinas talibus institutas viris! quos cantus! quæ carmina! prope ad immortalitatis et religionem et memoriam consecrantur."*

In some respects Olympia may fall below the civilization of scenes more contiguous to us. A good deal of information may be collected concerning it. But we read not of its jockey club. It had no betting rooms. Its founder, Hercules, never swore but once in his life.† It was annoyed by histories and poems! How inferior in taste to the modern spectacle! They called themselves αυτοχθονες, but thought not that they, like the present generation, belonged to the turf. Much nearer the Levant than ourselves, they little foresaw that levanting was the phrase for shifting every unpleasant obligation. Their faint outline is gloriously completed! Could they look on the dreadly stern morality with which these things are conducted now! It would have done a nobly-sandaled Athenian good to have seen the boot of this age on legs equally black, with it on or off! It is not to be concealed that sixteen centuries have given the recent candidate for fame a great advantage! Some other matters have been considered favourable to knowledge and moral improvement! Yet allowing every exception, may we not, without violation of justice or generosity, scorn the poor attempts of Olympia amidst the lustre of virtue and the blaze of intelligence,—the literature,—the decorum,—the romance, which distinguish a British Course? Alpheus, thy wave was classic once—yield thee at last to the triumphs of the,—Don! When will nations see their policy, and here negociate their disputes; and Chronology, learning her true secret of accuracy, write her epochs by the St. Legers?

There was great inconvenience experienced from the heat and consequent thirst. Ælian observes, in the eighteenth chapter of his fourteenth book of the Various History, that "a Chian

* Pro Annio Milone. † Plutarch.—Roman Questions, 28.

threatened not to put a servant with whom he was angry into the mill but to carry him to Olympia; thinking it a greater punishment to stand a spectator there in the excessive heat of the sun than to be employed in the most servile labour." Lucian, in his Life's End of Peregrinus, strongly censures him for abusing the noble Herodes who had constructed an aqueduct to Olympia at his own expense, "that the spectators of the games *might no longer perish by thirst.*"

These sports, being Pagan rites, were always most displeasing and abhorrent to the Jews. Antiochus Epiphanes by this means seduced many of that people to idolatry: "whereupon they built a place of exercise at Jerusalem, according to the customs of the heathen."* Josephus reprobates the conduct of Herod in establishing solemn games every five years, in which he imitated whatever was most costly and magnificent in the shows of other nations.† The Christians, by absenting themselves from these rites, and similar ones, and protesting against them, often secured their martyrdom. The Romans did not think it honourable to contend in person,—a senator would have been disgraced by an appearance in the scene,—the Eternal city wept to witness Nero,—that butcher-mime,—returning in the chariot which had borne the form, and signalised the triumph, of Augustus, crowned as a pugilist: and Hadrian, the renovator of Greece, gained no favour with his patrician peers and valiant fellow-soldiers, when it was reported that he had walked, in the habit of an Agonothetes, along the Olympic course.

Cicero, with the keen observation which distinguishes him, treats very doubtingly the boasted claims of the athletæ to valour and endurance. He compares such rude virtues with his native gladiators, and appears to give them the preference. "Quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit? Quis vultum mutavit unquam? Quis non modo stetit, verum etiam decubiit turpiter? Quis, cum decubuisset, ferrum recipere jussus, collum contraxit?"‡

* 1 Maccabees i. 4. † Josephus, lib xv. c. 8.

‡ Tuscul: Quæs: lib. ii.

Hastening to a conclusion, we may endeavour to imagine the scene. The fifth year opens, long expected, anxiously awaited, the crisis of hope to tens of thousands. Months have witnessed a strange alteration in the manners and features of the people. The schools of exercise have been crowded. Youths dilate themselves with aspiring ambition. Mirth has laughed jocundly through the land.

> "Curriculo pulverem Olympiacum
> Collegisse juvat: metaque fervidis
> Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
> Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos."*

The high-roads are filled with equipage,—and many a wayfarer of different costume and complexion travels onward from afar. Now and then a king rushes by. Along the green-sward paths and lanes, the populace with curious looks, and occasionally with fescennine banterings, make their way. The Sea is but a bridge of boats from isle and mainland. Cyllene, the port of Olympia, hails and moors ship after ship. Pavilions are pitched on every side,—canvas cities have grown in a few hours from the earth. The baths, the sudatories, are all prepared. Pisa resounds with chastened revelry. The Stadium has been newly laid. Arrival is announced upon arrival. The Hippodrome echoes with the neighing of the fiery steeds. The winged or brawny combatants walk abroad with looks of elation and defiance. Nations, lately in arms against each other, embrace. There is but one country,—it is Greece: there is but one renown,—it is to be a Grecian. The silver disk now peers above the horizon, the moon's full orb is seen, and a new Olympiad has arisen! The welkin rings with acclamation, the trumpets wind their congratulatory flourish, every altar sends up its flame of sacrifice, and the bending multitude breathe their vow!

The dawn has broken! The throng hangs upon the Cronian steep, cut as in an amphitheatric form! Tier rises above tier! The mountain lives! The course is arranged! The lists are prepared! Altis is bathed in morning dew! Temple and portico glisten in the early light!

* Hor: Carm: i. 1.

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They 're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."*

Let us witness the entrance of a few of the personages, and no one must blame us if we group together in one scene and upon one day, them who would have been co-existent, if they had not been born some hundred years distant from each other. It is truly hard if they "will not come when we do call to them": it is unreasonable if they will not grace the only Olympic occasion it is in our power to attend.

—Here comes Milo, the dread of combatants, and the dread of lions too, if the oak, he made gape, had not closed upon him. What! Theagenes here? One thousand four hundred crowns,† already acquired, might surely sate his ambition. Now Greek meets Greek,—there cannot fail to be the tug of war!

—There is a sudden awe which smites the assembly. No common man approaches. The multitude gives way. It is Pythagoras. Years have passed since he stood here before, when but seventeen he wrestled with the strongest men. Strange rumours are current. He is scarcely deemed a mortal now. It is whispered that he has lived buried in the earth. His wisdom is of high repute. Hark! the shout! The *wise!* The wise! Make room for the wise! How meekly he acknowledges the plaudit, and disclaims aught of title save that of the lover of wisdom! Yonder is, however, a little knot of inquisitive faces, —their looks bespeak incredulity,—and I overhear a remark about his mother daily visiting his subterranean abode, and looking well after his comfort! Prying somewhat closer at him, there is a stolen glance which betrays a little acting, and might raise the suspicion of a little dissimulation. As to his golden thigh, it is an unworthy trick: a tinsel greave which, ever and anon, he turns to the sun!

—What means that general shout! It is Alcibiades,— that inconsistency of qualities,—that impar sibi,—so proud, so abject,—so fierce, so gentle,—the patriot, the traitor,—the pattern of fashion, the idol of the rabble,—the favourite pupil

* Shaks: Troi: and Cress: † Paus: ii. 103.

of sages, the rake in every purlieu of infamy,—beautiful as a grace, in bearing a hero,—his chariot-race is won! He has entered seven,—and the first, the second, and the fourth prizes are his due. How gallantly he led them! How like meteors they flashed along! How vaulted they towards the goal! The more vulgar are vociferous, for it has just been newsed abroad that he means to feast the whole assembly with the remnants of the hundred victims he has offered in sacrifice!

—It is a stirring strain! Whence resounds it? Tyrtæus strikes his lightning notes! They smite the soul to all its power of rage! But the quick anapæsts of war are followed by gentler modulations. Timotheus breathes through his flute a lay of love and woe.

—From where the Arcadians principally sit, began that acclamation which now bursts from all. They were the first to espy and hail their champion and liberator. How calmly steps on Epaminondas, yet now not more composed than when he issued his dying orders with the javelin quivering in his breast! The Spartans do not seem very hearty, methinks, in their cheers!

—Himera! Thou hast a joyous tale to hear! How will thy streets ring again, and thy battlements be crowded, when Crison returns to thee, the third time victor in the running course!

—Who has thy right to gaze around, immortal Phidias? Thine are bloodless triumphs! Dome, pediment, column, statue, mark thy triumphs! Hyperborean lands shall cherish thy fame, when scarcely a trace of thy productions shall be found in thine own!

—The friend of freedom must be welcome here. The hero of Artemisium and Salamis, the name of Themistocles flies from mouth to mouth. He does not, however, seem in the best humour! He is talking with Lysias. We see at once the subject of his conversation with the orator. How he scowls upon the Syracusan king!

—Did you ever see Plato before? How then the divine dreamer surpasses your every anticipation! That brow,—that

sunken eye as if introverted,—the rapture of that uplifted expression,—the calm of that inward depth,—it is almost strange that he has left his grove for this noisy turmoil. But it is stranger still to learn that in youth he was a capital wrestler, and won goodly wreaths of laurel and pine at Pytho and the Isthmus. Something of a youthful remembrance must have brought him to Elis.

—Aristides deserves this enthusiastic reception. If the ostracism were now to be passed through these myriad hands, is there envy left to indict him because all men call him just? The Just, at last, has justice.

—Another waft of music lulls the tumult of the people: Simonides appears with an eight-stringed harp! He chants his own songs. He leads along the course the choirs whom he has trained. All is hushed to this Melicertes, and all feel the honeyed-warbling of his voice and wire.

—Diogenes has rolled his kennel hither! The biting jest will not be spared! The Rhodians are proud for their rich attire! The Lacedæmonians are proud for their coarse apparel! What a hyæna laugh he has!*

—He could not die without seeing it once more! By easy stages they have borne him from Syracuse. Timoleon is noble in his bearing, though carried on a couch. The Corinthians are proud of their countryman,—but the Syracusans are grateful to their deliverer, and resolve that his bones shall be laid in the mould of the land which has adopted him, and declared him its own. Many a head bends, many a tear falls, as his living bier passes on.

—Olympius, Olympius! is the cry. Who pretends to such a name? Pericles,—the magnificent, the polished, the profuse,—Athens his monument, Greece his worshipper,—for his fame in these lists, for resemblance to this divinity, they accord to him the name! He takes his place on the stadium, and will have a throw! The wrestler who contests with him easily vanquishes him now. How proud he is of conquering Pericles! Ere, however, he can look around him, the defeated

* Ælian.—Var: Hist: lib. ix. 34.

warrior has, by his persuasive eloquence, convinced the people that instead of being defeated he has really won!

—On what is Clisthenes haranguing the assembly? He certainly is advancing something strange and novel! He is promising the worthiest candidate who will come to Sycion within sixty days, and stand the trial of hardy exercises for a year, his daughter Agarista. If any dancer attempts, he will be disappointed!

—Is this a prince with his golden crown? He has wielded a mightier mastery than monarch ever knew. The throne of Macedon has quailed before it. It is he! Who can mistake Demosthenes,—that cynic look, that ardent rolling eye, that indescribably scornful chin,—with all that power which sleeps only to redouble itself? The runaway is forgiven while the orator is adored!

—Hail to the chieftain, helmed and with warrior plume! Yet mild in look, we should believe his noble countenance reflective of more philosophic thought than cruel courage! Xenophon, though living in the neighbouring town of Scyllos, for quiet and contemplation,—composing memoirs of Socrates,—cannot restrain himself, and the Captain of the Retreat is more loudly greeted than many a leader of successful fight!

—This good man seems much out of his place. He stumbles at every step. He is perfectly abstracted. Yet how he gazed on the cæstus and the darting! Archimedes sees not the general smile. He is contriving the *iron hand* which afterwards dashed mailed phalanxes to the ground, and armed triremes beneath the wave; and the catapults and balistæ by which he could shower spears upon his country's foes. It is very well, however, that he does not cry out Ευρηκα here, for he is quite lost himself.

—Aristotle walks along the course. Why should he affect a foppery of dress? Who, in looking on such a man, cares for the style of his tunic and the trim of his sandal? But gaze upon that form, and you will forgive it all. He is Reason, personified. Conqueror never carried with him such a port and air of dominion. He seems to predestine his long and mighty rule. King-

doms rise before his eye which his ambitious pupil could never conquer, or having conquered could not retain,—yet they yield to the Stagirite in vassal subjection and indissoluble allegiance! A new notation of ages shall commence, eighteen centuries may wear away of it, but his Ratiocinative rod still holds sway.

—This cloud of dust bespeaks some adventurous charioteer. As it dissipates, we mark his skill. How perfectly he keeps his track. But will Anniceris never remember what the Sage of Academe said to him when he achieved his present feat still more signally around the Grove?

—It was a false report. It was not likely that the Hero of so many fights should commit himself to the equality of these encounters. But there was some foundation for it. Alexander has been heard to say, "Give me kings for my competitors, and I will contend at Olympia."

—This Painter bears a picture which has gained the prize. It is Timanthes! You may suppose it is the Iphegenia, bound to the altar of Aulis, while Atrides averts his face. No,—that is not a theme for this contention! It is the rage of Ajax when he is denied the arms of Achilles.

—Socrates is now old. But he has always admired these lists, though he has not grappled in them. His love of sculpture, a hereditary passion, makes this place of resort a rich delight. Warrior he has been in more serious fields, as some of his rescued friends can tell. His physiognomy is still heavy and sensual,—but a ray of divinity is sleeping there. Virtue finds in that tongue her speech, and Intellect in that eye her throne. All, save a sophist here and there, do him reverence. He has attended for the last time. But so full is he of the scene, that when soon after his Judges call upon him, according to the custom, to say what should be his fate, he cries, "Let me be kept at the public expense the remaining days of my life in the Prytaneum, a honour I far more deserve than the victors of the Olympic Games."

—Who approaches with all this retinue? It is a simpering and obsequious train. Timon is profuse in his gifts. He scatters them like a kingly largess. The thousand smiles

around him seem to wreathe upon his face. Is he truly benevolent? Is he quite sincere? What if power should fail him? What if flattery should no more caress? There are certain lines and expressions, already formed in that countenance, which would serve and indicate a man-hater!

—You must not suppose that these Games afford no amusement and allow no jest. Æneas laughs at the sorry figure and plight of Nisus. The Grecian camp cannot but be merry at the expense of the begrimed Oileus. Aristophanes is therefore here. He is finding point, if not venom, for some future sting. But his wit is always patriotic, and instead of being the mummer, he is the satirist for the sake of philosophy, freedom, and law. Much racy, and some crabbed, humour escapes him now.

—It had been well if nothing had arisen to shade this joyance and diversion! The three sons of Diagoras have just obtained the olive each! The father presses towards them! The vast assembly rise spontaneously to congratulate him, and honour the parent of the conquerors more than the conquerors themselves. They approve the preference. Catching the sympathy, they lift him in their arms! They bear him round the course! It is an intoxication of joy too potent for decrepit strength and exhausted life,—his head falls back on the shoulder of his eldest born,—he has expired!

—And now that the shadows of the evening come down from the mountains and steal along the valleys of Elis, how easy is it to imagine that awful forms of the mighty dead are re-visiting the scenes of their former contention and meed! The Idean Dactyli bind up their priestly robes, and seem once more to disport themselves. How Agamemnon stalks along! The fleet racer who rushed past us must be Achilles! That bearded Sage can only be Lycurgus! Corœbus stands like old Time, and raises high a dial on which ages may count themselves! Is not this Leonidas, scarred with a hundred wounds?—The Demigods descend upon the scene. Hercules stands forth great, noble, powerful, with a refinement of heaven around him. The Dioscuri bend from their stars, and look complacently on the spot where their triumphs were achieved.—The Immortals have

hither stooped their flight. Apollo, with harp and sun-fillet, muses over other times. Jove visits his temple, and propitiously regards a nation which so rapturously adores his patronage of hospitality and freedom!—But the apparitions are no more!

One scene only more must we visit. The victors are to be feasted in the banquetting room of the Prytaneum! Pass by the Vestal shrine, and enter it. Contrary to the custom of most Grecian feasts to which the guests brought their own provisions, this was, according to Plutarch, a Pindaric or a common board. About the cates and viands all we may hope is that, in newspaper phrase commemorative of such things, they reflected *infinite* credit on the worthy hosts. One point we know,—"a cook from Elis,"—was a proverb for a gastronome. Literature was not forgotten. Aulus Gellius quotes from Marcus Varro,—"During the entertainment, it is not every thing that should be read, but such as are at the same time useful and delightful." Pindar is there, the songster of the Games. All caress him!—Music reigns in this festal hour,—

"Dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis."*

It is,

"The Dorian mood,
Of flutes and soft recorders,......
Such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed."

They have resolved that Pindar shall sing one of his celebrated hymns, and loud are the plaudits as he obeys. What a dream of inspiration mantles on his brow! What a thrill comes from the chords the moment his hand approaches them! How the wings of his soul stir and dispread and make themselves heard! With how deep a sympathy do they listen, and with what acclaims they reward the strain!

Ask you, my soul, what things excel?
Beauty, life, music, are where fountains well.
Gold, which creates a greatness, from the mines
Like fire from night, all other wealth outshines.

* Hor: Carm: i. 32.

Search the wide range of Æther's ambient field,
How every star to the Day-orb must yield.
Pre-eminent are these! But so transcends
The Olympic Course whate'er its like pretends!
Inspiring birth-place of immortal song
Which swells to Jove in numbers clear and strong,—
Where well-skilled minstrels lavish noble verse
Which they at Hiero's bounteous Court rehearse!
Hiero who rightful power and law maintains
O'er Sicily's wide flock-depasturing plains,—
Which though each precious lovely plant embowers,
He only cares to gather virtue's flowers.
Master is He of the renowned Lyre,
The noblest instrument of all the quire;—
Such as we often strike around the board
Of that endeared Host and patron Lord.

But now the Dorian testudo bring,—
Though rude its shape;—from its harmonious string
Shall vibrate through the mind each pleasant theme
Of Pisa's hippodrome and Alpheus' stream,
'Long which ungoaded Pherenicos flew,
And blent its fame with its own sovereign's due,—
The Syracusan! Chivalry's proud light!
Whose blaze of glory now attains its height,
And brightest burns upon the very shore
Where Lydian Pelops disembarked of yore
The Hero-Colony! Strange tales of ruth
Now open in the past,—despite of truth,—
How mighty Neptune loved him, Whose sea-girth
Binds all the nations of this heaving earth,—
When Gentlest Fate subdued the cauldron's strife,
And gave those mangled members back to life,
And he, who was for viands loathed prepared,
His ivory shoulder in these Contests bared!
Enough,—we venture idly when we guess
These mythic stories through their painted dress!*

But the bard has grown too serious for his convivial auditors, and they require a change of lay. Courteously he invites their choice. The cry is, the Graces, the Graces! No Thamyris, but Pindar!

Where, soft whispering through its reeds,
Bright Cephisus pours its wave,—

* Olym: i.

Where roam free the glossy steeds,—
  There is found Your haunted Cave,
Queens of rich Orchomenos,
  Guardians of old Minya's line,—
Ye all varied fame engross,—
  To my humble prayer incline!

All of fair and sweet besprint
  'Mong us mortals here below,—
Wisdom, beauty, valour dint,
  From your genial influence flow.
What without Their tutelage
  Festal song and hallowed rite?
Gods their services engage,
  And to glorious thrones invite!

Phœbus, of the golden bow,
  Lifts them nearest to his seat,
While they bend in reverence low
  At the eternal Monarch's feet.
O Aglaia, most revered!
  Carolling, blithe, Euphrosyne!
And Thalia, song-endeared!
  Highest Jove's blest Progeny:—

See my song ascend aloft!
  Lydian measure is my aim!
Deeply mused, high let it waft
  Of Asophicus the fame!
Minya conquers in her son,—
  He returns with olive crown'd,—
By Your favour he has won,—
  Wake ye Echoes! wide rebound—

Pierce to Proserpine's dark dome,
  Tell the father's blessed shade
That his child hath overcome
  In the Course of Pisa's glade:—
That the youthful Athlete there
  Gained the wreath which never dies,
Binding in his clustering hair,
  Plumes which bear him to the skies!*

Though no aquatic exercises have taken place within the strict rule of the present Games, yet a Regatta will soon be celebrated at Sunium. Then is the time for jests. A trierarch

* Olym: xiv.

will spend fifteen minæ on the chase. And when a poor rower falls overboard, little is laughter restrained at him, "salsos removentem pectore fluctus."

A controversy has arisen concerning the claims of the three great Tragic bards. It is settled that the compositions of Æschylus may be compared to Cyclopean Architecture, ponderous, wild, and typic: that those of Sophocles resemble a Temple, perfected in solemn proportions and filled with awful cries: while those of Euripides remind us of a Home sacred as Penates can make it, yet wanting no tenderness that wife and child can gather round its hearth.

The flowing goblets once more go round, and having drunk to the nine Muses in three times three, they invoke the glory of the next Olympiad, and entreat a happy reunion then!

Where is Olympia now? There still blows the olive,—Cronion still lifts its heap: but the very olive is stunted, and instead of the mountain there is a mound. The name is forgotten, and Antilalla only heard. The Carbon creeps where once Alpheus flowed. All is drearily still where nations shouted! All is well-nigh depopulated where kingdoms threw forth their swarms! Where is the revel-cheerfulness, the high-souled valour, now? It was life in its most compressed energy and intensity,—it is death in its deepest, coldest, gloom. The real barbarian has been there, rifling earth's fairest portion, destroying man's noblest race. We have little to regret that the Olympics survive but as a tale of wonder and romance. Better institutions have risen, though not there: nobler feelings are enkindled. Well may we rejoice that such things are now regarded as the sports of that childhood which has grown in wisdom and stature up to the present age. Let us hope that a country so lovely may not be abandoned to perpetual desolations: let us more than hope that a people who erst filled such an orb of fame may complete more glorious destinies. New

civilization, and sounder philosophy, and purer religion, may elevate them not only to the standard of the line

"Such as the Doric mothers bore;"

may foster not only our belief,

"That there perchance some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own;"

as brave, as free, as refined as the Grecian Heraldry,—but must rank them transcendently more wise, and virtuous, and happy! And while this Retrospect of a Marvellous Institute, based on the solidity of ages,—elaborated by the arts of sculpture, eloquence, and poesy,—the school of glory,—the centre of intelligence,—the apex and paragon of fame,—while this retrospect has opened upon us,—let us,—thinking of our higher duties and graver responsibilities and incomparably more precious advantages,—learn from this Course of agonistic strife and struggle to fulfil our nobler, better, Course! There was One who had seen the first, or who was fully informed concerning it,—and it may be well,—at least cannot be harmful,—to listen to his "conclusion of the whole matter." He seems to have in imagination the throng of spectators,—the debated course, —the contested rivalry,—the gymnastic curriculum,—he transfers it all to a grander combat and a sublimer speed,—"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily entangle, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us!" "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain." "If a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but,—We an Incorruptible!"

"Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!"

VIRGIL.—Ecloga iv. 52.

"One consolation, however, offers itself amid this general wreck of man, of his works and of his inventions; it is, that new political associations arise from the dissolution of kingdoms and empires, and call forth with increased vigour and interest the energies and virtues of the human heart; that new combinations of sound spring from the decay of fading languages, affording fresh expressions to the understanding, and opening other fields to the imagination; and that thus all the shifting scenery and the ceaseless vicissitudes of the external world, tend only to develope the powers of the mind, and finally to promote the gradual perfection of the intellectual system."

EUSTACE.—Classical Tour.

"This is an art,
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."

SHAKSPEARE.—Winter's Tale.

THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE HUMAN SPECIES CONSIDERED,

IN RELATION TO INTELLECTUAL AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

It is, perhaps, seldom remembered, that a portion of history is evidently unfounded. That which is most elaborate cannot fail to interest and amuse us, but it is at the expense of scrupulous authority and severe truth. Were this department of writing rigidly conducted, how many a scene must be obliterated, how large a measure of attraction must be sacrificed, how naked an outline would remain! Of the most common incident contradictory representations are daily given: witnesses who have possessed an equal opportunity of judging respecting it are found to differ very widely in their accounts: and a probability is the only alternative we can assign to parallel scales. Even in perusing that class of historians whose veracity is best established, and whose fidelity is most unquestionably authenticated, we must naturally wonder and may legitimately enquire, from what sources could their knowledge be derived? The narrative is regularly sustained and consistently evolved: curiosity is anticipated and cavil refuted. Now though nothing could be more ridiculous than a sweeping scepticism of history, nothing more irrational than a sullen distrust of its general testimonies,—yet what mind can receive its minute and highly-wrought details without suspicion? who can assent to the correctness of its finished pictures without hesitation? A glance of attentive thought will convince us that the bias of the historian must be too partial for a strict estimate, his sphere too circumscribed for an accurate investigation, his intellect too fallible for a generalising grasp, of those varied and numerous occurrences he records.

History is not to be depreciated, however, as uniformly uncertain. Through the ages which are still receding from us, she is our only guide. But she is soon opposed by darkness she is not able to dissipate, and stopped by regions she is not permitted to explore. It had been happy did she pause when the first vapour rises at her feet: but resolute as well as curious, she plunges into shadows which cruelly disturb her august form and for ever arrest her adventurous progress!

But if the descriptions of history are sometimes too vivid, and its pretensions to antiquity sometimes too arrogant,—what many would most keenly regret is, that it does not sufficiently exhibit the peculiarities of *man*. The expressions of the human character are not preserved. The workings of passion are not developed. The sources of habit are not laid open. There is an absence of correct and delicate analysis. We look in vain for traits of conduct and delineations of sentiment: for those touches and pencillings in the portrait by which the artist and the original are at once declared. We look in vain for the hidden springs which have impelled man through such rugged paths and in such opposite directions. And yet if this be alleged against the historian, scarcely any complaint can be more unjust: for it may be disputed, whether any such task be committed to him: whether it would not be an impertinent and undignified violation of his neutrality: whether he would not as egregiously mistake his province in indulging the philosophic reflection of Tacitus as in emulating the graphic interest of Livy. The fact is, that the historian has to conduct before us certain personages who have powerfully influenced the fate of nations: and to sketch events which, from their prominence and bearings, ought not to perish with the remembrance of ordinary transactions. He is hurried on by the march of his heroes, by the tide in the affairs of men. He cannot dissect the heart of a conqueror when millions are affected by the issue of the fight: nor linger to inspect a train of events while their effects are spreading through a continent or a world. And therefore history, as generally composed, is but an imperfect chronicle of *man*. It enrols occurrences most interesting to

him, touching him on every side, affecting him in every feeling, —but still not strictly of *man*, in his *constitution*, *progress*, and *destiny*. Whether such a species of historic writing be not desirable, may excite an enquiry at least: but whether it would be instructive, can admit of none. Events would only seem important as experiments upon our nature and illustrations of our being. One valuable lesson we certainly should be taught, by the record of man as he is. *Now* we seem to spurn the page devoted to him, unless he be disfigured by ambition,— stained by ruthless crimes and agitated by gigantic passions: we are accustomed only to take interest in what is violent, daring, tempestuous, in human conduct. We are not contented with the assurance that great passions exist: we are dissatisfied until they are called into play: until Pelides unclasps his zone and Hercules abandons his distaff. But then we should delight in the repose of these turbulent elements of character: we should lose all relish for those eccentricities which disturb the mighty mass: and we should hail exclusively an elevation and pre-eminence of knowledge and virtue. We should resemble the student of nature who does not fix his eye upon a map of mountains in which lofty peaks and ridges can alone be seen, but would pursue the valley, would admire the landscape, would examine the general surface, as varied into gentle beauty or arrayed with luxuriant vegetation!

All, indeed, must allow that *man* is the proper subject of history. Its annals may often register events independent of us: phenomena of heaven and earth: storm and earthquake: fire and flood: but their interest arises from their relation to the circumstances, and their place in the observations, of man. Sorry should we be to contribute to the selfish vanity of our nature by magnifying its importance to the external world. The statement will rather humble us by teaching our responsibility. And surely it would be an idle affectation in man to subordinate his history to that of senseless matter or irrational being. He is made singular from all around him, and the most pious modesty does not forbid the assertion of that singularity. And what are knowledge and virtue but the instruments by

which we vindicate to ourselves an unrivalled pre-eminence? But for him who moves upon its stage, the scenes of this awful theatre would have no significance, the evolutions of this mysterious drama would convey no lesson: on man the story, the action, and the moral depend. Of this *human* history, we may quote the language of Bacon as happily descriptive; though he penned it concerning a literary one: "Without it the history of the world seemeth to be as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out: that part being wanting which doth most show the spirit and life of the person." And it is the design of this Paper to dwell upon different passages of the human narrative, to trace some of the steps by which the improvements of the species have been advanced and some of those principles by which the species itself has been impelled.—It was a noble sentiment which the ancient moralist uttered: "I deem nothing foreign to me which pertains to man."* It is to be hoped that the moody temper which complacently, and even malignantly, beholds the baffled attempts of our race towards melioration, our often disappointed hopes of happiness, is confined to few. These struggles are noble, however ineffectual: might excite pity, could they not command admiration: and appear prophetic of an ultimate victory over the difficulties which have hitherto precluded success. Man has not yet deserved to become the butt of low conceit and fiend-like banter, at least from any who wear his form!

When we speak, however, of the human species, it is not in concurrence with the theory which some naturalists have held. We do not know, nor can we conceive of, the genus to which such a species can be referred. If it can be distinctly proved that man participates in so many characteristics of other animal tribes as to render his anomalous pretensions untenable,—let him be arranged in the great museum of nature according to the strictest laws of physical conformation. Let not a pectoral indication be allowed of itself to determine our station: let limb and feature, trunk and extremity, confess the analogy and

* "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."—Terence, Heautontimorumenos.

demonstrate the alliance. What discovery would attend these concessions, it were presumptuous to anticipate: but our heraldic bearings might at least be affected. The field might be crowded, and the crest supported, by animals still: but henceforth, not as symbols of high and lofty attributes,—only mementos of our kindred herds. Should, moreover, those figures be placed, in the language of the science, *gardant*, it is intolerable to think of that look of easy and impertinent familiarity with which they would appear to recognise and claim all the bonds of consanguinity.

Even what they think man to be who undertake his nicest classification, it is difficult to detect. An ancient philosopher is reported to have made the proud discovery, that he is a two-legged animal without feathers. Now though this does not assert that he is partly bird, it carries the implication: and in that case we are reminded of the hawk-headed man among the Egyptian hieroglyphics.—Helvetius makes the peculiarity of man above other orders to consist in his hands, and is carried away with delight at the happy absence in the human form of claws and hoofs.—Indeed, the question of humanity, of real uncompounded humanity, at least humanity of the highest grade, is now become a very entangled question, and is reducible to very delicate tests. There are four teeth which it is imperative on us to exhibit, or our claim to this honour will be refused. One more or less of the spinal joints will shut the highest rank against us, or throw it open. The hemisphere of the skull by its fall or protuberance, in addition to the secrets of phrenology, must dictate a more important reply to the enquiry, who we really are? A place, then, in the highest scale of human being, is of as difficult adjustment as of immense interest. It was, according to this scheme, a more emphatic compliment than any annotator on Shakspeare has hitherto imagined, when Antony declares over the corpse of Brutus: "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man." Nor do our German neighbours seem neutral or indifferent in this controversy, for their name expresses their conviction that they are, *all man*. It is time for others, perhaps,

as well as our Teutonic brethren, to bid the Linnæan arrangement a high-minded defiance. The following passage from Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society, most luminously explains the superiority of the human being: "He is, in short, a man in every condition; and we can learn nothing of his nature from the analogy of other animals. In his rudest state he is found to be above them; and in his greatest degeneracy never descends to their level. If we would know him, we must attend to himself, to the course of his life and the tenour of his conduct. With him the society appears to be as old as the individual, and the use of the tongue as universal as that of the hand or the foot. If there was a time in which he had his acquaintance with his own species to make, and his faculties to acquire, it is a time of which we have no record, and in relation to which our opinions can serve no purpose, and are supported by no evidence."

But not contented with this collocation of man, on the ground of a few similarities between him and some animal races, others have presumed on a theory more degrading, but also, very fortunately, more absurd. They aver that man was once a mere animal himself. By a part, a marine origin, it is believed, has been made out for him; but the major part opine that the evidence strongly favours his connection with the *simia* tribe. Monboddo contends for an admixture of the cat: but he stands alone. The abettors of the more prevailing sentiment, that monkeys and men are of the same genus,—feel quite happy in the pedigree of ancestors who mowed and grimaced in eternal forests, and have even asserted, as a counterpart to the wondrous cat-man of Nicobar, that in the vicinity of Angola whole colonies of the ourang-outang exist,—evidently rising out of a lower department of being, but still moving upwards through the intermediate sections of that scale, to whose highest degrees we are esteemed weak-minded in confining the human prerogative and name. The grave and venerable judge referred to seems to revel in the idea of what man has been: and no small measure of his ecstacy springs outright from the contemplation of an appendage he attributes to the ancient man: an

appendage which, however elegant in some description of animals, has seldom been conceived to add a happy tapering or appropriate finish to the human form. But what if he had lived to see the mighty Chimpazee? There is not a range of enquiry more encumbered with assumption and folly than this. Moderns have not improved upon their predecessors, which they do in the larger number of cases: and as of old the mandrake was mysteriously regarded as the germ of man, so Voltaire saw no reason to disbelieve that the American sprung like a fungus out of the earth. Those who would wish to pursue this history of prodigies may be satisfied by some of the recitals of Pliny. Most undoubtedly had specimens presented themselves of any such equivocal state, I would have endeavoured to avail myself of them for your amusement and instruction. Could I have seized the shrub just opening into the animal,—or caught the animal just emerging into the man,—it might have tended to relieve the tedium of an Essay which can neither call to its aid the explanation of diagram nor the evidence of experiment.

This is not the place to argue the origin of man. It will be sufficient for us to begin with man in those conditions which history has preserved. And while many, in the prosecution of this most interesting study, are divided between the Saturnian dreams of poets and the animal stems of philosophers, let us simply trace our nature from that state whereof (to borrow a legal phrase) the memory of man showeth not to the contrary.—But here we cannot but express our astonishment at the gratuitous and reckless haste in which conclusions have been formed in this grand speculation.

It has, without a glimpse of proof, been affirmed, that the primeval state of man is *savage.* That savage state is represented as consisting merely of the dullest animal instincts. Perpendicular motion and attitude are, by the partizans of this sentiment, treated as inventions. A poor wild boy from the woods of Hanover was hailed as a trophy by the sect. His stunted mind was proclaimed to be in simple and undisguised nature. His inarticulate sounds were considered as demonstrative that man did not speak, (which no one supposed,) from

intuition. The question of this unhappy creature was, perhaps, most satisfactorily resolved by the stronger presumption that he had been abandoned by civilised, though inhuman, parents, rather than by parents rude and savage as himself. Besides, savage life has never been found at such a depression as this. And savage life bears no evidence of being an original state. On the contrary, it reminds us of much: it is the debasement of an intellect too ethereal to be restrained, too intense to be extinguished. The fine sentiments, the romantic traditions, which gleam through all their barbarian fables, point to a higher date and a purer condition.

It has been surmised by some who have entered on this study, and dogmatically maintained, that there are great diversities of race among them whom we call man. Kaimes gave this opinion the refuge of his great name. This theory may be ascribed to the obvious bias of the mind which often induces us, in order to evade a difficulty, to plunge into another far more formidable. Probably the surest refutation must be sought in itself. For can any one peruse the works which defend it without some of *these* impressions? In the first instance, we must notice what very singular and awkward reasonings are required to give it somewhat of plausibility: they are not clear and easy, but bolstered and constrained. Fiction is dressed for truth, the tale of the traveller is relied on without any examination, and opinions are substituted for facts. In the next instance, there is an evident design to answer in the propagation of this theory. That traffic which no terms of infamy can libel, a traffic of remorseless cupidity and cruelty, arrogated to itself this as a philosophic defence, and pleaded this as a scientific apology. There is another motive also; man may become so sensual, that he shall desire to release himself from more intelligent and responsible nature. Now such palpable interest in the litigation must affect and vitiate all the evidence adduced. —And for mine own part, I can never bring myself to think the authors of that theory in earnest: they seem experimenting upon the credulity of their readers, and to be enjoying that pleasure, which is said to be found, in inducing others to believe

what we cannot believe ourselves.—I most confidently think, that without resorting to peculiarities of structure, hair, colour, visage, (belonging to a province into which it would be unbecoming in me to intrude) that upon intellectual and moral principles alone, it would be easy to prove that the origin of man is precisely the same.

Much might be advanced on the subject of human speech and language. May my conviction be expressed, in the absence of arguments which the latitude of my design must compel me to waive,—that speech is an original endowment, though dependent upon instruction and imitation,—and that the founders of our race received the elements of language with their being?

Two questions, both of them interesting and important, may now be mooted: is man in general character, is man in corporal system, similar, in the present stage of his history, to what he has always been known to be? In respect to the first, man as the subject of history is identical with man as the subject of observation. The same strife of passions has ever warred in his breast. The same cast of prejudices has ever disfigured his character. The same order of achievements has vindicated his course. Surrounded with changes, the occasion of changes, how little is he changed himself! And though we fondly augur the noblest improvements through the future successions of our race, when we have long quitted this scene, yet those improvements we only expect from certain modifications of the same constituents of being. Far as the eye of thought and the vista of hope can reach, we only descry the dim reflection of that being wavering upon the remotest age,—with a higher expression indeed, but with an unaltered contour! Nor will it be very difficult to address ourselves to the second enquiry, for there is, so far as the page of profane history ascends, no proof of any great degeneracy in the human frame. When gymnastic exercises were more commonly practised, the strength and activity of man must have increased. But this process is successful to the present day: and individuals, by no means conspicuous for stature or muscular vigour, are to be found who might probably vie with the most renowned Athletæ of old. From

the hardy peasantry of almost every existing country, thousands might be selected who would gladly have been enlisted into the phalagges of Macedon and the legions of Rome. Perhaps also, judging from the same date of profane history, there has been no serious diminution of the term of life.

That man is a *social* being, all his history corroborates. The very sympathies of his nature lead him to graft his individual interests on the stock of common security and general weal. It is not proper to attribute this to a low gregarious instinct. It is with him an act of mind, at least a calculation of benefit. For in such a compact as the social state implies, he feels certain restraints, he makes certain sacrifices, and can only infer the good from reflection or from experience. And in connection with his social nature, it is interesting to show that he is a *progressive* being. This certainly simply marks a tendency: but tendency will be invariable, but for counteracting causes. In this feature of the human character the main interest of its history consists: and if these miscellaneous observations on man may claim any bearing or boast any gravamen, —they concentrate in his most extraordinary capabilities of improvement.

In the animal we ascertain neither the ambition nor capacity of improvement: it arrives at certain ends without any apparent, or, perhaps, supposable knowledge of its means. Instinct will often render it more accurate and expeditious in the attainment of those ends than man; but in an equal and necessary degree it must circumscribe its range of action and enjoyment. Man varies his ends as well as his means, is confined to fret in no one circle of low and daily-repeated anxieties, but discovers a path thrown open before him, boundless and interminable, which he is invited to travel. Nature lies before him,—his tributary under a beneficent dominion, his captive in a bloodless war. Of such faculty we know no other example: all creatures, with which we are acquainted besides, being just what such creatures have always been. Their exact limit is marked. Their uniform part is determined. Their very perfection enchains them. But man is seldom at rest. We cannot steadily think of *him*

as he is, without being interrupted by the presages of what he will become. Hence education is designed, not to secure alone the present sum of knowledge, nor to preserve alone the existing tone of art, but to stir the spirit of emulation and improvement. We are not to content ourselves with the wisdom of ages. We are not for ever to search in the deposits, however wealthy, of former times. And thus the mind forms to itself the ideal of a halcyon future; and proposes for its loveliest visions of humanity an unequalled and indefinite perfection. Intellectual and moral beauty lends its charms: assuming every hue and shape, and passing through endless varieties of expression and combination! "Greatest of all, by the All-hail hereafter!"

It is futile to assert that man has deserted nature in the ratio of his progress. His progress is nature, and by it he but obeys its impulse and follows its guidance. He must have clothing, he must have food, he must have habitation: but he is unnatural if he neglect, or improperly seek, any of these. Many of the humbler arts are but the methods in which our innate promptings are answered: and it is the same disposition which raises the wig-wam of the desert as constructs the halls and palaces of the city. It seems scarcely necessary to advert to the opinion that these inventions are only copies from the inferior tribes. Its advocates call on us to suppose that man would never have thought of a dwelling had he not previously seen the lair of the beast; and that suggestions borrowed from the skill and dexterity of these creatures have given rise to all the improvements which embellish civilised life and social condition. The opinion may be safely abandoned to itself. Man can never be more in a state of nature, than when pursuing a course of improvement: for he then follows out a law equally impressed upon him with the love of life. And I am anxious this should be kept in mind, that the progressive faculty of man is not foreign nor accidental but co-existent with himself. When he improves it, it is not as the inert body moved against its own nature by a propelling mechanical power; but as a seedling that grows, buds, flowers, and yields its kind, in consistency with

tendencies which began to develope themselves with the first fibre of its root.

But that the course and measure of this gradation have ever been the same, it is superfluous to deny. Some nations have, with mighty strides, gained a height to which others, though long advancing, have never reached. Some have been profuse of knowledge and art, while others, who have watched them with a niggard jealousy, have lost them sooner still. There is no invariable index to this progression.—By a class of philosophers it is affirmed that man can only rise through this particular scale. Man is exhibited as first waking to the chase: pastoral life is the second scene: husbandry is supposed to have next succeeded: something of agrarian law is then introduced: ideas of impropriation are in consequence indulged: exchanges and barter take place: difficulties occur which some type of property must obviate: shells or coins become the circulating medium: casual observations are made on the principal aspects of the universe, and a basis is thus formed for philosophy: rude tools are constructed, and a clue is thus discovered to all the conveniences and refinements which wealth can facilitate or luxury demand. But who does not perceive that the enumeration is often arbitrary in principle and contradicted by fact?—Others adopt a more capricious order: and imagine that the progression of the species may be traced to a certain geographical law: give them the longitude, and they can almost tell you the precise state of knowledge at that degree: they map out science and art, and most accurately inform you in what climates they may, or may not, exist. It is with them an oracular opinion that all knowledge follows the course of the sun, and *that* they remind us is from east to west,—which would most probably be true, were it not from west to east!—Some have *figuratively* expressed this progression, but with melancholy misgivings it would seem, if they intended the figures to be pursued. *Infancy* has been selected to represent the first stage of human nature, but if that suppose helplessness before adult vigour, it predicts also decrepitude before final dissolution. *Morning* is another beautiful image used for the same purpose, but after the meridian

we can only expect the night. The *ages* of the poets have not even these ascending points, but hasten from gold through silver and brass to iron.—Should, indeed, any person resolve to frame a theory on the subject, it is apprehended that he would find it impossible to reconcile and arrange the materials; and that he must speedily learn that what one fact attested, a second destroyed.

This appears the most proper place to enter upon a rapid survey, and cursory examination, of some of those more active causes which have instigated such movement: but, in their prosecution, we contend not for the exact order in which they should stand, nor are we aware of the hypothesis which their exhibition will favour or disserve.

The necessity of *government* in all great bodies of men, must have suggested ideas of the most extensive influence. The simple patriarchates of which we often speak, in which the sire inculcated obedience upon descendants, were as perfect as the circumstances of their early date allowed or required. But though we may yet speak of the family of man, it is impossible that the impression of such an affinity can remain: it is a beautiful fiction, not a practical principle. When nations spread and migrated, the mind of man would be naturally drawn to the nature and utility of political institution: as manners and customs varied, men would admire different models: and the question would share the attention of those who reflected at all. Two consequences would follow: an expansion of intellect would be produced, for there is scarcely any subject which admits of more abstract and comprehensive views: and an excitement must have been given also to the character, for the dearest rights of our nature are involved in all these considerations. These results are substantiated in the present day; for there is not, perhaps, an enlightened nation to be found where the investigation has not been pursued: and those nations are always found the most enlightened where it is a frequent theme of enquiry and conversation, from the genius and popular admixture of the system. —Jurisprudence is closely related to it, and the greatest men have devoted themselves to the study. The code, if properly

conceived, must arouse the thoughts of men; for it is founded in the truest philosophy of our nature, and in the profoundest knowledge of things. Entrenched in the experience of the past, it provides for the intricacies of the future. Such founders of government and law, prove the greatest benefactors of the species, and regulate its progress to virtue and happiness. Sir William Jones writes, "The race of man cannot long be happy without freedom, nor securely free without rational knowledge." In support of the opinion that the theory of government gave one of the earliest impulses to the human progress, we may refer to the great respect in which legislators and jurists have ever been held; and also to the more than presumption that some of the earliest compositions were professedly dedicated to political science. Of this number were some of the ancient bards: they chanted in verse the maxims which should bind the prince and the subject: they roved from people to people with the same useful minstrelsy: and the fabled power of Orpheus over beasts and rocks is but allegorical of the double victory he achieved, in the lessons of government borne by the strains of music to hearts which, until then, were savage as the beasts, and impenetrable as the rocks, of Thrace.

Commerce is justly entitled to a distinct mention as an instrument of this progress. It would be visionary to seek the time when man confined himself to the simple wants of nature. He has always known the wants which we call artificial. So long as a difference of climate leads to a difference of production, so long there will be something indigenous that we can spare for something exotic: and so long the interchange will be maintained. Skill, labour, adventure, here find their reward. As the principle became almost universal, it lifted man to the thought of improvement. It informed him that there was much which he had not, and only a little that he might not have. It reminded him that to preserve it, he must obtain equivalents in his own diligence and ingenuity. It showed him that the disproportion of values might be balanced by superior fabrication and device. It convinced him that to improve produce, it must take many new forms and receive various useful changes. Thus

the idea of manufacture would insensibly arise, and the human mind rack itself for invention. But in addition to this ordinary, though salutary, influence of commerce, the most important observations of ancient science were gathered during its journeys and voyages, not to say any thing of commerce as the motive of their being undertaken. These enterprises would superinduce more enlarged views of nature and of man.—Since commerce begins in a spirit of improvement and must indirectly foster it, it has generally shown itself favourable to philosophic discovery and elegant refinement. The very luxuries it introduces, often pernicious in themselves, are overruled for the common welfare, and concur with the agents which accelerate the universal melioration. This succession of wants, from those more simple to those more elaborate, is well pictured by Thomson:

> "But instant these supplied,
> Another set of fonder wants arose,
> And other arts with them of finer aim:
> Till from refining want to want impelled,
> The mind by thinking, pushed her latent powers,
> And life began to glow and arts to shine!" *

The history of Carthage is sometimes cited to disparage the favourable influence of mercantile intercourse: and certainly Rome knew how to make a jest of its fierce rival. But Carthage towered above the greater number of states and cities even in learning and accomplishment: and was restrained from that pre-eminence, of which it was assuredly susceptible, by the continued diversion of its attention and treasure towards protracted and sanguinary wars. In this manner the opportunity was lost, and the means were squandered, for those improvements, both scientific and liberal, which are peculiarly the fruits of peace. But even were this an exception, it would triumphantly be borne down by the recollection of the commercial cities of Italy. Those little spots became the asylums of freedom and the sanctuaries of literature: they attracted into their bosom the genius and the taste which must have perished but for their care and example: and gave birth to those works of high and costly

* Liberty, Part II.

excellence which still create for themselves a renewed and increasing fame. The family of the De Medici is an illustrious proof that commerce may be made subsidiary to polite letters and fine arts.

The idea of *religion* is the most sublime that can enter the human mind, and, so long as it retained any purity, it must have proved beneficial. With its truth or fallaciousness we are not now concerned. But as it takes hold on all the fears or hopes of our nature, it must always have been an instrument of goading or soliciting that nature into activity. From the esoteric mysteries, religion became most intimately related to human knowledge. For in these some of the great secrets of the universe were taught to the initiated few. However unworthy the priests were of being esteemed philosophers, they were for a time the depositaries of all the philosophy extant. However impure the mythology of the ancients must appear, it was favourable to many of the sciences and arts. By placing them respectively beneath tutelary deities, provision was made for the distinctness of each and the patronage of all. Many of its legends are to this moment told us in immortal verse, and as immortal marble. Even the notion of demigods, hateful as is its pride, may not have been without advantage in enciting some, from the hope of receiving divine honours, to illustrious efforts of wisdom and patriotism.—In the classical writings we often find allusion to the impulse of religion on the mind. We may trace to it the origin of every poet's practice in invoking a muse. In the Philoctetes of Sophocles the Chorus exclaims in the embarrassment how to proceed: τεχνα γαρ Τεχνας ετερας προεχει, Και γνωμας, παρ' οτω το θειον Διος σκηπτρον ανασσεται. Ovid exclaims: Est Deus in nobis: agitante calescimus illo. Socrates connected the history of his life with the influence of his dæmon, a word always in these authors to be accepted in a good sense. Plato's sentiment is as decided: Αλλ' ουδ' αν διδαξειεν, ει μη Θεος υφηγοιτο......*

These are, indeed, but a few of the numerous incentives to the earlier progress of man. But however hastily selected or

* Phædo.

cursorily discussed, they are all that the limits of this enquiry may comprise.—We shall now advert to the probable origin of science and art among the fathers of our race.

Science almost relates its own tale. Certain appearances and revolutions of nature would soon be noticed as often taking place: they would further be observed as occurring at the same periodical intervals: they would be found to bear precisely similar indications. The vicissitude was too regular to be accounted for on accident, and therefore was evidently governed by some law. This was the natural process which in these remoter days we call induction: so that the most simple, and most profound, philosophy the world ever witnessed, most happily agree. The first men sought for truth in the facts of nature, in what is comprehended in physics; and elicited truth both interesting and stupendous. An intermediate race sought it in particular propositions, and through formal syllogisms, and were disappointed. A succeeding generation has recurred to the simple method of primæval man, and is extending the discoveries of truth more rapidly than it can well arrange, or usefully apply, them.*

The sources of art it may not be so easy to trace. They who most readily suggested contrivances and inventions were of course most highly extolled. One class of history registers those who might be esteemed "the fathers of such as dwell in tents, or of all such as handle the harp and organ: or the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Another class of history would almost deify them. Much of ancient fable may be explained in this manner. The Argonauts probably found a golden fleece in the flocks they obtained from the Georgian pastures. Vulcan had most likely blown a humble forge and occupied a humbler smithy, ere he was married to Venus, hired the Cyclops, and fabricated thunderbolts for Jove. Bacchus, it is to be feared, had made too frequent use of his discovery before he was summoned to the revels of the gods. The

* "Αλλ' ειδεναι χρη δρωσαν, ως ουδ' ει δωκεις
Εχειν, εχοις αν γνωμα μη πειρωμενη."
Sophocles.—Trach: Lin: 602.

Centaurs must have witched the world with noble horsemanship, ere they were complimented as a part of the steed itself. Such arts were useful, answering immediate purposes of convenience and want.—But it is not so obvious what may be the origin of those arts which are related to beauty. There cannot, indeed, be a more delicate enquiry than in what beauty, and the perception of it, consist. But painting and sculpture are evidently but the bodying out of that idea of beauty, and the standard of the manner in which their masters felt it. As there must be an archetype of beauty, wherever hidden, these specimens may be considered as the various conceptions cherished of its nature, and the earnest efforts made towards its emulation, by the most congenial minds.—And the rise of literature is still more vague. One of the most ancient compositions with which we are acquainted, is the epic of Homer. There appears no ground to suspect that this was a collection of traditionary poems, or that its nominal author was assisted by others. Yet the perfection which his great work is universally allowed to possess, is incredible on the supposition that he was the first who had cultivated the storied verse. We must conceive of earlier failure, of ruder attempt; of laws which, though the bard so strictly observes, we cannot imagine him to have imposed; of poets who had preceded him, and prepared his way, until he arose to dazzle them into eternal insignificance.—Science, literature, and art, were always held in esteem by nations pretending to importance: unless we except the system of Lycurgus, which seemed to do violence, as much to the peculiarity of the Lacedæmonian character as to the sympathies of human nature. The sybil of Cumæ discovers to Æneas the order of honour and happiness in which spirits are arranged in Elysium:

"Conspicit, ecce, alios dextrâ lævâque per herbam,
Vescentes, lætumque choro pæana canentes,
Inter odoratum lauri nemus :.. ....
Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi :
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes."*

* Æneid : lib. vi.

Having examined the dim, and partly uncertain, portion of human history, it might be proper to develope some of the principles which have *perpetuated*, as well as those which *commenced*, the course of human improvement. But perhaps a brief narrative of the condition of the ancient world, brought down to nearly our own age, may tend to relieve the attention, though it may rather interfere with a strictly logical arrangement. There is one chasm in the narrative we must all deplore: its silence upon the state of man at large,—the great bulk of society. A proud philosophy, and an abstruse religion, treated the vulgar, the many, as profane.—It will, indeed, be impracticable to supply a historical chart: we can only throw the eye from the Euphrates and the Tigris to the Nile: from the Nile to the Ilissus, from the Ilissus to the Tiber, from the Tiber along streams unrecorded by history and unknown to song.

India is supposed by many to be the parent source of those arts which have given Egypt its celebrity, and of that philosophy which flourished in the schools of Greece. Sir William Jones considers that the systems of the Academy, Porch, and Lyceum, may all be recognised in the writings of the Indian sages: and that there exists a striking resemblance between the gigantic structures of Egypt, and fragments of building still remaining in the East. It is certain that Pythagoras, the founder of the Italic school, travelled thither. The doctrine of the present native philosophers is but the modification of the metempsychosis. But such a coincidence will often be found between other kingdoms and nations. Every research into the mythology of the ancient or modern nations, much of it classic and much of it rude, would prove it to have a common origin, and to have hallowed the same elements or beings. Greece and Egypt would be found bowing to the deities of Scandinavia and Gaul.—To India may be ascribed the primogeniture of philosophy and art, but to their parentage it cannot establish a claim.

Two countries are frequently introduced for this honourable distinction.—*Arabia* certainly has a character peculiarly its own. Its wild magnificence of freedom, its frank generosity

of temper, must always render it an interesting and singular country. But that much which is boasted of its former philosophy and literature is gratuitous, we may conclude in the absence of any proof. The language is generally admitted to be sweet and expressive, and by many it has been admired as the most perfect language known: the art of healing was cultivated with considerable assiduity from an early period: the imagination was indulged, though perhaps not with the refinement or luxuriance which distinguish oriental fiction. But that this people possessed a philosophy that consisted of a tangible shape, or a literature characterised by a descriptive excellence, must not be presumed. Some have even proceeded to describe the colleges of Yemen and to boast of their high character and extensive influence. To them the youth of far distant lands are represented to have journeyed, and to have sown the instructions, they received in these seats of learning, through the most uncivilised peoples. These fountains of knowledge must be compared to the visual deceptions which often falsely flatter, and cruelly disappoint, the thirsty caravans which still travel these wastes.

China is the second claimant: and were we to respect its own assertion of antiquity, (an assertion frequently disproved by astronomical computation) we must adjudge to it the envied palm. But many circumstances combine to shake its pretensions. A picture language is no indication, whatever we may think of its coarse antiquity, of high civilization, profound science, or choice literature. At present the language of that empire is so distorted, as every language of a pictorial nature must soon become, that it has all the inconvenience of symbolic, added to all the intricacy, of arbitrary character. Its astronomy, a science which commonly excites notice and receives cultivation in an infant country, is grossly imperfect. Its philosophy cannot deserve the name: its manufactures are greatly inferior to those of nations it affects to despise.—It may be answered, that its present state does not adjust the controversy of its former condition. But this nation will confess no retrocession, nothing has been changed, nothing lost: so that if they have "writ their

annals true, 't is there." They might produce, upon their own admission, all the treasures of knowledge, accumulated through their unvarying history, unimpaired. If we were to examine our nature by this singular empire, we should conclude it to be stationary rather than progressive. That it shall long continue in that state we cannot insult our race by bringing ourselves to believe. Though the bolt fastens itself more tenaciously by rusting in its place, by that very rust it consumes away!

We are not aware of any important seat of power and knowledge antecedent to the Assyrian empire. And some evidences of considerable art, though they painfully remind how art has been too often ill-applied from the first, mark the epoch in which the foundations of that empire were laid. The mighty armaments which were put in motion and manœuvred in battle: the scythe-chariot: the boat-bridge: combine to display something more than merely uncivilised existence. But Babylon is a sublime monument of the fact. The temple of Belus appears to have been a prodigy of architecture. The fosses, the walls, the palaces, the hanging gardens, the brazen gates,—evince a skill and perseverance, a taste and ambition, seldom excelled. Astronomy here found its earliest home. Observatories were constructed for its pursuit. But unhappily astrology corrupted the study, and cast those blighting and ominous influences on the earth which it blindly imputed to the phases and configurations of the heavenly orbs. For ages this proud city flourished, receiving continued accessions and embellishments from its successive kings. Nor should its friendly competitor be forgotten, for Nineveh is as worthy of record for its elegance as Babylon was for its splendour.

Phenicia must not be omitted in this rapid enumeration. The colonising system which this people adopted, does not resemble those dispersions which often took place in a ruder age, sometimes in quest of food, and sometimes in fear of depredation,—but appears to have been a scheme enlightened and consistent. Navigation must be followed to this source: and that it was somewhat scientific must be inferred from the length and hazard of their voyages. Whether Horace were serious or

not, in the celebrated ode to his friend on the point of embarkation, no nation deserved his censure more than this for their successful attempts to unite countries severed by the dissociating ocean. The heavens were studied by them with this design. Commerce was their reward. They were invited to aid distant undertakings as artificers. Tyre and Sidon grew to amazing extent and grandeur: while Tyrian became proverbial for princely wealth, Sidonian became as much so for correct taste.

Egypt may next challenge our attention, as a retreat and centre of science. Few names excite more thrilling associations. It is of venerable antiquity, though we are disposed to reject the origin of this people and the source of their river as being in the skies. The art of embalming has never been detected with convincing certainty, nor imitated with continued success. It may surprise us that the human body could be so prepared as to resist for thirty centuries its tendency to decay. This process could be conducted with so much facility and so little expense, that it was probably applied to that dense population. The coloured silks and linens in which the mummies are wrapped retain a glowing richness: the gilding is in a state of the most perfect preservation: and certain glass ornaments, that stud different parts, prove that there must have been great skill in cutting and staining that substance. Engraving must have reached great proficiency; and the instruments for it been well understood. Chemistry could not have been wholly unknown: astronomy was studied, geometry taught. On the subject of their obelisks and pyramids, we can only echo the applauses of the civilised world. These masses of indestructible architecture are monuments of an age and people, determined, it would seem, never to be forgotten. Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, had visited Egypt: and for the great encouragement of those sober minds which would blend philosophy with commerce, be it recorded, that he not only returned with the exact measurement of the pyramids, but made an excellent speculation in the olive fruit of his native country. He introduced philosophy into Greece. He taught the dull Bæotian to think, threw a glory over Thebes

which had never belonged to its more magnificent namesake with the hundred gates, and struck that spark whose illumination beamed from the Ionian, to the Ægean, seas. Every circumstance favoured the prosecution of philosophy and of the liberal arts. The climate was serene, the scenery picturesque, while the numerous states which covered the surface, though sufficiently friendly for the purposes of mutual defence, were also sufficiently jealous for active competition. The philosophy of one of its principal sects has been commonly received during the greater part of eighteen hundred years. Poetry and eloquence, sculpture and statuary, acquired a perfection never subsequently attained: and furnished future ages with models of the most severe simplicity and most elaborate excellence.

Syracuse sustained no mean part in the history of the old world. The most eminent men here found a refuge from the envy and outrage of their own country. Plato dignified its court with his presence, and aided it by his counsels: Timoleon, who had appeared beneath its walls as a warrior, restored its liberty, multiplied its population, and then, returning from legislation and military command, he became the private citizen and died most passionately lamented by his adopted country. In this place Archimedes also resided, indisputably the first mathematician and mechanist of his age. As Syracuse was often besieged, it summoned him from his studies to plan its defences, —and his powerful genius added much to the glory of its mural crown.

Rome cannot be forgotten. But the achievements and the trophies of its history are not congenial to science and art. The minds of its citizens were torn with warlike passions: were agitated by schemes of aggrandisement and visions of conquest: and they lost in a nearly accurate proportion an intellectual, for what they acquired of a martial, glory. The eternal city does not rank very high for even its architecture, for its models were borrowed from Greece. It was indebted for its philosophy to the same source. Its eagerness to obtain the Egyptian obelisk, even in the reign of Augustus, betrays a dissatisfaction with its own productions. There is a tacit admission of this inferiority

in the speech of Anchises to his son during their interview in the Elysian shades:

> "Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
> Credo equidem: vivos ducent e marmore vultus;
> Orabunt causas melius: cœlique meatus
> Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hæ tibi erunt artes!"* ....

The literature of Rome, however, arrived at a noble elevation. Nothing can be more chastely pure than the diction of its classical age. But a great part of its literature was, to say nothing worse, anticipated. It is almost demonstrable that the Æneid would never have been composed, had it not been preceded by the Iliad: and more than probable that the lyre of Horace would never have been tuned, had not Pindar shown him how to sweep its strings. Who can doubt that the flame of Cicero was kindled by Demosthenes? As Mecænas preferred to be the first of the knights rather than the last of the patricians, so Rome, in philosophy, letters, and arts, must be allowed to stand the most illustrious copyist of Greece, but not to occupy the same rank of high invention and glorious originality.

Byzantium, from its situation on the Propontis, as the approach to east and west, does not appear to have improved in the measure of its advantages. Nor did it rise, as might have been expected, on the transfer of the Imperial government to it. Its principal interest depends upon this fact. It reflected last the splendour of that political luminary which had spread its day through the world, but here set for ever!

The middle ages, as the ages are usually designated which extend from the fifth to the fifteenth of our æra, are generally regarded as the darkest and most retrograding in the history of man. Doubtless they form a section of time which it is most difficult, in some particulars, to reconcile with the great onward plan. But though in many instances they may be unequal to others which have preceded them, yet, perhaps, in none was the

* Æneid: lib. vi.

state of man in general so favourable and so improved as during these. We cannot, indeed, exhibit in the progress of these ages, scenes to rival the last periods of Greece and Rome: but we can point to a diffusion of knowledge, a distribution of right sentiment, throughout these ages, which the best periods of Greece and Rome never beheld. We think only of barbarism and sacrilege in reading of Huns, Goths, and Vandals: but we forget that men now began to feel and reflect as they never did before, and that, if these hordes were the enemies of improvement, they were now insensibly becoming the subjects of it. These were the millions which the philosophic masters of mankind had degraded by enslaving, and exasperated by oppressing: yet though their movement was most terrific, the mischiefs they effected could not be compared to the benefits which they extended to others and received themselves. As a proof that the course of improvement was not hopelessly barred, so early as the eighth century, Charlemagne collected libraries and founded schools in that very north from which these savage irruptions had issued. He entered upon the digestion of laws, proposed the junction of the Rhine and Danube, and neglecting barbaric pearl and gold, surrounded his throne with the wise and the learned.

Some circumstances of these ages are worthy of brief comment. *Monachism* shall be the first. This recluse system may appear detrimental to the interests of knowledge,—burying it in cells, and chaining it to cloisters. But had this knowledge been exposed to the multitude, it would probably have been extinguished in the fierce contentions of those times. If the monastery confined knowledge, it also preserved it.—*Chivalry* is deserving of attention. All must regret its sanguinary character and despise its silly gallantry. But let us not suppose it to be the absurdity which the champion of the Dulcinea del Toboso made it. The manners of men were rude and violent. Woman was depressed from her rank in society. The two facts were inseparable. Chivalry is but a concession to the necessity of female influence over the state of manners: and it led to a better view and truer confirmation of her social rights than

armed lists could even have established.—The *Crusades* must not be forgotten. Their history is written in blood. But they drew to them the attention of Europe, an effort most conducive to the intellectual thriving of man. There was something grandly disinterested in their motive, calculated to overpower the sordidness which debases the mind. The intercourse between the two continents was facilitated, and a mixture of nations necessarily produced.—The learning of that period is too frequently disparaged. No person can think more meanly than myself of the school-logic as a method of eliciting, or a test of examining, truth. But let us do justice to the system of dialectics. The mind must have been most active in their employment: how retentive the memory, how quick the attention, how adroit the judgment, must have been! We are reminded of the expressive lines of Wordsworth, though differently applied:

> "The Intellectual Power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on a dim and perilous way."*

The inventions of that period were also most important. The use of the compass was now first observed. Oil painting was introduced instead of the fresco, until then in invariable practice. The art of making paper was discovered, while the invention of printing, unquestionably the most important to intellectual and social man, was reserved to more than counterpoise all the injuries on letters and arts which the middle ages had inflicted. And here and there we see a philosopher, a poet, and, in the best sense, a political œconomist,—an Alcuin, a Bacon, a Chaucer, a Grotius, shining at various intervals, as solitary watch-towers, through a night of storms.

That the revival of letters should create a revolution in all the thinking habits of civilised man, habits strengthened by ages, cannot but astonish us. A few Greek classics, brought into Italy by a band of refugees, changed the face of society, and shook to its centre the fabric of that vain philosophy which, however admirable as a dream of genius or a web of sophistry, had so long restrained its disciples from the investigations

* Excursion.

of truth. There must be, therefore, in those writings, something strongly provocative of improvement. We know, that for the purpose of his tyranny, Caligula once attempted to banish Homer, his busts and his poems: he knew he must destroy all taste, all fine sentiment, all lofty emotion, ere he could fetter the human mind.—When these writings were restored, the minds which contained the seeds and elements of greatness, felt that there was a standard for sentiments which they had hitherto thought it wrong to cherish and imprudent to disclose: congenial spirits caught the inspiration: the enthusiasm spread: and Europe beheld its most venerable foundations sinking away, and the intellect of man standing erect after the prostration of ages. In this revolution the names of Leo and of the Medicean family must not be forgotten: letters and arts never knew more munificent patrons.

The Reformation, from its conflict with the passions and interests of men, dawned not as a soft sunrise upon the nations, but shook the foundations of society as by an earthquake. It was an awful concussion, and the world still vibrates with it. It must have been potent for good or ill, and could have left neither inert as they were before. If it is to be bewailed, so must every step in the previous gradations. For the revival of letters, the growth of liberty, the excitement of enquiry, the intermixture of people, all paved its way and hastened its accomplishment. Viewing it apart from its religious merits and bearings, great was the impetus it gave to the public mind. Before it fled the age of puerile conceits and circular argumentations. It overcame the littleness of taste and the bondage of reason. Man felt his right to think. The dilating intellect forced and threw off its shackles. The principles of this stupendous event have never been admitted into any country but they have proved instruments of its exaltation. Advantages of every kind have crowded in upon it. A new vigour has entered into its institutions, and probably they have expanded into nobler forms. Freedom has smitten the human heart with its passion, and taught it to bound high at its name. The soul of mighty empires has been evoked from its buried depths, and has risen with

all the power of a new-born life. Manners have acquired a just independence. The spirit of truth, of generosity, of ingenuousness, has gone forth, insphered in these principles. We dare reflect. There is no artifice to serve, no question to evade. We hail the augmenting light, the glowing splendour, the perfect day. The bird of night and the beast of prey need only hate the searching beam. So long as these principles are retained, so far as they shall reach, earth is released from its tyranny and man is loosened from his thrall!

Having presented this rapid epitome of some of the most interesting histories in this progress, it will be necessary to return to the examination of other causes by which it has been sustained.

There is one not a little curious, and not a little difficult to define. Certain enigmas have constantly fixed the attention of mankind. How they arose we are at a perfect loss to discover: whether they contain the rudiments of science under allegorical names, we are at an equal loss to ascertain. They have seemed to trifle with human hope, flattering it only to betray. But though their veiled meanings have not been penetrated, many useful results have sprung from the research. The philosopher's stone has not been found, nor has alchemy arrived at the secret of making gold: but the idea gave birth to studies which have proved to be sufficiently attractive and useful without this chimerical expectation.—Perpetual motion was another desideratum, which directed the attention of all who were devoted to mechanical enquiries, and though unattained, some of the most delicate and beautiful movements of mechanism may be attributed to this pursuit.—The elixir vitæ filled the human mind with the hope of terrestrial immortality, but this was not only a stirring thought, it must also have induced a more accurate examination of substances which were imagined to be necessary ingredients in it, and a closer inspection of that frame whose youth it was for ever to preserve.—The anima mundi and vis inertiæ are not brought to light, but they left an impression on the human mind that there were hidden principles of nature, which was never effaced, until Newton unfolded them in all

their simplicity and grandeur of agency.—The Tertium quid was never traced, but it excited attention to the connections between cause and effect, so much required in the rigid conduct of present science. How large a portion of human knowledge may be referred to similar fables, which all have learnt to reject!

In connection with these fictions, we must remark the influence of *accident* upon this course of man. That has flashed upon him in a moment which the researches of centuries had not accomplished. But these events require master-minds to seize and improve them. What detraction is it from the discovery of gravitation and the invention of the telescope, that Newton saw an apple drop from a tree, or Galileo a tube in the hand of a child? For such incidents had frequently occurred: but the association of such trifles with all that is vast in the universe, shows intellect of mightier mould than if none had suggested these studies.

There is a certain *elasticity* in the human character which must not be overlooked in the enquiry. Let this character have uncontrolled liberty of action and engagement, and it often sinks into stupor and lethargy. But resistance will call it forth: hence those magnificent bursts of energy which history narrates. It may appear strange to us that impediments to intellectual progress should have been allowed to remain so long; yet had they not, we must have lost some of the finest displays of our nature, and must have failed of some of the most gigantic strides in its career.

Diversities of *national character* have also been beneficial. These diversities often depend upon the scenery, and always upon the institutions, of a country. Were man uniform in his habits and pursuits, he would be held in no check and roused to no emulation. There would be no addition to the stock of national ideas from foreign travel or history: the world would have one level, and the species be crowded into one undistinguished mass. But now the taste and bent of nations differ: and the result is that accessions are made to the great commonwealth of knowledge, as various, as they are important.

There has generally been also a certain scantling of great minds dispersed through the world: minds formed to dictate wisdom and virtue. Every people has its sage. To them this progress is greatly indebted. For nations can never rouse from their stupor of themselves: the ardent counsels, the great examples, of the wise and the good, must be the encitements. And if we believe our first dramatist, that "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues,"* we shall conclude that this distribution is not a fortuitous, but fixed, arrangement for scattering the seeds of improvement through every tribe and variety of man. In illustration of this remark, we may observe the homage which ancient monarchs paid to intellectual greatness. Philip made Aristotle preceptor to his son. Antigonus honoured Zeno by asking him to his court, and Ptolemy sent him the royal compliment of an embassy. Dionysius welcomed Plato and consulted him on the most intricate affairs. And Alexander devoted a superb casket, which he obtained from the treasure of Darius, to hold his favourite Homer,—a casket which was even borne by him in the midst of battle.

A love to *native country* is inconceivably valuable in this respect. We all admit the wildness of that civism which, in its affected love to the species, overlooks all its details and distinctions. A people must identify itself with a local habitation, or it never can be illustrious. A wandering tribe can have no care for any permanent institutions or any splendid works. How beautiful is a filial patriotism! The country which is its object can never sink into entire debasement. Nor does this more confined attention to our native soil distract the plan of general improvement: by this method only can the aggregate be increased. Who can forget the pathos of recollection when Anthores dies? "Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."† We find this passion softening the breast of heroes as they rush to the combat: even the stern Achilles remembers his parents and his country ere he marches forth to avenge his friend.

"Thus when the sun, prepared for rest,
Has gained the precincts of the west,

* Shakspeare's Measure for Measure. † Æneid: lib. x.

Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hill where first he rose."*

A singular means of improvement has consisted in the fusion of different peoples and nations. Certain invaders have descended upon more favoured regions than they supposed their own to be, and, having conquered their inhabitants, have quickly amalgamated with them. A fellowship of advantages has thus been forcibly obtained. The following are attestations of the remark. The Gauls, who had hundreds of years before entered Greece, seized upon Rome. The Trojans settled in Latium. The Saxons established themselves in Britain. The Lombards flocked to Italy. The Tartars ranged over China. The Moors spread through Spain.

But, very possibly, certain exceptions will be arrayed against this theory of progression: and plausible exceptions too. The removal of learning from some of its most celebrated seats may be alleged. We admit that Babylon, Athens, Rome, have not improved. But the locality forms no part of the question. This may appear to be often capriciously selected. It deserted Egypt for ages, but under the Ptolemies returned. It languished in Rome for ages, but at last revived under various popedoms. Such places are only useful as repositories, and repositories are only useful as they tend to the general supply. It might not be difficult to prove that the downfall of those states was greatly beneficial, even in this light. Has knowledge perished in their ruins? Or is not its ascendancy and influence multiplied a thousand-fold since they ceased to fill earth with their fame?

Our ignorance of many ancient inventions is objected. But it is not contended that improvement has been made upon every particular branch of former knowledge and art. Many secrets are lost. Much valuable discovery may be forgotten. But was ingenuity ever more fertile than at present? Did invention ever convert itself into more graceful and useful forms? The ques-

* Wordsworth.

tion does not relate to an amendment of the *same* arts, but to a superiority over them by those which are more excellent in design, and more conspicuous for utility.

It will be remarked that many works of knowledge must have been destroyed. This is, of course, granted. But it is worthy of notice that there are but few works lost to which any reference is made by those that survive: and none are wanting to which that reference is made in the most respectful manner. Many parts of these authors are mutilated, but enough remains to warrant an opinion at least of the rest. The fate of the Alexandrian libraries we must bitterly deplore: but if, as has been generally understood, its volumes were principally devoted to theories on civil government, the injury received by literature cannot be so irreparably severe.

The pre-eminence is claimed, by this class of objectors, most triumphantly for the ancients in the liberal and fine arts. But if this be due in respect to eloquence, it is to their proportionate disadvantage. For the magic of that eloquence greatly lay in being the only medium of communicating impressions to the multitude. This arose from the scarcity of books, and very prevalent ignorance of them. And splendid as it is, its use and practice are so generally superseded by the press, by the common spirit of enquiry, by the wide diffusion of information,— that we would not purchase its restoration at such an enormous expense. In painting it may be presumed that the masters of modern Europe have transcended those of ancient Greece and Rome. Sculpture may perhaps be able in these days to show nothing worthy of comparison with the antique. But this is an art which respects nature: it is pure only as true to that standard: that standard has been searched: as improvement was hopeless, nothing was left but imitation: this is too unambitious: and therefore this noble art has not been frequently pursued. We cannot rival their statuary by kindred workmanship: we must, therefore, oppose to it the later discoveries of that philosophy without which art is but effeminate amusement. But the deserts of that philosophy are perhaps as superior to those of these relics, as Socrates the philosopher exceeded Socrates the sculptor.

Certain retrogrades have, in denial of this doctrine, been imputed to the human mind. It is, doubtless, impracticable to trace every step and mark every degree of our progress; and as much so, to resist some indications of degeneracy with which past history furnishes us. But the suspicion arises from the irregularity of the progress: though not uniform it is successive. Thus, when the tide is flowing to the shore, it is difficult to judge of its course. Often the line of its advance seems stationary: and often the wave falls short of some which had preceded it. But a bold promontory, it may be, assists us to perceive the rise of the flood. It evidently gains upon the strand, until at length it swells in with a rapidity and force not to be mistaken.

It may be now demanded on what the complacency, which it is natural for us to feel towards the present, is warranted. There are two *characters* in the existing *philosophy* worthy of particular attention. It has no trace of that servility to names and theories which has often been the bane of advancement. No name any longer is authority, no system law. It was this deference which for ages retarded the discovery of truth. Even the Eclectics, though they abjured the dominion of any one school, yet sought for the fragments of truth only in the many. Mankind supposed that truth, whenever found, must be scholastic. The passing generation has renounced this prejudice, and finds its reward.—The existing philosophy wears also an impress of *utility*, which no philosophy was wont to boast. Practical application was disdained. Abstract speculations were necessarily confined to a few. But now philosophy, without forfeiting any thing of its dignity, foregoes its pride: it descends into the most ordinary walks of life, and aids the most general purposes of society. The wide-spread circulation of knowledge is a most important characteristic of the day. We may assuredly challenge the period in which enquiry, reading, and information, were ever so general and rife among men. Public opinion has acquired an unprecedented influence That voice sooner or later is heard: and he might as well attempt to hush the tempest who wishes to stifle it. Many ancient customs indicate a modern

refinement of feeling and education. The funeral games and gladiatorial exhibitions of former times could not be tolerated now: and when in our courts the prisoner pleads benefit of the clergy,—we are reminded that he who could read, an age or two back, was distinguished from the crowd. These are enduring proofs of a great intellectual transition, as the buoy for ever stationary marks the drift and rapidity of the current. Morals have, it is to be hoped, partaken of the progress: in war, former barbarities are not practised; in society, vices hide themselves in darkness which once courted the day; in charity, the finest buildings of our cities and towns are consecrated to mercy. The world is more evenly peopled than ever it was before: and continents, once unknown, now put forth young glories which promise never to decay. Civilization, in its truest sense, never reached the fourth of its present extent: and it is still spreading and refining itself. The words of the philosophical poet may be here applied:—

> "Change wide and deep and silently performed
> Ourselves shall witness: and as days roll on,
> Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect,
> E'en till the smallest habitable rock,
> Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
> Of humanised society; and bloom
> With civil arts, and send their fragrance forth,
> A grateful tribute to all-ruling heaven."*

A hope of some bright reversion for our race, of some new order of things, has ever prevailed among men. Hope is the best comforter that past vexation and failure have left us. It was this vision of a future regeneration which refreshed the dying eye of the greatest and wisest of men. Poetry soon made the expectation its own. The leaves of the Sybil scattered this promise. Philosophy, amid surrounding ignorance and persecution, clung to this assurance. "I commit my name," said the immortal Verulam, in his last testament, "to posterity, after some generations shall be past." This hope surely ought not to be abandoned by us without very decisive reasons. But it has to encounter many serious prejudices. There is a great prone-

* Wordsworth.

ness to disparage present times, and this proneness is, therefore, more in alliance with the fear of human deterioration. Experiments, generally very partial, having failed, these abettors, who had staked every hope of such improvement on their issue, in their mortification have joined in the clamour that all this hope was vain. The idle fables of perfectibility and optimism have thrown this opinion, with which they have no more connection than a horoscope with astronomy, into unmerited disgrace. The unfounded fear that such a course covertly implies political convulsion and disorganization, has deterred many from invoking it. A nice observation is wanting also for the perception of the progress to which we refer: an observation of certain tendencies profound and noiseless. To such observations the majority of men are neither competent nor inclined.

It must be confessed that some of the grounds, on which this expectation has been raised, are not the most happy. One author, before referred to, supposes that we must proceed, because of the lassitude and ennui to which our nature is disposed. He imagines that this must render us thoughtful, in order to contrive against such an unpleasant mood. Some have imagined that war is a guarantee for this melioration,—for as engineering and fortification are conducted on scientific principles, it is impossible for modern nations to relapse, and almost certain that war will draw forth new inventions. De Staël, with her beautiful eloquence, supposes the improvement to consist in the mass of our ideas, to which every age will now add, by means and in a quantity unknown to the former. I am inclined to anticipate this moral onset, rather on the present state of the world, though persuaded that the tendency belongs to the very mind of man. Nothing of discovery, or, which is the same thing, no particle of truth, henceforth can be lost. A simple mechanical contrivance gives an immortality to science, literature, and, in a great degree, to art.—Never were civil constitutions so favourable to the development and cultivation of genius in every department of enquiry and knowledge.—Nations begin to learn that peace is consistent with political greatness and influence. —The people at large are becoming interested in philosophic

experiments as the foundations of a daily subsistence.—Mind is awake, no more to be rocked into slumbers or amused by dreams: but, intent on the day-star of its hope, bounds along with untiring vigour. The fearless search for truth it discovers is the surest sign of contrition for past mistake, and the brightest augury of future renovation. I will here quote from an author of the present age a splendid passage in illustration,—a passage which no author but one of the present age *could* have written:—"I persuade myself that the life and faculties of man, at the best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally or laudably than in the search of knowledge: and especially of that sort which relates to our duty and conduces to our happiness. In these enquiries, therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmering of truth before me, I readily pursue and endeavour to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of any thing which is true, as a valuable acquisition to society: which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain, which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream and strengthen the general current."*

The present form and weight of public opinion constitute a chief ground of auspicious hope concerning the species. It is an inheritance of noble thoughts and well-proved principles, which has become our own. It has gathered up the experience of truth and good from all ages, and entailed it upon this. Nothing can henceforth fade away. Nothing can henceforth be inert. The elements are not only indissoluble but restless. They are in constant flux and strife. And though we might seek for them a more settled equilibrium and repose, yet, while so many important propositions are waiting for confirmation or disproof, while so many transcendent questions are claiming to be worked out to their just solution, while even the foundations

* Middleton's Life of Cicero.

of so many hopes require to be laid, we must not murmur, though it is our lot to live amidst the stir and conflict of such an agitation. The wave has rolled long and like an ocean-swell; our bark shivers upon its crest. The turmoil of the fight precludes our knowing the key of the position and the plan of the battle; we only feel the shock. But the billow throbs with its proper impulse. The combat sweeps in its proper course.

Revolution can never take place in the governments of the world, without a great aptness in public sentiment for it. Seldom, however, is a people so ripe and so prepared, that such a change shall not cost a struggle. But as seldom does such change not repay it. The causes must be deep and general: men are commonly long injured,—worn out with wrong,—ere they are goaded to this redress. Our own was but the proscription of a hated dynasty, and the dash of a pen achieved it. That of America, be its provocation great or small, was the requirement of self-rule, by a vast colony which was old enough for a patriotism, and strong enough for a defiance. Never had country a juster ground for this species of vindication than France. There was not a great heart but beat in sympathy with it. Had it been earlier, its righteousness would have been clearer still. It should have fallen upon the rampant vice of tyranny, and not upon its feebleness. The worst, by the delay, were spared. And then it was acted by the few, and only imitated by the multitude. There was no standard morality, no restraining principle. It was a terrible recoil of passion. It was a judgment for martyred blood. The original quarrel was forgotten, and assassins seized on it as an occasion for massacre and booty. Yet when this age has passed, and its wars are forgotten, and its prejudices are allayed,—even that tempest and whirlwind shall be confessed to have ventilated the political atmosphere of the earth, and to have dissipated many a putrid pest which they found hanging there!

That a crisis now solemnly pauses over the human family, that the chronicle of our world has now reached a surpassing interest, few will deny. The spirit of this age, growing long and maturing fast, struggles for expression. It teems, it tra-

vails, with glorious presages. What are its signs? It is the spirit of *vindication*. Man feels that he has been the subject of atrocious wrong. He has been crushed to the dust. His claims have all been mocked and spurned. He but asserts himself, but that assertion is a business of no mean import, and must prove one of mighty earnest. It is the spirit of *knowledge*. The soul feels that, to be without it, is not good. As the eye covets light, and even the flower of the cavern turns towards it, man disdains the ignorance which has been forced upon him, and, "more than they who wait for the morning," invokes the irradiation which can change mental darkness into day. It is the spirit of *independence*. The postulates of intellectual exaction are refused. The watchwords of general opinion are slighted. Proof is craved. Test is applied. Theory is sifted. It is the spirit of *liberty*. The quenchless passion which found an inbeing in the bosom of the enlightened and the virtuous few of old, has now awakened an all but universal sympathy. Even the slave breaks his bonds, and shall idiot-sway hold nations captive? It is the spirit of *dignity*. Man emulates his proper place and rank:

> "Himself he too much prizes to be proud,
> And nothing thinks so great in man as man."*

And though there may be much superficial boast, though the malapert sciolist may be often observed, though the affected confidence may be the look of vacancy, though the vaunted march may be the strut of conceit and the stalk of pride,—yet is there in all that encourages our hope and confirms our augury, depth as well as diffusion, and strength as well as lustre. The pillar is massive in every proportion to its ornament. The bed of the river will sustain every rush of its tides and every confluence of its waters. The time shall come when the universal plan will be expounded,—how all has subserved one end, and hastened to one goal. Then shall we

> "All this pilgrimage dilate,
> Whereof by parcels we have something heard,
> But not intentively."†

* Young. † Shakspeare.—Othello.

Such are the prospects which unfold themselves. Their variety and glory, they must be left to disclose. They will break over our world when we are no more. And it mingles a hope with the very pang of dissolution, that as the friends of truth we cannot have lived in vain. We shall have befriended and served a future race, and assisted their entrance upon happier scenes and their progress to nobler stages of improvement. Our example may animate that future race in its turn, and they bequeath a still higher condition to their descendants! It is due to *me*, however, to observe, that while I most sanguinely and confidently indulge these visions, I dare not pursue them to all their extent, but in belief, and under the guidance, of that Religion which Montesquieu, who was certainly no fanatic, so happily describes: "How admirable the religion which, while it seems only to have in view the felicity of the other life, constitutes the happiness of this!"*

This is our anchor-hope. It fortifies us against all fear of lasting and general retrocessions. Otherwise we should be vexed until we were sick at heart. The pendulum does not describe an arc of more monotonous measurements, nor sweep a succession of more tiresome vibrations, than would the history of our kind, if unaided by other principles and unswayed by other influences, than our own. "It would be great, is not without ambition," but its proneness to ill is the source of its perpetual discomfiture. The force of the resistance would be insuperable. But these give our nature a giant-might,—it but steps back to take a farther spring or to strike a heavier blow. Christianity is that stirring element, and it only can secure what it enables and inspires man to gain. Wherever valuable knowledge and social pre-eminence have been preserved to a people for ages, the lamp of the one and the model of the other have been fed and enshrined in the sanctuary of this Religion. It gave the glory, and is its defence! It breathed the prophecy, and is its fulfilment!

* Spirit of Laws.

"Historia testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis——."

Cicero.—De Oratore.

"Nobis non modo satis esse video quod factum esset id pronuntiare, sed etiam quo consilio quaque ratione gesta essent demonstrare."

Sempronius Asellio,—quoted by Aulus Gellius, Noct: Attic: Lib. v. cap. 18.

"Historiæ decus est, et quasi anima, ut cum eventis causæ copulentur."

Bacon.—De Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. ii. cap. 4.

ON THE GROUNDS AND SOURCES OF HISTORY.

"Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief." This trite quotation from the first of Bacon's beautiful and compendious Essays, describes a not uncommon state of the human mind. Scepticism of *all* truth and certainty, is not infrequently vaunted as our worthiest and most ennobling independence. A very satisfaction is cherished by some in doubting every thing. Theirs is not the suspense of caution, nor the interval of deliberation,—they deride the hope, they abjure the capacity, of conviction. Now this is an intellectual condition most unhappy or most illegitimate,—most unhappy, if the nature of things precludes the possibility of just assent and settled belief,—most illegitimate, if there be an indifference to truth and a scorn of the evidence which confirms it. Whomsoever these Pyrrhonists call their Master, in their universal indetermination they have little cause to boast. Might not a more discursive enquiry, a more observant eye, detect the deciding proof? May there not exist, and only latent to carelessness and lassitude, powers and instruments of assurance to which even they must yield? If more silent and more reverent, —might not the Oracle speak to them, and in no equivocal response? At what point of human life, at what stage of human history, can man be justified in declaring that all the faculties of research are exhausted, that all the departments of knowledge are explored? And truly the spirit within us is placed most abjectly in all that concerns its improvement and pleasure, if it possess no tests by which to discriminate the impressions forced upon it, no rules to adjudge the circumstances out of which those impressions grow. To it only is this a phantom-world.

It secures to itself the prerogative of dreaming, only to question its dreams. To the inferior tribes all is real and indubitable. This diffuses joy and animation over the œconomies of sentient nature. It riots in the bound of the antelope, trills in the carol of the lark, sweeps along in the flight of the eagle. It is existence in sympathy with all the scenes about it,—the green earth, the blue heaven,—existence conscious, assured, unsuspecting,—existence which jealousy of any single instinct or object would cloud and mar. If man cannot thus partake the ecstacy of confidence,—if his superior intelligence compels him to a timid apprehensiveness of all that his predecessors have told, and all his contemporaries yet tell,—it is natural that he should bewail his fate, it may be laudable for him to submit to it,—but it must be an enormous inconsistency to make it a reason of exultation. And that mind which so flippantly and recklessly avows its willingness to oscillate for ever between fact and falsehood, should, at least, be informed of its unhealthiness and decrepitude. It is the eye of the understanding which has gathered a film over itself,—the page which it cannot read is undefaced! The balance is accurately equal,—it is the palsied hand which agitates the scales into their ceaseless alternations!

The disposition to encourage this cavilling state of mind, has manifested itself chiefly in matters of historical enquiry. There would have been a hardihood in disputing the demonstration of numbers and magnitudes,—the presumptuousness was not so palpable in impugning the authority and credibility of testimony. Historians and annalists are not, therefore, always most courteously and civilly quoted; and it cannot be concealed that they interchange as little courtesy, and as few civilities, among themselves. It is no new thing to call them to account, nor to bring them into suspicion. But some speculations of a more modern date,—speculations in mythology, geography, and cognate dialects,—and some daring siftings of long-acknowledged historic truth by new, and hitherto considered inapplicable, principles,—have rendered it necessary that we should resort to these studies with additionl caution and firmness. And surely there is scarcely any species of knowledge so important and so indis-

pensable. Shall we go back to the awful past as filled with gorgeous but incoherent visions,—as to a land of shadows,—as to realms where imagination enchants and fables all,—or like those who enter some city of the dead, tread the streets which its former population really walked, and open the abodes now voiceless and cheerless, which once rang with festive mirth and joy? Is the vast transmission from former ages, the golden and well-coiled chain, unadulterated and unalloyed, true in every link, compact through the entireness of its series,—or is it a fancy-tissue into which each wanton hand has wove its thread, and stained its colour,—variegated alike by imposture and caprice? Is it a succession of glorious creations, passages of power and greatness, once beheld while teeming forth to universal wonder, and of which this is the veritable record,—or is it a wreck, the *debris*, of some old chaos and older night?

It must be admitted that we, of this generation, enjoy superior advantages for the prosecution of such disquisitions. The mind of man, in general, is much released from the superstitious homage to names. No living age could possibly boast such perfect information of the dimensions and relative locality of every country. Where comparison is wanted between the former and present condition of any land, we can bring to it an ample array of statistics.—The wide extension of political knowledge clothes the rehearsal of ancient empire with the intensest attraction.—Etymology grubs up the root with untired labour, and with improved dexterity disengages the finer fibres also.—Travel, to be now distinguished, must leave a beaten track and fashionable tour; it must climb Lebanon, and measure the Thebaid or the Troad.—Induction has made us take each step towards a conclusion in a slow and serious manner, and only the more so where it is not of things within the cognizance of direct experiment and immediate sense.—And in the sphere of our short-lived observation, events have transpired which leave us little to call improbable and extravagant. We shall impose as hard a claim to belief upon our descendants, as our most romantic forefathers did ever upon us! Besides, it is ours to learn from that antiquity which our world has now attained.

The full tide flows through our channel, swollen by the confluence of a thousand tributary streams. This is the old age of mundane narrative. We have long since outgrown and outlived our ancestors. We may think of antediluvians as our children, and of posterity as our sires. We are the longest livers up to the present moment. If we may put faith in history, we exist in all the past as well as all the present. We not only, as it has been said, live *twice;* our first life compensates, for the brevity of the second, by chiliads of years. Time with our fathers was in its youth, we only see its hoary head. We partake of its consummation, and should display the experienced wisdom of such a comparative longevity.

To many it will appear that this advanced position is unfavourable to our impression of distant events, and enfeebling to the testimonies which report them. But as mathematical properties are always the same, as the qualities of the triangle must be invariable wherever in space it can be described, or by whatever mind it can be conceived,—so a fact once proved, can lose nothing of certainty by the continued durability of its proof. The age can no more weaken it, than the stain and the worm-eaten mould can invalidate charters of right and muniments of property. The preservation of such proof is its augmentation. The more venerable its period, the more triumphant is its force. We see in its allowance by so many ages, as well as its tradition through them, that it is stamped with constantly-renewing approval. The suffrage of many centuries must help to confirm it. That which ever was sufficient to authenticate, must always be sufficient. Nor is there better evidence to be desired concerning any distant occurrence, than that contemporaries,—supposing them to be observant, competent, and unprejudiced,—unanimously, unwaveringly, and disinterestedly believed it.

Our immediate purpose is to vindicate that credence which we commonly repose in historical informations, and to lay bare the futility, or the profligacy, of that reserve which would suspend such credence, or of that scorn which would denounce it. If Walter Raleigh rebuked himself for his attempt to write a

History of the World, because he could not ascertain the reasons of the brawl under his window, we might suggest to the accomplished cavalier that in the one task he was overmatched, and that in the other more personal enquiry might have succeeded. To ask of a populace engaged in any affray was never a likely way to clear up the matter,—"clubs, bills, and partisans,"—nor probably should we learn much better from two armies, as they closed in mortal strife, what was the cause of their encounter. Voltaire is said to have exclaimed, when told that his account of the battle of Fontenoy was destitute of truth, "No matter, there are not more than three or four of the present generation who know it not to be true, and in another generation there will be no one to contradict me." Vain arrogance! There is not a more dependent author than the historian. Let him affect the tone of the dictator, or the nod of the despot, and his power at that moment departs from him. Philosophy has maintained an empire in defiance of facts, but History could never venture to disregard them. General conviction owes far less to historic composition, than historical composition to general conviction. If the critic of Ferney said and did this, the expression was not more vile than the attempt was abortive.

It may here be proper to ask, What degree of certainty is to be expected as the result of Historical impression? We commonly divide evidence into intuitive, presumptive, and demonstrative. Intuitive is deemed necessary, inevitable, in its effect. Be it so, it is not immediate. A reasoning must take place in the mind ere it be allowed. We remember not our infancy, or we might recall great mental effort ere we admitted that, which we now admit without any conscious thought. For as intuition always must relate to some truth, or proposition involving the difference of things, the mind can only receive it by judging upon it, though the judgment be as rapid as the volitions which move the fingers of the most perfect artist over his keys or strings. The word implies that we consent as soon as we look on the matter alleged. Still there must be intellectual exercise in this, for we cannot pronounce concerning a colour, but as the sensation of the fact induces the mental perception of it; and the

idea or notion of that colour is therefore a conviction drawn from a reasoned discrimination by the mind itself. We can, then, never allow the truth of History, however probable, however analogous to what has fallen under our notice,—in this manner of quick and perfect realization, of all but involuntary mental process. Even geometric truth may be the subject of intuition, while historical never can.—Demonstrative proof is as incapable, of assistance here. You can never show that what has taken place in former times, could only have taken place, and could not have otherwise taken place. Historical truth is, therefore, not necessary truth, and consequently this rigid science of proof can have no bearing on it. A battle may have been fought on the most mathematical rules, but no mathematical rules could demonstrate that it was fought at all.—Presumptive reasoning is, therefore, the basis of our most general belief. Unlike mathematical demonstration, this is graduated through a range of feebler probability to the strongest, most undeniable, assurance, of moral certainty. It is within this category that historical evidence must be comprised. And it will serve to establish the truth of the most astonishing events, if those events be not known to be in themselves impossible, and if the contrary opinion be far more insupposeable. It can render the memory of ages as worthy of credit, as we feel our personal memory to be. This statement will be felt by some, who do not weigh it, as a virtual abandonment of that high ground on which we are disposed to place Historic authority. Cannot, it will be asked, cannot we be infallibly sure? We reply, that we can be as certain as of the intuitive truth, that black is not white,—as of the mathematical truth, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the other two squares described upon the sides which contain the right angle. But though we may be *as* certain, we become not thus certain in the same way. I am equally assured that such kings have reigned, that such empires have existed, with the conviction that a whole is greater than its part, that two circles touching each other internally cannot have the same centre,—and I find it impossible to determine which facts are the more or less certified by my mind. My grasp of them

is not affected by any particular direction from which I have seized them.

The nature of man reconciles itself to this credence, as the necessity of his circumstances constrains him. It is a simple, easy, state of the human mind when yielding itself to the evidence of testimony. It is an agreeable consent. It is to be as much expected as vegetable growth beneath its fostering influences. Moral evidence commends its claim to us. Without it, or by its rejection, society must be stagnant, law must be frustrated, and knowledge be contracted to a worthless point. We constantly act upon this principle, that men of worth, knowledge, and integrity, are worthy of credit,—that we may rely upon them for certainties of which we can have no sensible impact,—that even the evidence, extorted by fear, and analysed with caution, of the most false, may be deserving of belief. This does our mental constitution no violence,—it is in harmony, not only with its habits, but its laws. And indeed were it not so, what would be the lot of man! Did we exist in all times, and in all places, testimony would be superfluous. But we are limited to space, we are mortal, we are creatures of very finite properties,—and must we know nothing save what we can organically attest? We must then compare our little being to a captive pent in his dungeon, and our few opportunities of knowledge to his prison-bars. In short, an obstinate incredulousness, where there is this cast of evidence, is most anomalous and unreasonable. The acceptance of testimony, in all its capable connections, is the postulate of all civilization, jurisprudence, knowledge, and religion!

Man, true to himself, has always been more than content to receive the records of former times. He has been most excitedly curious. The wandering tribes have their legendary story, their proud lineage; and these remembrances they carry with them, wherever they raise their wigwam, or however remotely they push their migration. Ignorant of letters, truth has become corrupted,—the stream, confined by no fixed bank, has grown polluted by the broad soil it has overflowed,—but the tale of inconsistent marvel reveals the desire of man, savage

though he be,—and is not without its use, expanding his mind by thoughts of something more than what is merely present, and refining it with conceptions which surpass and postpone the claims of instinctive want.

> "Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
> 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:
> How little do we know that which we are!
> How less what we may be! The eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
> Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
> Of empires heave but like some passing waves."*

Though there is a mute history in the physical structure of our planet, its fissures and dislocations,—in the organic remains of known and unknown forms of life, and of those, when known, reposing in climates to which they were unindigenous,—in far-spread ruins of cities with their crumbled palaces and temples, amidst which the owl hoots and the lazy lizard crawls,—though in all these there is a voice, a potent sound of instruction,—yet by History we more commonly understand the narrations of former events by known and accredited writers. To these we resort, yet not exclusively, for our knowledge of what has happened ere our bosoms drew in this vital air, and our eyes opened on this stirring world.

The historian has consequently been always held in high celebrity. It was at the Olympic Games that the young Thucydides dropped a tear of enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of delight and emulation, while Herodotus, the illustrious prototype and chief of Historic literature, read to the assembled myriads, the Expedition of Xerxes against the liberty of Greece. While the youth, his future rival, wept with delight, the generous man paused, and congratulated Olorus on the strong impulse thus expressed by his child for learning. The tragedian, however greatly honoured, scarcely was allowed the same rank with the writer of history, while the painter and sculptor were always placed far lower. So important was a just chronicle

* Byron.

felt by the ancient heroes, that a Xenophon and a Cæsar commemorate, though with a modest simplicity, their own disasters and exploits. The Spartans always, before going into battle, sacrificed to the Muses, that their achievements might be worthily recorded. May not the passing criticism be then introduced here? Great difference of opinion has existed for ages concerning the titles given to the different books of Herodotus. They are called by the names of the Nine Muses. But can we suppose, that, if this be the work of editors, it was done to cast discredit over him? The panegyric was lofty, and moreover was appropriate, seeing that even the Lacedæmonians sought historic justice at the hands of the Sacred Nine. And who will not accord to that fine eulogium of Bacon, on knowledge in general, but peculiarly applicable to this species of it? "If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits,—how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages, so distant, participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other."

The credit attached to History, apart from its convenience and its adaptation to the human mind, may be resolved into the following two reasons.

The Historian has few *temptations* to misrepresent and disfigure the events of which he writes. All that can affect him depends upon his fidelity. He cannot be indifferent to fame. Many of the ancient, as well as modern authors, confess the passion. Like Phidias in sculpturing the shield of Minerva, they so engrave and diffuse their name, that it may be coeval with their works. Theirs must be a chastity of truth. Breathe upon their veracity, and the taint remains. They must cherish a philosophic calm. Low partisanship they must despise. Placed aloft, they must look upon the earth, and not along it: as from a promontory, they must behold afar the elemental war.

A second reason may be found.—A historian has fewer *opportunities* of fraud than temptations to it. For supposing

that the misanthrope should attempt to blot the page with his characters of venom, or that the parasite should endeavour to palliate and embellish vice, or that the bigoted abettor should colour every transaction and person to the hue of his jaundiced eye, how instantaneous would be the detection, and how unsparing would be his disgrace! If he write long after the events, no one will believe unless he present contemporary proof,—if he write in the period of those events, every distortion will be readily marked by them who can judge of them as well as himself.

Genuine and *authentic* are therefore the epithets we apply to the highest, the most veracious, class of historians.

By *genuine* is intended that the works are really the productions of the authors whose names are affixed to them. An anonymous history is not necessarily untrue. By some strange chance the name may have been lost. The misfortune of such books is, that no moral character, that no intellectual reputation, are committed to their truth. They will, therefore, be always held cheap, unless borne out by independent authorities. When we know who the writer is, we see that he has his all at stake. If trustworthy in his acknowledged habits and principles, we incline to receive his report of things. Nor can we consistently carry our scruples further than to enquire into his competency, after approving his personal fidelity and worth. It is certain, notwithstanding, that there are people hard to move, whatever the evidence you offer. A cautious magistrate, it is said, was requested by a party appearing before him to attest that he was *living* on the 16th of that month, the request being made on the following day. Most persons would have given credit to the party that, manifestly being alive on the 17th, he had been on the 16th. But sensible evidence was wanting, and Justice Shallow refused. Very different was the conduct of Cicero. He was once in company with a lady who was a little antique, but who declared that she was only forty years old. A youth of the party asked him whether he believed that she was no more? "Certainly," exclaimed the orator, "on her own word; for I have heard her repeatedly say so for the last *ten years*."

If it can be proved that any name has been surreptitiously affixed to a historical work, it is a circumstance of grave suspicion. It is a literary forgery, and an unworthy counterfeit. The extreme probability is, that there is some artifice in the story from which this device is contrived to turn our attention.

It will be supposed by many that the most *authentic* history must be written by one who lives in the very scenes which he describes. It is a natural presumption that he is of all men the best equipped and qualified. He has communed with the living actors, and trod the actual stage. He has not only been spectator, he has performed a part. This is, however, a very doubtful advantage. Such a one can scarcely struggle out of the vortex of local and individual feeling. It can hardly be expected that he has lived isolated amidst surrounding society. Will not the tinge of feeling be involuntarily communicated to his leaves? "Personal Narratives," "Memoirs of His Own Times," are, at least, not now uncommon. They never form a good basis of history. They are often nothing better than licensed libels. It is the exhaustion of a poisoned quiver. But it is not always so with a correspondence, between coetaneous parties, afterwards brought to light. This is highly illustrative. It is a by-play to the drama. The names of Pepys, Evelyn, Ellis, Horace Walpole, Mary Wortley Montague, will at once recur to our memory,—and who has not seen the little dim, but perfect, shadowings of the great and stirring events of public interest, transferred to their minds, and moving over their epistles, as in a camera obscura? And here we see how freely men can breathe in private, whom history only describes in court-dress,—what hard words can flow from the statues of velvet and brocade,—and what are the reprisals of those to whom etiquette has denied even the point of Hatton's step, and the manifold meaning of Burleigh's nod. Still should we be wary. These letter-writers and diary-keepers stole their remarks. Worlds would not have tempted them to do any thing beyond thinking thus aloud. They were not before the public. They were not bound over in recognizances for good behaviour. Spite they might have, and spite they might insinuate. Newts and

worms live in darkness and slime,—but are burnt up by the noon-tide sun. And it is not uncommon to trace, in these secret parleys, the sneer and inuendo to which the coward has recourse, and which, like the craped face and dark lantern of the tiptoe assassin, are necessary to the silent deed of blood. When the Censor of Strawberry Hill strikes his lampoon of scandal at those whom he is even then caressing, we are reminded of the worst and most muffled characters in his Otranto,—nor can disgust be too strong at his banter of Addison's dying bed! Far better collateral evidence is, however, to be found in the fasciculi of pamphlets of the day, whether in satire, ballad, or sober appeal. Such are the Somers' Tracts. The Harleian Manuscripts must be of invaluable interest to those who cultivate the abstruser points of historic lore.

The power of the historian is not, therefore, absolute. He is restrained by every consideration which self-love and conscious responsibility can impose. He is controlled by influences which no citizen can slight. He writes under a constellation of keenly-attentive and expressive eyes. One act of historic libertinism dashes his bust from the niche of fame. Convict him of a bias, and all suspect him. The light of truth disclaims the medium unless it be transmitted unrefracted. Gibbon presents a specimen of punishment which will always, soon or late, fall retributively upon the historian who suffers his prejudices to sway him. He is far less credited than he deserves to be, in consequence of this, to use the mildest word, indiscretion. His extenuation of Julian is blind to the fact of that monarch's cruel persecution of his former fellow-disciples. "Christianity," he says, "grew up in silence and obscurity."* An assertion more flagrantly untrue was, surely, never uttered. What was its birth-place? A land which formed the geographical centre of the inhabited earth, commanding a principal shore of the Mediterranean, extending to the coast of Tyre, washed by all but the waves of the Grecian Archipelago, stretching to the frontiers of Syria, close on the Asiatic access to Egypt, lying in the pathway to India, looking forth on the Italian seas.

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Vol. II., Chap: 15.

What people witnessed its origin and progress? A people whose commerce was wafted to every port, and trafficked in every city: than from whose sacred literature the great critic of the sublime could select no more glorious specimen: illustrated by warriors, and princes, and poets, of confessed renown: visited by kings who came with pilgrim veneration to its monuments and shrines. What were the present circumstances of that people? Rome, if they had wanted distinction, flung over them its imperial glare: established its ethnarchs and procurators among them, garrisoned its legions in their metropolis, built its Cæsarea as a rival capital with its sumptuous theatres, galleries, and palaces, and all the pompous glories of its masterdom of sway. True or false, nothing was ever transacted on so open an arena, on so conspicuous a stage!

In canvassing the claims of historic credibility, we ought to look narrowly into all the collateral sources which tend to support it. The fairest witness,—most solemnly adjured,—most sacredly protesting,—may need, and may receive, accidental and adventitious evidence.

The *language* in which History is written may happen to corroborate it. If that language be now dead, we may be assured that it was composed, if in fullest classic purity, when that language was a living one. The *dialect* of that language may greatly assist us in determining the date of the work. Nor must we be swayed by a translation. A critical knowledge of these languages is essential in the settlement of such a question. I remember it to have been said, not for the first time, that the record in the Book of Genesis, respecting Jubal, as "the father of all who handle the organ," must be incorrect, because in that æra such a noble, complicated, invention of musical mechanism could not be known. Now the Hebrew word, עגב, signifies a set of reeds,—the first instrument, it is probable, ever constructed, and yet certainly containing the general principle of "the vocal frame." It is not likely that any competitor will spring up to palm another Grecian history, masked in the pure language of Hellas, and of that Ionic form, which the new Attic could not surpass. Then may he displace Herodotus.

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Quotations and references may afford much weight to the question of authenticity. Historians, when they cite each other, cannot be supposed to practise collusion. The argument is irresistible, that any works thus mentioned, and appealed to, were at that time extant. Sometimes, it has occurred, that the original is lost, and only the citation is preserved. But who would interpolate his own work with this spurious authority? Who would foist into his own text any thing so audacious? Thus, in the first book of Eusebius' Preparationes Evangelicæ, there is introduced an extract from the Phenician History by Sanchoniathon. Mystical as it may be,—and reluctant as we most probably are to accept all the speculations of Cumberland upon these ancient remains,—there is no justice in disputing that which such controvertists as Eusebius and Porphyry allowed. And Thucydides, in his first book of the Peloponnesian War, thus adduces the history of Hellanicus, though with some censure upon him, who was older than Herodotus. The very freedom with which these writers discuss each other will prove at once their general authority, and that they were known as real persons.

How volumes so frail as papyrus and parchment, how dyes so fugitive as the different inks, have been suffered to reach us with so little mutilation and injury,—some of them to be disinterred from the sepulchre of ages,—may well surprise us. But they were most carefully, and even most sacredly, preserved. These have been known to endure through fifteen centuries. The system of copying was carried to the greatest perfection. Even nobles cheerfully submitted to the toil as the amusement of a learned leisure, and as an effectual mode of accumulating their libraries. In the rudest periods of the Roman history, the Maximus Pontifex kept the public annals: and after the Christian epoch, many of the religious houses were filled with these willing scribes. It is, indeed, but justice to the monasteries to record that they were the best sanctuaries, and their inmates the most active polygraphists, in the middle ages. In the Hebrew Manuscripts the transcribers were compelled to such perfect accuracy, that the middle verse in each book is noted, the number of verses in the whole is declared, and Masoretic

vigilance would seize the alteration of a point. The classical and sacred copyism of the first ages sought the most solitary fastnesses for its safety. Mount Athos was peculiarly distinguished. Amongst its defiles and heights learned and holy men were thus employed. And this endues it with a sanctity beyond all the majesty which Croly ascribes to it. I allude to the description of it which the Caloyer gives to the uninitiated traveller when they stand, after climbing the spiral of a little path, at the foot of the great pinnacle of the mountain. "This, said he, is the gnomon of our dial; and when those clouds below clear away, you shall see its plate. The increasing glow of the morning had begun to dissolve the vapours which hitherto lay in enormous fleeces on the sea as far as the eye could reach: and a slight breeze now catching them, developed the horizon of waters, lying with the smoothness of a mirror, and blue as the heavens. There, said he, is our remembrancer of passing time. Follow the shadow of that pinnacle, it is sixty miles long. Hebe saw, with wonder and delight, the phenomenon. A stupendous pillar of purple shade lay upon the deep, slowly pointing round, as the sun moved above the mountain: and touching, one by one, a circle of small islands that gleamed across the distant view like so many floating pearls. Our Dial, said he, is alone among wonders. The sunrise throws the shadow to Salonika, the sunset throws it round to Lemnos. Islands are our hour-marks, and the circumference of our dial is three hundred miles." But that sublime promontory was not only the gnomon of a shadow, nor only splendid with its rising and setting suns; it thus became a pillar of moral fire amidst the night of the surrounding world! And while thus dwelling upon this art, this kalligraphy, of the copyists, it may rest the mind to recall the words of Byron:

> "But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
> 'T is strange, the shortest letter which man uses
> Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
> Of ages: to what straits Old Time reduces
> Frail man, when paper, e'en a rag like this,
> Survives himself, his tomb, and all that 's his."

Coins and *medals* and *antique gems* form no mean vouchers of documentary truth. Money has been found necessary to represent property in every civilised state. And though the keen jealousy of numismatologists may be sometimes deceived, yet with every deduction, ample quantities exist of the most interesting specimens and unsuspected dies. We can handle the currency of Philip, of Alexander, of Lysimachus, of the Ptolemies: we can conceive of the rude palms which grasped the sesterce and denarius in the popular barter of ancient Rome: while the bezant carries us to the new-founded city of Constantine, and we see the minted gold delicately fingered by the patrician, sinking into effeminacy, on the Propontic shores. When from our own fields the plough turns up the urn filled with long-hoarded coins, we see at once how our soil groaned beneath the masters of the world. We descry some well-known effigies, or trace out some inscription and date. Medals are instructive as associated with particular events. They are designedly commemorative.—Statuary and architecture may also furnish illustration. Yet our light is small from these sources,—statuary emulating a supernatural and præterhuman character,—architecture still concealing in its round-towers and pyramids the secret of their erection.

Chronology is not only most serviceable in helping us to a connected knowledge of History, but to its credibility. Where dates are unfixed, there can be little other precision. The probable, and even the possible, in transaction may depend upon a particular computation. The antiquity of an event is no reason, as is commonly imagined, why it should be discredited: it is that such antiquity is vague and unintelligible. The supposed event is thrust back into a remoteness which is brought, and can be brought, under no notation. We feel that this is often a mere blind and pretext, and that a truly reported event would illuminate itself. It must be seen under some of the great æras. When we begin with the Olympiads, we feel on certain ground in our investigation of the ancient Grecian History: and with every improvement of the Roman Calendar seems to rise the authenticity of all that is woven into that heroic tale. When

our chronological scale and chart is well-established, we have a measuring reed, a speedy ordeal, to determine the truth or fable of a thousand magnificent pretensions.

Geography is, perhaps, scarcely of less assistance in these pursuits. Events must have as fixed a relation to space as to time. When, therefore, the site of a city, and the boundary of a country, as laid down by an ancient historian, are proved, on modern research, to be correctly defined, a presumption of no mean value, of no slight force, is raised by this circumstantial accuracy. And it is of greater importance in the argument than it might at first seem, or than it can ever be again. For the general mapping of our planet was, at the times supposed, most incomplete. The tables of Claudius Ptolemais, the Alexandrine, who lived in the period of the Antonines,—perfect as they are for the disadvantages under which they were drawn,—would not have enabled any impostor to compose a surreptitious account. And even this is nearly five hundred years posterior to sound Historic date. Now how could Herodotus, and that earlier class of writers, attain to this precision? We know they travelled into the climes where their scenes were laid,—that they personally inspected the spots of the great actions which they record,—that they made minute and scrupulous enquiry of the peoples among whom they sojourned. And in the main features their geography is confirmed. The terms denoting measurement in every language are difficult of adjustment, and the discrepancies, few and trivial, may thus be solved. The latest travellers in Chaldæa and Persia give the most confirmatory statements of that which it has been common, without any just grounds of objection, to dispute. We should aid our candour by remembering that they, who in our day profess to explore the same localities, do not uniformly agree,—that Bruce, Valentia, and Burckhardt have not all the happy art of seeing the very thing in the same angle of vision,—that Tadmar and Palmyra remain to be identified,—and that Memphis, as a ruined city, is almost as undetermined in position as Prester John's Dominions.

Custom is an useful medium of Historic light. Let us

suppose that from the occurrence of some event, a series of observances was instituted to signalise it,—that the series could be proved to be unbroken,—that such observance was perpetuated through generations all jealous of any innovation on it, and all unanimous in the declaration of its import,—and then this question presses itself upon our attention: How could such a custom originate? Who could give it a credible explanation? Who could infuse into the contemporary mind associations which alone would make it a precious monument and worthy celebration? I may be asked, Will not this necessitate your belief of the legendary origin of the Ancient Games? Can you then deny the exploits of Hercules? I really do believe that there was such a Hero, and that he delivered his country from many evils, perhaps really from a Nemean lion. An excellent archer of the name of Apollo may have transfixed the Python. But the Nemean and the Pythian Games cannot pretend to an uninterrupted continuance. The Isthmian, after long disuse, were revived by Theseus, and the Olympic are lost in uncertainty until the victory of Corœbus. New customs were constantly introduced into them which destroyed the simplicity of any primary design. They became political instruments to divert, and to consolidate. They fostered literature, but especially were the training schools of athletic vigour and courage. They became divisions of time, and were incentives to ambition. But they retained little that was storied in them. The purpose of commemoration can scarcely be discerned. We should, therefore, deny that we must concede the alleged origin of these institutions, from the rules that we lay down concerning public festivals in support of History. Consecutiveness is necessary. An intelligent motive is necessary. An avowed purport is necessary. The necessity does not rest on every agent, but upon the solemnization itself. Every ploughman may not know why he wears the oak leaf in his hat, and twists it into the manes of his team, on the twenty-ninth of May,—every boy may not know why he lights his bonfire on the fifth of November,—but the meaning of the symbol, and the strength of the memorial, lose nothing of their general confirmatory purport.

There is an evidence, in favour of History, to be drawn from its internal character, when the writer professes to have been a witness of what he relates. There is a verisimilitude which can hardly be mistaken. It is not denied that this style has been very successfully imitated. This has been done by throwing a fictitious narrative into short paragraphs, as if despatched in haste, and enumerating different dates, as if penned in a journal. Our own De Foe is an adept in this art,—an art which is but a literary display and pleasant conceit,—an art which was never designed to deceive. But that tone of reality and of nature is after all very different. It is insufficient to prove that the description is true, but it is very felicitous as incidental to its truth. This is the picturesque of History which arises from the acquaintance of the author with the circumstances of his narration. It stands out in a vivid interest. It grows upon us with a living reality. The reader has little imagination to exercise,—it is a perfect autopsy. We have allowed that there may be an art which shall imitate this. That art may be very ingeniously applied. But it is soon detected. There is a greater difference between the truth, and the artifice, than between any grand original of painting and its copy. This sincerity, this simplicity, this naturalness, these unlaboured reflectings of nature and fact, could only have been found where the historian was the spectator too. Some of the ancients, therefore, supposed that though the annalist might marshal ancient dates and events of which he had no cognizance, history could only be written by an eye-witness. The opinion was founded on the Greek verb ιςημι, I know. But there may be other knowledge than that which is sensible. In the canon itself we cannot concur.—We shall, also, discover a similar warmth and palpableness where the composer was not actually present, but was in immediate communication with the parties themselves, and was conversant with the epoch, the scene, and the people. Sallust may have listened to Adherbal when pleading his cause before the Senate: selfish as he was, he may have felt the Exile's misfortune: but never could he have wound that recorded speech to such an interest and roused it to such a fervour, unless he had

known the heroes who hunted down the faithless Jugurtha; and except he had afterwards himself governed Numidia, and there had learnt the burning tale. What besides could have wrought his cold, sensual, nature to the protection of suffering and the indignation of wrong? In the same manner of power, severely descriptive, Thucydides relates his scenes. We move with him along them. We see and feel each change. The style is representation. We stand upon the shores of Pylos. We look out upon Sphacteria. The sea rolls heavily on the beach. A feeble fortification rises up, and the few ships are moored together as a barricade. Demosthenes, choosing his faithful band, marches with them to the very edge of the sea. We catch the animation of his harangue. They post themselves. They await the charge of the Lacedæmonian land-force as well as the irruption of the confederate fleet. All is collected courage. Not a spirit droops. Brasidas attempts to break the line. He runs his triereme ashore. Its rostrum cleaves the vallation. He leaps upon the bulwark. He is beaten back. He faints with loss of blood. He falls upon his vessel's side. His shield has tumbled into the water. The surge it dyed with gore. All services and equipments are intermixed. Army and navy are confounded. Mariner becomes soldier and soldier mariner. Boat is as rampart, and rampart is as boat. We glow with the meleè of the fray. From the shore they are drawing in their barks, from those barks they are attacking the troops on shore. Every munition is confounded, and from isle to mainland there is but one clash of weapons and one rush of prows. Who has not seen the battle while he reads? But Thucydides knew the geography of the coast; though now banished he had fought in these very wars; he had confronted Brasidas at Amphipolis and been defeated; and now, generous as impartial, does honour to his rival-foe. These are not only the touches of historic truth, they stamp a moral worth upon the graphic delineation. This sort of verifying method in historic composition may be further illustrated from Xenophon's Anabasis. Every one will recall that crisis in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks when the vanguard reached the summit of Mount Theches. Thence they saw that glorious

deep which was essential to Grecian climate, and the emblem of Grecian freedom. "The Sea, the Sea," was the ecstatic shout. There is one enthusiastic rush, one simultaneous cry, a universal embrace; with instinctive concert the trophied pillar is raised of stones and shields; the very beasts of burden, as well as the war-horse, riot in the health and freshness of the ocean-scene and ocean-breeze; and in a moment the pang of discomfiture, and the toilsome march of one thousand one hundred and fifty-five leagues, are forgotten and repaid. He who could tell this must have seen it, and it is as though we caught the gleaming helmet of Xenophon darting by us like the lightning, and heard the clattering hoofs of his steed, when he flies from the rear and from the plain, to learn the cause of that sudden tumult and of that outbreaking joy.

And still we are disposed to think that the best histories are those which are necessarily compiled. Such a writer is removed from the turmoil and collision of the passing hour,—pageants do not dazzle him,—mortifications do not embitter him,—he is man, and nothing human can be foreign to him,—but he is not the man, like others hurried onward by the crowd. He can avail himself of all the exactness of them who have been spectators of what they record: nor is that exactness affected by its being transferred. He summons authorities, and these are some of them. If no hand might attempt the task but his whose accuracy depended upon an ocular demonstration, we should have abundance of fragmentary detail, but no collation, no epitome, no entire story, age would stand apart from age like the forks of thunder-cloven mountains, all would be disjointed, there would be no mirror whose ample field of reflecting surface might send back upon us the image of a world, the mirror would lie in shivers, each contemptibly small, all painfully distorting. The patient historian, therefore, enlarges his view,—into his planisphere he invokes the deepest past of time, and largest stretch of earth,—and though one particular department of history may be all upon which he formally descants, this latitude sheds upon that particular department a comprehensive interest. And there is by no means a scarcity of writers

in the present day, who apply themselves to history,—who protect it when consistent, and disentangle it when confused, and rebut it when fabulous, from the stores of a varied learning,—some exploring the foundations of the column, others decyphering the inscriptions,—causing to bear upon its important questions the lights of just comparison and sound philology. Niebuhr has furnished many tributes to this stock of knowledge. He has proceeded in a certain, though most unpretending, way. He has brought together authors of little note, whose works are not extant, who are only quoted by the grammarians, such as Festus and Nonius, in the sixth and seventh century of Rome. These same are quoted also by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and sometimes by Plutarch and Livy. The astute German has even resorted to Aristotle, and other Greek writers who have never referred to Rome. From these sources he has drawn such curious, and in many instances, such striking materials, that the seven hills seem to rise once more from an inundation of fable. I am not convinced of all he says, nor am I competent to decide upon many of the problems he discusses,—yet still it has appeared to me that he has fixed a happy and philosophic mid-way between the reckless rejection of this history by some, and its credulous admission by others. He settles accounts between Rome and her rivals very fairly. For example, Porsenna, king of Etruria, is generally imagined to have come off worst in his opposition to the Roman arms: but the historical critic shows, that the conditions of peace were absolutely to his advantage, that he gained an accession of territory,—from the immediate diminution of the Roman tribes from *thirty* to *twenty*. Another specimen of his quick-sighted faculty may be added. Tarquin, the last of the name, is alleged to have reigned twenty-five years. Brutus is represented to have been quite a child at the beginning of this reign. Yet at the close of it, he is not only a father, but his sons are old enough to join in a conspiracy against the state. The story confutes itself. Long ago as Suetonius, the head of Camillus was thinned of some of its most clustering laurels. But there were, I suspect, far more written histories of ancient Rome than that of Fabius. Livy only says, "*per-*

raræ per eadem tempora literæ." Much has been made of the custom of driving the nail into the right side of the Temple of Jupiter. And it has been asked with a sneer, What reliance can be placed upon the history of a people who had no better way, than this rudest of all, of reckoning time? Now Livy, in the third chapter of the seventh book, gives quite a different version. It was done, according to the advice of the old men, to avert a plague. The custom was perpetuated; and the use of it to mark the progress of time was quite accidental. As a dictator was appointed, it gave a solemnity to the notation. It could not be necessary, for the law requiring it is spoken of by the historian in this manner: "Lex vetusta est priscis literis, verbisque scripta." Niebuhr doubtless attacks the mythos of the earliest ages of that people with great freedom and unceremoniousness. He is unable to believe in the foster-maternity and wet-nurse tenderness of the wolf to the hapless but high-destined twins. He laughs at the Sabine Valentine Day; and even according to Plutarch only thirty were to be paired. He has his doubts concerning Tarpeia, her who was unprecedentedly suffocated with bracelets. The history of Rome, under the kings, he well nigh explodes. And doubtless that history is the one of which much may be lawfully distrusted. It is as an early epic where all is marvellous. It was not to be supposed that they who transcribed it would at once impeach it. Livy sometimes gives an allegorical explanation. At other times, he speaks of common report and impression. He leaves much to his reader, admitting that men in his time neither liked it to be believed that the gods exhibited prodigies, nor that they should find a place in public annals. He, with others, had to make the best of a romaunt. Plutarch, when he touches on any improbability, has a ready apology: "This tale may appear dramatic and like a ballad-figment, but we must not therefore disbelieve it, seeing what power Fortune has over events, and considering that the Roman affairs would never have reached such an elevation if they had not a divine origin, and if nothing great and contrary to human experience had happened."

No small share of the suspicion entertained of the Roman

history is raised on its similarity to the Grecian. There is a treatise extant, attributed to Plutareh, though his authorship of it is much disputed, Περι Παραλληλων Ελληνικων και Ρωμαικων. I find it, however, in my Frankfort folio. It is evident that he does not write with any view to establish a common origin of these parallel events, but to prove their respective credibility. And all nations can exhibit deeds of very close resemblance,—deeds of daring, of patriotism, and of virtue. Human nature is the same, and will in the most opposite circumstances be the same in its development. To this may be added, that rivalry in one nation will often vie with the greatness of another. Thus the parallels are produced.

A very important question, indeed, arises as to the regard we should have to præternatural events, those of omens, soothsayings, and what are called *prodigies*. But we, surely, are not bound to give credit to them, if the testifier does not believe them. We are not bound to give credit to them, if introduced for no purpose correspondently solemn. We are not bound to give credit to them, if they are only alleged to have occurred in periods of unauthentic history. There is little of practical difficulty in the separation of truth from such fable,—the mind acquires a *tact*, as the lapidary at once detects the difference between the diamond and the mimic-paste,—or as the jurisconsult, by a first perception, discerns the symptoms of innocence and guilt.

That in which, if I might be so presumptuous, I should differ from Niebuhr is, that he will not admit any truth in what is, doubtless, generally legendary. A residuum of truth and fact, it is probable, would be given to a close analysis. A few grains of gold would adhere to the crucible. The principal error of what he calls the Roman poem is the same with that of most early histories, where Paganism is the religion. A descent is sought from the gods. After that ambition, it is not likely that public writers will greatly prevaricate with their own impression of things. Adherence to truth is always more probable than wilful falsification of it. It is always more likely that men will report a fact right than wantonly distort it. A

departure from truth, a misrepresentation of fact, are a turning from the natural bias. There must be some sinister motive to thwart this impulse of the mind. A lie is a violence on ourselves for some supposed end, which we think sincerity could not accomplish: it cannot be gratuitous, save when habit has corrupted the mind into the imbecility which may not henceforth even take the distinction.

It is satisfactory to find that the great historians are becoming more and more allowedly worthy of credit, with the extension of general knowledge, and the scrutiny of their particular claims. In no instance is this more evident than in the case of the Father of History. Herodotus stands more highly now in every region of the world of letters, than he ever did in his own country. The ancients diffided in him, because they could not examine for themselves that immense labour which he undertook for the sake of perfect truth. Modern experience has placed him beyond suspicion. He was as greatly in advance of all historians, as Bacon was of all philosophers. He belonged to a class of intellect to which only posterity was ever known to do justice. Remembering that, in his time, it was not possible that he should be exempt from every mythological impression, which would be to make him irreligious,—remembering that, when he speaks of events which he had not tested by observation, he commonly remarks, "as they say," "so it is reported," —remembering his devoted care to the examination of every thing which he professes to have fallen under his observation,—he stands upon a height as little to be approached by competition as assailed by malice! Bright is the halo of his glory, for it has been kindling through ages!

In perusing such historians as Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon,—not to forget Tacitus,—a new means of conviction strikes us. They who wrote what they believed not true, must be very wicked: it is not for wicked men to breathe with ease every noble sentiment, and to adopt with heart every noble cause. Now these writers are always found, when opportunity admits it, on the side of justice and freedom. This argues in favour of their moral integrity, and through that, of their his-

toric credibility. Sallust is obliged to take the part of right, but his satire against vice has not half the energy of virtue. His own enormities of private life destroyed the honesty and grace of his animadversions.—I take leave here to recommend Larcher's Notes to Herodotus.

The exceptions taken to the weight of historic evidence in general, and to specific portions mixed up in most historic compositions, shall here receive a momentary remark. It is contended that testimony only is to be received, when it accords with the course of nature and the probability of things. These constitute *experience.* If the matter of the *testimony* contradict *experience,* it is contended, that it must be refused. One view, however, is sufficient to silence what is thus contended. What is *experience?* The long succession of events. It cannot mean *experience* in a personal sense. Then how is that experience narrated and confirmed? Beyond doubt, by *testimony!* And *testimony* is antecedent, personally considered, to our little experience. The informations of our senses we have to correct by the testimony of others, and infant education is one necessary dependence upon our disposition to believe what others make known to us.—Yet historic compositions, particularly those which are heroic, do mix up with them portions which nothing can authenticate. Hannibal from the Alps, Galcacus from the Grampians, spoke according to Livy and Tacitus more than "a round unvarnished tale." Stenography was, to our best knowledge, at that time an art in no perfection. Reporters had no gallery there. These speeches, though they might have a general rudiment of truth, were fabrications. They could not, from the necessity of the case, deceive the reader. They were regarded as decorative introductions. They were a kind of theatrical machinery,—beautiful, relieving,—a constructive fiction,—a chorus,—but unnecessary to the dramatic plot.

Nor are we inclined to treat the poetry, which pretends to History, with perfect disbelief. Fiction we expect, but that fiction is commixed with truth. The Iliad may serve for a specimen. Nothing has been more uniformly and more continuously believed. There seems no reason from the people and

country of Phrygia, to dispute the ground-work of the story. It is repeatedly quoted by annalist, topographer, tragedian, and bard. It is cited as an assured thing. Ingenious men have at intervals denied it, but the general belief has always remained unimpaired. The deeds are stamped on that wondrous scene. Xerxes visited it as real, and Alexander worshipped at what he believed to be his favourite hero's grave. Scamander still flows, Simoeis and Xanthus are still its tributaries. The tumuli of Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, still heave themselves from the ground. Sigœum still braves the sea, and Ida the sky. Homer lived shortly after the Trojan war,—how is it that his poem should be adapted to every particular and variation of the Trojan plain, if that were not its scene, and if it were itself imaginary? But the most sceptical cannot wholly deny it. Bryant felt that something must be allowed of its outline, he therefore placed it in Egypt. Morritt, in his "Vindication of Homer," has most successfully proved, to my conviction, that the tale is true. He visited the region, and found a perfect correspondence between the poetic and the actual topography. To his confessedly competent knowledge of the bard, there formed and stood up in definite outline, the entire scene. Scarce a supplement was wanting. The rivers, the harbour, the reconnoitering posts, the battle-plain, the vale of Thymbra, the roar of Hellespont, all were there. He had but to touch the picture, and once more there arose the Pergama,—the palace-windows from which a Helen looked on the fight below,—the shrine of the Palladium, with the votive train of majestic matrons and lovely maids,—the Scæan gates, the Σκαιαι πυλαι, whence the armed chiefs and hosts issued, and where Hector found Andromache with her Astyanax, bewildered with grief and fear. Such a power of adaptation must have defied any man. It was not for him as it was allowed to Æneas, to found the kingdom of Acesta, marking its boundaries by a plough-share, distributing its future dwellings by lot,

> "Hoc Ilium; et hæc loca, Trojæ
> Esse jubet."*

* Æneid: lib. v.

It would be as reasonable to deny the existence of Charlemagne, and the reality of Godfrey, because Ariosto and Tasso have sung them. Indeed Homer was considered by his countrymen not only authentic, but so absolute an authority, that when the Athenians and Megarensians claimed the possession of Salamis, and the dispute was referred to the Assembly of Sparta, Solon argued the title of the Athenians to it from the famous catalogue of the ships in the second book of the Iliad:

"Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αγεν δυοκαιδεκα νηας,
Στησε δ' αγων, ιν' Αθηναιων ισταντο φαλαγγες."

It is well argued by Morritt that the opposite hypothesis "annihilates the whole of the early history of Greece. Before this, we are acquainted with most of the heroes, their birth, descent, and intermarriages. Thus Agamemnon and Menelaus marry two sisters, the daughters of Tyndarus, and rule over Mycenæ and Sparta. Ulysses marries Penelope, the daughter of Icarius; and traditions, and monuments relative to these facts, and a hundred similar to them, were found in the country of Sparta, Ithaca, and Argolis. We know, independent of the siege, the private history of all the great families of Greece during this time; many of these are slightly alluded to by Homer, and are preserved by other authors.......After the Iliad, we know the lot of the heroes, we know the conduct of their wives and children: Greece, weakened by her dear-earned victory, and torn by internal dissensions, saw all her thrones overturned by the return of the Heraclidæ. Thus we have at once a regular series of events, of which no part can be annihilated without affecting the credibility of the whole of history, and the united testimony of the ancient world."

The ex-absurdo method might be resorted to in meeting the dogged obstinacy of many in their disbelief of history. Every proof they can turn aside. All is invention, all is craft! Suppose that men averred that there was a state-document, called Magna Charta. How easily might that be disputed on the common principles of historical scepticism. We may throw the assertions of its defenders and impugners into dialogue, and they shall be known as A. and B.

A. You cannot be the first to doubt the existence and fact of that great settlement of national rights and liberties.

B. You are carried away by a vulgar delusion.

A. Did not King John——

B. Hold. Is it likely that he, if you mean the brother of Richard the First, ever did reign? Was not Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, a more direct successor to Cœur-de-lion, and would he, in those high monarchical times, be overlooked?

A. But Arthur, after long persecution, was missing, and almost surely murdered.

B. I deny not that a youth of that name was carried through England and France, by Constance, who, being always in quest of husbands, had no objection to a little lady-errantry: the pretensions of the boy were favourable to her speculations. But I give up the question of John.

A. Well then, did not the barons wrest it, sword in hand, from John?

B. I cannot find that a baron was then in being. That charter affects the date of 1255. The patent of Lord de Roos bears but the date of 1264. You might as well suppose that a De Roos could practise *sauter la coupe.*

A. But it is clear that the date of the charter is wrong. It should be 1215. All combines to establish this chronology. Do you think that patents never become extinct?

B. Were it so, internal evidence is against the thing itself. You represent that a professed tyrant was his country's liberator. You bring on the stage Langton, who had received his archiepiscopal pall from Rome, abetting the side of the people. Your barons, too, were likely asserters of justice and freedom!

A. Circumstances are often very powerful. Langton was suspended because he would not publish the bull of excommunication. But we have good history,—Matthew Paris.

B. He never says that he was there,—and at that time was most probably at Holm, in Norway. And it is pretty well understood how Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster played into each other's hands.

A. But the very scene has been remembered ever since.—What heart beats not at the sound of Runneymede?

B. If that had been the scene, and the event were real, would it not be piled with monuments? Would not Englishmen be obliged to pay for seeing it? Believe it not,—the tradition is just kept up by the innkeepers at Staines, and to help to buy cups at the Egham races.

A. But the autograph may be seen. The wrong date I have mentioned is not in the Latin. You have only to visit the Cottonian Library of the British Museum to satisfy yourself.

B. Did not John do all he could to annul it? Would he not get it into his power and keeping? How contrary to reason that he would surrender it to his enemies?

A. But it has universal belief in its favour!

B. The people, not one in a million having seen any pretended copy, are possessed with the idea that it is the title deed of their liberty,—their governors see that it contents them,—all are for bringing back the constitution to it,—every statute, concession, grant, bill, from that hour, may have been erroneous, niggard, partial, but this is perfect,—it is ruled for common law,—and so it passes as the Sybil's books.

A. But it has been acted upon from that period!

B. I cry you mercy! During the times of the Star Chamber?

A. That was an iniquitous departure from this Charter, and the contrast proved its iniquity.

B. *Hume* has taught me that the evidence of testimony diminishes in proportion to a fact being unusual: now it seems to me very unusual that a king should sit out of doors, and give to feudal oppressors of his people an inheritance of freedom. He moreover says, that we should be very slow in believing "any report which favours the passion of the reporter, whether it magnifies his country, his family, or himself:" but this report *does* magnify *national* vanity,—the antiquarian, who gave out that he had found the original, magnified *his family* and *name*,—and a reference to it magnifies *each individual* who is pleased to imagine that his house is his castle. I therefore,

though you may call me incredulous and obstinate, do not believe it. It is an epidemic vertigo, and all heads have got wrong together!

Great improbabilities must not always obstruct our assent or shake our faith. Such have often been the odds of battle. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Granicus, Agincourt, recall to our minds contests the most unequal in numbers and in losses.—What might not the glories of Blenheim and Ramilies have warranted England to demand, when from the height of those great victories she dictated the peace of Europe? Hard is it for posterity to believe that she suspended all on the treaty of Utrecht: one clause of which was great, the liberation of the persecuted Huguenots of France. But is it credible that another clause should be found, securing to Britain a share in the Spanish Assiento with the French Guinea Company, by which we won the palmy privilege of furnishing to the Spanish American Dominions, an annual importation of four thousand eight hundred slaves! And sometimes we learn, that where there was to the public eye unmixed atrocity, a redeeming virtue may have existed,—an unknown hand strewed flowers upon Nero's tomb. These improbabilities will often require us to recollect the different position of parties. I will refer to an example, which has long since ceased to be a question of exciting politics. Three royal sepulchres rise between us and that date; and the contending statesmen now sleep side by side among the mighty dead. In the question of the first regency, who would not be surprised to find the absolute monarchism, the popular restraint, in the mouths of those who seem exactly to have changed natures, as well as sides, for that passing turn?

Certain fopperies, a fanfaronnade, of criticism have done much harm to the cause of historic truth. A gentleman of this neighbourhood has done the world the amusing kindness of assuring it, that the two worst-treated personages are Richard the Third and Eugene Aram. The first it seems had a son who was taught the learned languages, and who, when reduced to be a shepherd, spoke of the stolen interviews he had enjoyed with his royal sire. Hunch and all are to be disbelieved! The best

of uncles too! Poor Eugene Aram, it is not to be denied, did commit the murder for which he was executed; but then he laid out the proceeds, as a good botanist should do, in a flower-garden! The Defence may come rather late, but better late than never! The next tyrant, according to popular injustice, who shall receive vindication may be Caligula, and as an appropriate *pendent*, I would put in a plea for Turpin! Could a man be utterly depraved, who rode so well?

Another injury done to historic credit is from the quarter of the drama. Shakspeare is more fascinating,—and more readily, more lastingly, remembered—than Rapin. But as a dramatist he altered, invented, transposed. His Hubert is a knight-attendant upon John, the Hubert of history is Archbishop of Canterbury. For other discrepancies I have not further space. The genius of Walter Scott will never excuse his perversions of history.

A too philosophic tone is adopted by some of these authors. It is not disputed, what Tacitus observed, "that it is incumbent on the writer to rejudge the actions of men, to the end that the good and worthy may meet with the reward due to eminent virtue, and that mischievous citizens may be deterred by the condemnation that waits on evil deeds, at the tribunal of posterity." In this consists the chief part of the historian's duty. But histories have been composed too much on a theory, upon a prejudice,—the course of events has been held back from its natural progress by disquisition,—you were allowed to look at nothing without the troublesome showman bawling into your ears. Coleridge is said to have asked Southey, hearing that he was engaged on his History of Brazil, "Do you write of man natural as Herodotus, or of man political as Thucydides, or of man technical as Polybius?" The answer was smartly happy. "I mean to write the History of Brazil."

I know nothing which would more tend to damage the influence, or pervert the investigation, of history, than a blind acquiescence in Bolingbroke's Letters on its Study and its Use. To his noble style all will bear testimony. But his acerbity, his vanity, his recklessness of remark, his disdain of authority,

leave him most open to suspicion. If any thing more than the rest could disgust the reader, it is his affectation of originality. He tricks up common-places as perfect discoveries. Forsooth, he will "have no regard to the methods prescribed by others." And yet is it no very notable novelty, that "history is conversant about the past, and that by knowing the things that have been, we become better able to judge of the things that are." His invective grows quite termagant on certain topics, and he avows "a thorough contempt for the whole business of certain learned lives: for all the researches into antiquity, for all the systems of chronology and history, that we owe to the immense labours of a Scaliger, a Bochart, a Petavius, an Usher, and even a Marsham." This is strange return from one devoted to history! Surely he must have known his obligations! Surely it is too much to throw contempt upon enquiries which Sir Isaac Newton pursued! But I have particularly introduced this charlatan to combat the moral which he would connect with History. He would inculcate that it is a rule. "By this map of the country," he says, "we who are only passengers in this world, which history spreads before us, may learn, if we please, to guide ourselves." Now nothing worse can be conceived than this abandonment of moral principle. According to it, the first of our race had no guide at all. Virtue and vice are made results of experience, and are founded upon no law. Essential differences between them are exploded. Man has nothing at hand,—fixed, imperative, to regulate him. If he can catch his shadow in history, it is well: if there be none, he must shift for himself. This is far vainer, and more pernicious, than any doctrine expediency ever broached. It is most intangible, most unsusceptible of application. He it was, too, who gave birth to the well-known aphorism: "History is philosophy teaching by example." Were the meaning all, that history should be so written, that it might be philosophy teaching by example, we could have no quarrel with the assertion. But it is far more bald and unqualified. It is designed to convert history into the only code, and only test of right and wrong. It is from history we must deduce our philosophy.

Philosophy will be its student, that it may be a learner from it. She is disciple rather than teacher. And the very materials of history are scarcely fitted for general instruction. It is not man who is so much exhibited there, as a particular class of men. It is not modest virtue which there finds its shaded niche,—ambition there erects its flaunting stage. It is the men of courts and camps, the muster roll of fiercer spirits, who engross it. Instruction cannot respect events, but actions. How generally are these actions,—the sinuous intrigue of ambassadors, the cruel dint of warriors,—but calculated to blunt the moral sense, and sear each generous feeling! It is not a general school for man. The mass of our race love quiet and calm. Only a few seek an element of turbulence. Thus the most convulsing events of history leave the many unaffected, as the earthquake which rends the solid architecture of the city scarcely causes the pilgrim's tent to flap. And if it be the incentive rather than the school, it will follow, that all who seek its fame must stir themselves into notoriety, must conquer renown, must seize the means of aggrandisement, must make it an end, must, as the actors in the ancient theatres, overstrain their parts, must therefore emulate that which, whether good or evil, history most commonly and lavishly applauds. Hapless the lesson, undeserved the honour, of such historic instruction, of such historic award! Far happier are they, and only virtuous, who act on immediate precept; far more dignified they, who treat any history insignificant but the testimony of a good conscience. Our remembrance by posterity is but a chance,—brave men lived before Agamemnon,—and there is no certain verdict in its applause. Let our appeal be to something more authoritative, let our rule be in something more inflexible, let our reward be in something more direct, than the caprice of the historic dicer, or the hazard of the historic die. It is with events, and public interests, that this department of letters has to do,—with political causes and combinations of causes,—that province it well fulfils,—but there must be a revolution in morals ere it may be the exponent of moral rule, or the sanction of moral obligation.

History has too little sympathy with the people. It pauses not to observe their wants. It enters not into their distresses, nor into their wrongs. Yet surely it may be expected to furnish purer scrolls. Its pages shall not be always stained with blood. Violence shall cease to be its chosen and reiterated theme. It shall not march with the car of victory, it shall follow the train and triumph of peace. Virtue shall be the brow for its chaplet, and truth the might it shall rehearse. Nor can we doubt the swelling tendency which all things impel. Disappointment may yet be felt. Retrograde may still be seen. Augury, once and again, may be mistaken. A boastful empiricism may turn many to jealousy, and bring much into suspicion. But another kind of History shall be written. It shall yield to new tastes and to new standards. There is,—however mimicked by the air of pedantry, and the stumble of ignorance,—a stately march of the human mind. Its tread was never more firm, and never so swift. Knowledge rapidly diffuses itself, from individual to individual, from rank to rank, like the gathering illumination of the Torch-Race in the Ancient Games. Rather is it day-break, and darkness flies away! Faithful, unerringly faithful, without a flattering bias, shall the history be, which is yet to be composed,—but bright and holy shall be its records. Honoured shall He be for whom its consummation is reserved, Whose hand shall transcribe the final scene, and Who shall conclude the eventful, bitter, solemn, though not unrelieved, tale of our earth and of our species, with an epilogue of enduring concord and true glory!

"Ὃς δ' αν ανευ μανιάς Μουσῶν ἐπι ποιητικὰς θυρας αφικηται πεισθεις ὡς αρα εκ τεχνης ἱκανῶς ποιητης εσομενος, ατελης αυτος τε και ἡ ποιησις ὑπο τῆς τῶν μαινομενων ἡ τε σωφρονοῦντος ηφανισθη."

PLATO.—Phædrus.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

HORACE.

"Our Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus' ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the Nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art."

ADDISON.

ON THE TRAGIC GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

If arbitrary Characters in writing be not the abbreviation and disguise of ruder but more natural signs constituting a Picture-language,—if they be a sudden and perfect invention, like the full-armed Minerva bursting from the brain of Jove,—if Cadmus could rule off his Alphabet at once,—we are, of necessity, carried back to a far earlier age in which substances and events were denoted by graphic resemblances and representations. Such drawings might be more or less skilfully executed,—their usefulness, in the first employment made of them, depended upon the accuracy of the impression they conveyed. As the daub, when a likeness, is preferred to the masterpiece if a distortion of those we love, and would recall,—so the primitive symbol was best valued that was most clearly self-interpretative, and that scribe wrote the best hand which had the least contraction and circumflex to be decyphered. It was thus, very probably, that transactions were traced on more durable tablets than sand and wax ; their outline would be attempted in plaster and even stone. Their religious buildings would be regarded as the safest depositories of these memorials. The sacred marbles were thus uncouthly sculptured, and the idea was doubtless borrowed from them which expanded and refined itself in many a classic composition of architecture and statuary in a future æra,—the storied column, pediment, and frieze.

But in addition to these Symbols, counters and marks for things,—a species of instruction arose commonly denominated Symbolic Action. This was accomplished through significant courses of gesture by living individuals or groups. In such personifications the national chronicles were told, narrative was pourtrayed, history was embodied. Man was called by the Greeks Μιμητικον ζωον. The more oriental the people, the more

dexterous they appear in its use, and the more susceptible of its influence. Behaviour, the extravagance of insipidity in itself, became, having this intention, informed with meaning, and capable of defence. Instances of this kind, the Res Gesta, are not infrequent in either sacred or secular authors. All, in the management of it, is advised, sustained, consistent. It is not Ajax butchering the herds, nor Xerxes lashing the waves: nothing is wanton or idle. It is the excess and exuberance of the poetic feeling. It is its own congenial method of notifying instruction, and perhaps warning. If a penitent nation drew water and poured it out before their Deity on the day of their fast, it showed their sense that tears of grief should thus copiously flow. If a man walked bare-foot, it might be to express the utter destitution and shame to which captive kingdoms should be reduced. If another continued for many days to eat his bread by weight and drink his water by measure, it might pre-intimate the approaching visitation of famine. To set a little child in the midst of an assembly, might aptly subserve the inculcation of simplicity and meekness. To bind oneself with the girdle of a friend, might denote the certainty of his being cast into bonds and prisons. To rend the garment might image grief or horror. To plunge a mill-stone into the midst of the sea, might forebode the sudden and total catastrophe of some people or system. Passing from these well-known descriptive acts and foreshadowing imitations of the Hebrews, we may seek similar allusive, sensible, deportment, "the living drollery," excellent dumb discourse, in the Classical writings of Greece and Rome. In the first book of the Iliad, the enraged Achilles having struck with his heavy hand, χειρα βαρειαν, his silver-hilted sword, and dashed it back into its scabbard, to prove by this show of behaviour that he will restrain any violence which his tutelary goddess had interdicted,—after having indulged his sallies of scorn and invective against Agamemnon,—proceeds to another deed of the same expressive style. He swears by his sceptre, which he pathetically declares never shall bud more, stripped of its foliage and its bark since it abandoned its stem on the mountains,—yet such as the rulers of Achaia bore who were

appointed by Jove to be the preservers of the laws,—and then flings it, inlaid with golden studs, χρυσειοις ηλοισι πεπαρμενον, upon the ground. He thus formally asserts that he breaks from the confederacy of the chiefs, and withdraws from all co-operation with them; not altogether failing to impress upon the Council, the loss incurred by the host, and to the cause, in the secession of that influence of which his sceptre was the image, the casting down of which marked that his allies had no more the confidence, and should possess no more the concert, of Phthia's king and Peleus' son.—Æschylus had offended his countrymen, and especially the guardians of religion, by the freedom of some of his compositions; for this supposed license of impiety he was condemned to death; when his brother Amynias lifted up the stump of a mutilated arm, lost in the battle of Salamis, made his silent appeal, by this patriotic sacrifice, to the mercy of the court, and won the sought-for pardon.—The dagger reeking with the blood of the chaste Lucretia made Brutus powerful, and the shambles-knife, plucked from the bosom of Virginia, could not be waved by her father without the fall of Appius, as certainly as though it had struck him to the heart.—The awful ceremony by which the Roman heroes devoted themselves to the Dii Manes, in battle, was most impressive. Livy, in his eighth and tenth Books, preserves some of its most solemn incidents. Much depended upon the appearance of the dress, and the religious ritual of the self-immolation. The heroic victim covered his head with the prætexta, thrust his hand up under that gown to his chin, and stood upon a spear laid horizontally beneath his feet. The pontiff then dictated to him the formula which he recited. Afterwards, being girded in the Gabine cincture, a garb which the consul always assumed in declaring war, he leaped on his horse and plunged into the thick of the enemy. The daring, the votiveness, the generosity, of the sacrifice,—the imagined favour of the infernal deities,—generally raised the courage of the legions to enthusiasm, and spread panic among the foe. "There," says the historian, speaking concerning Decius, "he appeared in the view of both armies, far more august than human bearing: as if sent from heaven to appease all the wrath

of the gods: to turn destruction from his own ranks to those of his adversaries."—When Hannibal had incited the young prisoners, whom he had captured from the enemies that harassed his passage across the Alps, to bloody contests with each other, for the prize of a few suits of armour and a few well-appointed steeds,—they surviving to receive their rewards, or dying to be released from their present bitter bonds and sufferings,—he told his Carthaginians, that he had presented that spectacle that they might, by discerning their own condition in the fate of those unhappy captives, more clearly judge what they themselves should resolve; that, in the combat they had seen, and the prize offered to the conqueror, there was displayed a perfect image of that state into which they were brought by fortune: that they must conquer, or be slain, or fall alive into the power of their enemies.—Artaphernes, brother to Darius, said to the Athenian ambassadors sent by Clisthenes, "Send Darius earth and water, and he will accept your alliance," these being the accustomed symbols of homage.—Themistocles is counselled by the wife of Admetus to take their child in his hand, and to sit down on the hearth, that rising when the king of the Mollosians should enter, he might rise with the child, which Thucydides, in relating the events, describes as "the most pathetic form of supplication."—When the Samians sent to Lacedæmon for succours in distress, their orators spoke a laboured speech. It being ended, the Spartans answered, that they had forgotten the first part, and could not comprehend the latter. Whereupon they produced their empty bread-baskets, and said they wanted bread. "What need of words," was the reply, "do not your empty bread-baskets tell your wants?"—One more of these specimens shall content us. When Brennus, with his Gauls, had invested the capitol, about eighty of the most venerable and illustrious old Romans devoted themselves to death; holding the common superstition that thus confusion and terror would overtake the invaders. The noble veterans, arrayed in the richest ensigns of their respective conditions,—pontifices, consuls, generals who had obtained their triumphs,—placed their curule chairs on the Forum, and seated themselves with the most

unshrinking bravery. Their magnificent apparel, their noble aspect, their silence, their firmness, caused the barbarians for a long while to stand distantly and reverently, as though gazing upon what was divine. At last the resentment of a soldier's rude curiosity, by Marcus Papirius, led to the merciless massacre of all these self-devoted senators, who had attempted none of that mystery which their butchers had suspected, but were ranged and attired according to the sanctity of their vow, and the dreadness of their resolution.

The disposition of the human mind to reflect itself in symbols, and then in the painting of symbolic actions, advances still further in illustrative Celebrations. Heraldry not only engraved its proud device and cognizance,—as on the shields of the seven chiefs against Thebes,—Sculpture not only wrought its enigmatic ponderous monuments, its Sphinx, its Colossus,—but processions, movements, exercises, and images, were made to syllable some historic tale, or memorable transaction. The Olympic Games, and their commemorative character, have been already discussed. The Apollinarian of Rome were little more than holidays and songs, in honour of Apollo, no part of the Greek Pentathlon being admitted. The festive celebrations which I intend are more scenic. Take that of Adonis. The former portion of the festival was filled with the expressions of frantic grief. While the statue of the youth was in imaginary interment, the loudest lamentations filled the air. When it began to be raised, the joy of the multitude broke forth into exclamations of joy, and acts of revelry. Not only were such spectacles exhibited in Phenician Biblus, but in Phrygia. The Corybantes bewailed the death of Atys, to whom Cybele was attached. Indeed alternations of dejection and rapture distinguished all those festive rites which were classed under the denomination of mysteries. Of this kind were the orgies of Bacchus. Αυτοϛχεδιαϛματα, were extempore songs in his praise. It is probable that more of a continued chronicle was contained in the Dithyrambics, than in any other mystic songs. Could we separate the dissolute noise and ribaldry of the Bacchanals, from the truths, historic and moral, which they

obscured and discredited, old Dionysus might prove himself a benefactor, and the Thyrsus be tossed on high, an emblem of temperance, order, and peace. Our best authority is the Tragedy of the Bacchæ, by Euripides. It was probably acted during the feast. It is evidently intended to censure the madness of profligacy, the furor of vice, which commonly prevailed, while yet the poet would defend the rite. Here are deposited the precious remains of that strange worship, from which tragedy derives its name, the goat being the animal commonly sacrificed to that deity.* And this seems to be all that we know respecting the transition of the serious drama, from the floor of the tumbril and moveable scaffold, with its recitations and chants, to the noble theatre of Athens, its lofty embodyings and choral odes. Horace speaks with great caution and diffidence in relation to this subject. Thespis, it is said, invented a new genius of tragedy, and to have carried his pieces about in carts, which his company, being first besmeared with the lees of wine, sung and represented. After him Æschylus, the author of the vizard and noble robe, covered the stage with planks of a tolerable size, and taught his actors to speak with majestic voice and to tread with measured step. It was to the honour of this great tragedian that he loved to confess his obligations. To Homer his was ever a ready acknowledgment: Τεμαχη των Ομηρου μεγαλων δειπνων. And now we can feel our way independently. For we have noble remains of the Melpomene of Greece. To that muse we must very freely attribute whatever after ages have witnessed and created of tragic power to move our pity and awake our fear.

The previous induction will go far to simplify the origin of the drama. Symbolic action seems a natural and favourite method of conveying knowledge and depicting sentiment. Many circumstances, religious and political, have drawn forth this tendency: until at last Genius the most consummate found in it the vehicle for its inspirations.

* The goat was also the prize of the tragic contests:—"Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum."—*Hor*: *Ars Poet*: 220.

Bentley quite scorns those who would derive it from τρυγωδια, or τραχεια ωδη: he calls the "guesses absurd and ridiculous."—*Dissertation on Phalaris.*

After an interval of more than two thousand years,—when Tragedy was supposed to have achieved its last proficiency, and won its perfect climax,—our country gave birth to a poet, whom we can confidently place side by side with the most exquisite masters of the classic æra, and of the sweetest song,—for whom we can accept no second seat in the choir of all ancient and all modern bards. I need not voice the name of Shakspeare!

It may be permitted me to say, that disapproving of the acted drama as a school of morality and source of amusement,—that incredulous of its susceptibility of any decided improvement,—that convinced that the ideal and vision of poetry are injured by the proudest imitations of the histrionic art,—no taunt can lie against me because I enthusiastically love the dramatic literature of the olden model. It is a solid substitute and compensation to me for all my loss of the pleasure which others derive from theatrical show, mechanism, and illusion. I can read my authors,—their strain of harmonious numbers is my orchestra,—their vivid description paints, illumes, and shifts my scenery,—their summons crowds my stage with kingly presence, struggling virtue, awful incantation,—and the "Veluti in speculum" I can afford to forego, when they bid their creations rise up without a medium, and speak without an interpreter for themselves. In discussing the Tragic claims of Shakspeare, it seems proper to compare him with the Greek writers of this stamp, or to oppose him to them.

In education, and in situation of life, they were incomparably his superiors. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, were rhetoricians and philosophers. The first was the brother of the chief naval commander in the battle of Salamis, the second was the associate of Pericles, the third was the pupil of Socrates and Anaxagoras. The Athenians were not the people to whose vulgarity the youth of Avon was compelled to stoop. They could applaud a Herodotus, they could sing a Pindar: they could pause amidst the rudest struggles of the stadium, and listen with a fixed delight to verse and to narrative: they were worthy judges between orators contending for the crown.—Shakspeare was by no means learned; few were his acquisitions

of scholarship, though no writer of the Elizabethan age employs the classic vocabulary with greater propriety, and his native tongue with purer force. He did not find a language, richly attuned, critically moulded, as did the Greeks when they wrote their Attic: he greatly contributed to form the language in which he wrote. Like Archilocus, he invented his own iambic. He had to draw off his audience from the bear-garden,—to teach, to raise, them: and we need not be surprised, however we must regret, that he sunk too frequently into a grossness that nothing can justify,—a grossness which I do believe himself would loathe. Glad should I be to think with Coleridge, that these are the vicious interpolations of transcribers of his dramas for the stage; or that they are the vile impertinences of clowns speaking much "more than was set down for them." It is plain that he is often indignant with his restraints. He can commend that which "pleases not the million, which is caviar to the general." But whatever the license of his age, whatever his superior morality to coetaneous dramatists, whatever the fabrications foisted into his text, I cannot hide it from myself, nor obstinately conceal it, that a general defence of his writings is impossible against this charge,—that a coarse impurity is too often found in plot, as well as phrase, for which he is wholly responsible,—that there are lamentable proofs of a complacency wantoning in the scenes along which he, who has the choice of his fable, should not have suffered himself to rush, even with averted eye and flying footstep. If I can recollect any duty here, save that of letters, it shall be to warn, and not to call evil good; his mighty genius instead of being the palliative of this rank offence, is its unspeakable aggravation.

It is unnecessary to go into the claims of our bard to erudition. It is not what and whom he quoted, that will decide the extent of his learning, so much as his style. Now this is often very etymological. "The extravagant and erring spirit." "The segregation of the fleet." "Metaphysical aid." "I do agnize." "That yesterday did suspire." "Stemming it with acts of controversy." "Orgulous chiefs." It may be added, that his prosodies are almost invariably good, though his Posthu-

mus varies from that of Horace: and that his French would little shrink from the dialogue of Molière. Mine impression is, that he had an ordinary education, read much of the extant history of former and of his own times, was rather careless than ignorant of the unities of the dramatic rule, had no dream of the immortality to which he is destined, with unconscious effort lavished his noble riches, knew nothing of the "limæ labor et mora," the "perfectum castigavit ad unguem,"—that, in short, he wrote for the relief of his teeming fancy, and for the supply of his daily bread. Farmer's Essay may be consulted on this subject, and the different Prefaces of his commentators. Milton can be no mean authority in guaging such a mind. He draws the distinction between Ben Jonson's learned taste, and Shakspeare's unhampered riot of intellect:

"Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."*

It by no means follows that his mind was strange to high aspirations. These are the mocking hopes of genius, and belong to its yearnings. Desires might pant within him, which still in sobriety he would not indulge. The modesty, which ever accompanies true greatness, would render him patient when his merits were overlooked: and frequent disappointment would constrain him to adopt an estimate of his powers, far less exalted than youthful imagination had ventured to embrace:

"He grew immortal in his own despight."†

These disparities being duly considered, we may now pursue a train of remarks on the merits of the Grecian Tragedians, and on whatever parallelism, perchance transcendence, we may discover in the Poet of our own. The Roman authors of this class, if any exist, are unknown to me, except Seneca, and his compositions are, though often elegant, professed and certainly heavy imitations of the Greek prototypes. He indeed borrows

* L'Allegro. † Pope.

all their subjects: Medea, Hippolytus, Œdipus, Thebais, Agamemnon, Hercules, Furens and Œtæus. But he, forgetting their judgment in only just referring to the horrible banquet served by Atreus to Thyestes, with taste, almost as horrible, pursues it, while his chorus descants at large upon the phenomenon—which is a grand tradition when simply told—that the sun, lest it should see the frightful preparations, fled backward in its course.

That play upon words, which is so common to the age of Shakspeare, and which throws an occasional air of levity over his works, is not unknown in the Grecian Tragedy, as in the Aias Mastigophorus:*—the exhibitions of the horrible, as in our Poet's description of Gloucester's eyes, are anticipated by Œdipus tearing out his own eyes before the assembled thousands of Greece.

It seems a characteristic master-stroke of Shakspeare that he lays the foundation of every play in Human Nature. This is his field, his theatre. He never overstrains its common elements. His heroes are as much men as his peasants. Passions may be excited to uncommon strength, but they are common passions. Fires may shoot from the heart raging and blasting, but their native sparks always smouldered there. Let the sphere to which his characters are raised, let the strange circumstances in which they are called to move, be what they may,—man reads his counterpart and sees his image. The "sceptred pall of his tragedy,"—his ideality of range,—his power of combination,—his command of allusion and illustration, as if all things were to him as a loan and pawn,—his magic, his sorcery, his spectral dead,—never tempt him away from the intimacies of the human breast. Its depths he haunts and explores only. From it he evokes his spirits. His supernatural is but the sublimation of our nature. Portents, visions, the wizard, the ghost, only send back upon us the reflection of ourselves. Like the harvest of

* "Αι, Αι· τις αν ποτ' ωιθ' ωδ' επωνυμον
Τὀυμον ξυνοισειν ονομα τοις εμοις κακοις;"—433.

John of Gaunt's changes upon his name are not in inferior taste.—*Richard the Second.*

Cadmus, the warriors, though armed and frantic, are but men. His buskin merely imparts dignity to the tread and march of the human foot, his truncheon merely lends sweep and sway to the human arm. In the Enchanted Isle, in the Cave of Acheron, in the Roman Forum, in the Illyrian Court, by the banks of the Rialto, amid the Cambrian dell,—he never forgets the proportions of a true humanity. He, so to speak, transmigrates into the forms of others, and yet still his soul actuates and speaks through them all.

Often does he, as if by an incidental touch, redeem some of the more monstrous forms of evil which he has bid rise up before him. It would not have been natural to have drawn them in unrelieved shade. He invents, but as if with unconscious intention, some excuse. Iago thinks,—for in soliloquy men speak truth,—that he once had cause of jealousy against the Moor, and the thought "doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw his inwards." Shylock has suffered no little contumely and outrage, and they are still insolently threatened, from the victim for whose blood he thirsts. Edmund the parricide becomes the avenger of his wrongful birth; while we cannot forget Gloucester's libertine badinage about that birth in his actual presence, turning the mother into wanton sport before her own child:

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us."

But this is not generally true of the graver Muse of Greece. Self-promptings, natural impulses, the workings of the heart, are overborne by stern inexorable Fate. Man is driven on by an unrelenting power. He is a machine by which the gods display their caprice or spite. He is defended by one and persecuted by another. He is no longer the creature of liberty. Benevolence is punished. Truth is scorned. The man is lost in the hero or victim. For example, let us examine the Προμηθευς Δεσμωτης, of Æschylus, the Prometheus Bound. We are hurried at once to the crags of Caucasus, where all is wild and haggard. Force and Strength, attended by Vulcan, drag in their prisoner. Force (Βια) speaks not, but seems occupied in holding him.

Strength (Κρατος) exults and declaims in wanton, boastful, fulness of conscious sufficience. We watch the horrid process of manacling the hapless sufferer, and seem to hear each hammer-stroke which mortices his chains into the rock. Even Vulcan softens, and is constrained to pity: while Strength scoffs and threatens such relenting. There is inimitable skill in this personification. Brute strength is opposed to knowledge: Prometheus is the teacher of art and wisdom to men. Strength delights in his punishment. Vulcan, however, has a natural sympathy with craft and invention: he therefore is affected by the sentence which he executes. These ministers of wrath having left Prometheus, he, who would not utter a groan within their hearing, vents his loud complaints. We begin to commiserate the man, when we listen to his wailings, when we learn that he naturally dislikes every intrusion on his misery, even preferring to have suffered in the caverns of Tartarus. But then his fierce defiance, his thirst of revenge, his foresight, check our fellow-feeling. The interest we took in him for the sake of his first declaration,—that all his doom had been brought upon him by his good will to our race,—is interrupted by his confession that he assisted Jove against Saturn. Our pity is well-nigh steeled,—and, therefore, this sublime author now brings to the base of the awful precipice, Oceanus, as if we need should feel if the sea, so untameable, so pitiless, can feel. But knowing that the passion could not be long sustained, for Prometheus disdains his intercession for any relief, a new object appears to direct it. Io wanders into sight. Weary, foodless, stung by the brize, the glare of the dead eyes of Argus ever pursuing,—more frightful slain than living,—no spectacle can be more heart-rending. The daughters of Ocean ask her future lot. Prometheus declares it, forecasting in her line the birth of Hercules, who should be his deliverer. Her gentleness well suits as a foil to his ferocious pride. Now he again and again taunts the expostulation of Mercury, retaining his secret of revenge. Human feeling seems extinguished. He speaks of himself as a god wronged by the gods. It ceases to be human guilt or human retribution. It belongs not to our history. It takes not hold upon our heart. And knowing how

he struggled against a superior might, that he saw and braved the consequences of the unequal competition, that it is a contest which we cannot arbitrate of supernal energies, we little yield ourselves to mourn him, when he reveals that the provocation is at last resented, that the bolt has fallen,—and we behold the cliff yawn, and the tempest burst, and the eagle swoop and gorge itself on his vitals.

Shakspeare contents himself with more ordinary facts than the ancient stage admitted. Love was almost a stranger to the tragedy of the Greeks. All was disproportioned to the common business and tenour of life. But he found a ballad, a tradition, and from its sperm he caused to grow his gorgeous trunks and luxuriant fruits. The familiar tale was weft enough for his golden tissue. He so far regards the tragic rule, that he generally borrows the legend which has some connection with courts and nobles. Perhaps in this he is right. Many a domestic horror and desolation does occur, but tragedy demands something of notoriety and distinction. It is not that regal sufferings are in themselves the greater,—but the palace, the diadem, the rich patrimony, the heraldic name, mark more strongly the vicissitude, force our pity by our surprise, and we feel that needs must we weep with them so fallen from their high estate. Wordsworth has tried to lift up the simplicities of common life to this point of interest, to discard all that is fortuitous, to leave sorrow in its unaided pensiveness, despair in its unattended grandeur. Exquisite as is his beauty, deep as is his power, I cannot but regard his machinery of poetry as a failure. Shakspeare could not have redeemed the error himself. Indeed he never hazarded it. But it is very astonishing how many little incidents he can retain, and how he can adhere to the adopted story, without impairing the general effect. What business James Gurney has in King John, it were hard to say: the exchange of rapiers, between Laertes and Hamlet, is a clumsy contrivance: —but I believe that Lady Falconbridge had that quiet easy servant, "Good leave, good Philip;" and that the contrivance belongs to the Danish Tale. Unlike this unpretending use of common incident and legend, the Greek writers seize upon the

strangest and most monstrous events. They clear their proscenium of all that will not fully suit their purpose. They keep not only to one genus of subjects, but almost to one series of history. This is remarkable in the Trilogies, as they have been called, of Æschylus: Προμηθευς Πυρφορος, Προμηθευς Δεσμωτης, Προμηθευς Εξαιρεομενος,—only one of which is preserved. It is likewise carried out in his Agamemnon, Choephoroi, and Eumenides. These were called the Oresteia, to which was appended as the burlesque, Proteus Satyricus. This is most singular, a kind of farce was commonly added to this series of tragedies, turning the whole into burlesque! How much does Sophocles owe of his Œdipus Tyrannus and his Œdipus in Colonus, of his Antigone and Electra, to Æschylus in his Seven Champions against Thebes, and his Choephoroi: how much is Euripides indebted to his predecessors for his kindred themes, the Electra, the Iphigenia in Aulis and in Tauris, and the Orestes! In the Phœnissæ, Œdipus re-appears; in the Supplicants we have the mothers of the unburied chiefs who fell before the walls of Thebes. An ambition of such subjects has infected some modern writers. Corneille has selected Medea and Œdipus; Racine,—Iphigenia and Hippolytus, under the name of Phædra; Voltaire,—Œdipus and Orestes; Alfieri,—Orestes, Agamemnon, Polynices, and Antigone. How incomparably greater is the purview of Shakspeare! He draws around him no narrow circle! The spirits he calls to him are of no one order! And his mind informs them all, dilates their faculties, employs their organs—monarch and hind, sage and grave-digger, elf and goblin, beldame and fiend. He invests them all with appropriate character, and teaches them appropriate utterance. Nothing is too mean for him to raise: nothing is so raised that it overpowers him. With giant-ease he disposes of his plan and his agency: there is no strain nor expenditure of strength.

> " Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

There is a marked predilection in the ancient tragedians for the *horrible* in vice, whether that vice be voluntary, or the con-

sequence of some stern necessity. The marriage of Jocasta to her own son,—the murder of the Argive conqueror by his own wife,—the shriek of the guilty mother falling amidst the imprecations, and under the blows, of him she reared, a sister instigating the brother's parricidal hand,—Medea's butchery of her children,—Creon's sentence of living interment,—these all oppress and shock the soul. Could I for a moment believe that Shakspeare had any paternity in Titus Andronicus and Pericles, I should be unable to oppose him with any success to these great authors. Those dramas are daubs of blood and incest. But we may observe, in his genuine plays, the stamp and coinage of his tender spirit. He gloats in nothing which revolts. In a few instances he violates the Horatian rule:

> "Non tamen intus
> Digna geri promes in scenam."

But there is nothing of the unnatural in his most frightful acts: or else there is a tincture of compassion and truth in their execution.

> "Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done it."

> "Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?"

Shakspeare always wrings a confession from his guilty characters of their misery. Their triumphing is short. Their hearts give forth a bitter cry. The Tekel burns on the palace-walls which they have usurped. The awful Mete-yard weighs them, and leaves them wanting. Claudius, Alonso, Iachimo, Angelo, Richard, Macbeth, are placed before us in every feature of distraction and every attitude of despair. It had been much to have described their retributive fears, the furies of their remorse, the omens of their fate. But it is their own cry which we hear, it is their own confession of the guilty secret and the inward horror which they force upon us, it is their self-extorted groan. They have felt the wretchedness of guilt, the punishment which quick-footed follows crime, and they, of their own accord alone, vent their anguish.

The most hideous wickedness which he represents is the

effect of common passions, whose development he unwinds with the finest caution and perspicuity; and he seems to shun that exemplification of vice which is gratuitous and unaccountable, which elucidates no principle and impresses no warning.

The accuracy with which our Poet classifies his characters, minutely shading them, endlessly variegating them, never suffering them to mix and confound with each other, is a characteristic of his potent art. Each retains its species. It is distinct, not only in its outline, but to its touch. This may be illustrated by his warriors. It has been the fashion to depict Macbeth as pusillanimous: and this by a contrast with Banquo. Now nothing can exceed the testimonies to his personal courage.

> "For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
> Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
> Which smoked with bloody execution,
> Like Valour's minion,
> Carved out his passage, 'till he found the slave;
> And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
> Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
> And fixed his head upon our battlements."

He is "Bellona's Bridegroom," he confronts "the most disloyal traitor," "point against point, arm against arm." He is hailed by the messengers of his sovereign:

> "When he reads
> Thy *personal* venture in the rebel's fight,
> His wonders and his praises do contend.
> . . . .
> In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day,
> He finds thee in the stout Norweyan rank,
> Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
> Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
> Came post with post, and every one did bear
> Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
> And poured them down before him."

He is proudly preferred to Banquo, his companion in command, whose praises are very lightly recited, and whose rank is not advanced. The intrepidity of Macbeth is the one subject of applause and of reward. How unreasonable is the criticism which

would deny him constitutional heroism and martial daring! For what is the moral intended to be taught?—that dint and bravery are no antidotes to the fears of superstition, and the stings of guilt. To the very last the physical fortitude of the guilty regicide is unbroken. He is the "confident tyrant," "he cannot taint with fear," he "bears his heart," he "dies with harness on his back." But a new class of terrors may appal him. The spectre's "gory locks," the voice that cried "Sleep no more through all the house," the sea of blood through which he wades, the bodements of fate, the juggleries and tamperings of evil spirits, whose promises one by one are broken,—the scorpion-scourge of remorse,—these may well distract the stoutest heart. It is the design to show that they can and must thus operate. He

"Cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule."
"His secret murders sticking on his hands."
"His pestered senses do recoil and start
When all that is within him doth condemn
Itself for being there."

Beyond a doubt his courage, in its ordinary sense, does not abate, but rather strengthens with the pressure of his circumstances, and the extinction of his better feelings. None of his enemies defame him as coward!

"Yet I will try the last; before my body
I throw my warlike shield,—lay on Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough!"

Now look into his mind! There is the bane and the bitterness. The sense of guilt is there. Greatly he suffers the disappointment and craving in which that guilt has abandoned him. "Vaulting ambition" writhes in its fall. The milk of human kindness no longer warms his heart. The amiabilities of his nature, which once brought their sweet recompense with them, are turned to gall. He not only dreads the "rabble's curse," he already hears the "curses not loud but deep,"—"old age," "the sear, the yellow leaf," has crept upon him,—the tie is fast

dissolving which bound him to his cruel queen, dying of "the perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart,"—until at last his soul stagnates in that tideless insensibility, which is harder than any pang to bear. What a withering sequel!

First there is *callousness:*

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek: and my fell of hair
Would at a *dismal treatise* rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

Then there is *indifference*, selfish and heartless, to all the relationships and fondnesses of life:

"She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word."

And *lastly*, his refuge is taken in those views of life which a cold and barren *Infidelity* only could offer,—of life as an unmeaning passage or shrewd expedient or mimic show,—in views of death which the same source only could supply,—of death hopeless and unsucceeded by any future,—agreeably to his bravado in the first act:

"But here upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We 'd jump the life to come."

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing———."

The courage of Richard the Third is no stronger in its texture, but it has more lightness and gaiety in it. He is the easy villain. He can smile, and murder as he smiles. He reflects upon nothing. It cost him nothing to woo the Lady Anne,

"Her woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words."

It is a jest with him to stab the gallant Edward:

> "Sprawls't thou? take that, to end thy agony."

It is a sparkle of wit to settle his arrears with a courtier:

> "Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein."

You may always suspect his merriment:

> "There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
> When he doth bid good-morrow with such a spirit."

He will supply Anne's place with Elizabeth:

> "To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer."

He, too, like Macbeth, has his despondings:

> "I have not that alacrity of spirit,
> Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

He also knows remorse:

> "O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"

In him may be seen the distinction between personal courage, and the power of defying supernatural agency:

> "Shadows to-night
> Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
> Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
> Armed in proof."

Superstition infects him:

> "The sun will not be seen to-day:
> The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
> I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
> Not shine to-day!"

But his courage never forsakes him:

> "The king enacts more wonders than a man."

Hotspur is a head-strong spirit, Falconbridge a bluff cavalier. These remarks might be extended to other classifications of characters,—this is a specimen. Shakspeare individualises more than Homer himself: nor can I find any approach to this in the leading personages of the Greek drama. They run into each other. It is frequently the same round of stately mono-

tony. Seldom is there to be found in any one drama that variety which nearly all his may boast. They felt it necessary to keep down every character but that of the principal: even Jason is made a meagre outline to give effect to Medea. Shakspeare often crowds his stage without any entanglement of the fable, or distraction of the interest.

A first, or careless, reading of this author, might be compared to our bursting admiration, on beholding suddenly the interior of some gorgeous temple. The order, the outline, at once is caught. But the grandeur overpowers. In astonishment at the whole, we overlook the nature of the proportions, and the grace of each minutest part. The oratories, the altars, have their exquisite finish. Not a recess, not a tracery, not an intercolumniation, but agrees.

It is a great peculiarity of Shakspeare that he has written so many historical plays. These have been objected to as neither tragedies nor comedies. Percy, in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, informs us that this tripartite distinction was early taken. He quotes from Stow, from Beaumont and Fletcher, and the well-known commendation of the actors by Polonius, "the best in the world for tragedy, comedy, history, &c." He adds also, that, in the first folio edition of his works, 1623, by his friends Heminge and Condell, "they have not only intituled it, Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads." This being the rule on which he formed them, they should be judged accordingly. Their structure and mechanism have always rendered them most popular. It is, indeed, wonderful that, living comparatively so near to the events, he could give to them their surpassing dignity. In his hands they have no modern familiarity about them. A "muse of fire" sings them. They are lifted to "the brightest heaven of invention." They are "swelling scenes." Agreeably to the laws of Aristotle in his Poetics, such tragedy possesses all the advantages of the epic, with its accompaniments of an accidental kind, is more clear and more directly impressive, is more integral, having fewer subordinate parts to fatigue the attention

and divide the sympathy. His History may not be always the most authentic: his fictions, especially his comic, may not always comport with historic dignity: but there is no general, no moral, distortion of the truth. Euripides has erred in the gloss he has thrown upon several historical personages. If we know any thing of the persons whom he too much excuses,—Helena, Clytemnestra, Medea, are names devoted to deserved infamy. His representations describe Helena as pure and faithful to Menelaus, and that only an aerial likeness was carried by Paris to Troy: we are inclined to palliate the crime of Clytemnestra, because her husband is described as deceiving her with the promise of her daughter's marriage with Achilles when she was required for a victim, and as having been herself forced into a hated marriage: we are blinded to the monster cruelty of Medea, because, first assured of her excessive maternal love, we are informed that she mangled her children as the only method of reaching the feelings of her husband, and of resenting his perfidy. The car in which she is borne away, above his reach, with its yoke of dragons, being a miracle, leaves the idea that the gods approved the deed. He also is unjust in the view of Hecuba, as if one Trojan excellence was grudged by a Greek. For a very love of vice he paints every crime in Menelaus.

In nothing does Shakspeare more surpass these his only rivals, than in his conception of Female Character. The loveliest daughters of our nature grace his scene. Some of these may truly be set forth in Burke's own language: "never lighted on this orb, which they hardly seem to touch, more delightful visions. We see them just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere they just begin to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendour and joy." The innocent Imogen, causing her servant to repeat the farewell of Posthumus,—eagerly questioning him concerning the distance to the "Blessed Milford,"—when warned that calumny, which "outvenoms all the worms of Nile," had accused her, asking, "What is it to be false?"—grieving herself to think "how her lord's memory will soon be panged by her,"—removing his letters

which had been "stomachers to her heart," that they might not intercept the blow he commanded to be dealt her,—seeking it:

> "Pry'thee dispatch;
> The lamb entreats the butcher:"

The poor weary Fidele mournfully exclaiming,

> "I think foundations fly the wretched;"

trying to be happy in the cave of Belarius,—

> "A smiling with a sigh,"

supposed to be dead and to have died of melancholy,—from her manly attire, bewailed by Polydore and Cadwal as a brother,—the humble dirge sung over her,—her awaking terror,—her conscience of not strictly uttering the truth to Lucius,—her challenge of the diamond on the hand of Iachimo,—her outbreaking joy in recognising her brother,—her vindication,

> "The temple
> Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself,"———

all make up the sweetest, purest, picture of woman's wedded love.—Well might Hamlet harp upon such a daughter as Ophelia. Her parting with Laertes,

> "Do you doubt that?"

her simple truthful answers to Polonius, who enquires of the Lord Hamlet's tenders of affections,—her ignorance of his meaning when he had burst upon her, wild and incoherent, from the sight of the ghost of his buried father,—his appeal to her,

> "Nymph, in thy orisons,
> Be all my sins remembered,"———

her lamentation that she is,

> "Of ladies most deject and wretched;"

after his cruel slight and desertion, yet unupbraiding,—her madness,—her filial devotion amidst its paroxysms,—her snatches of song,—

> "I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him in the cold ground,"

then crowned with fantastic wreaths of flowers, making her little presents,—

"I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died,"

her death, "mermaid-like," or rather that the water-lily which had opened its flower so meekly and chastely on the surface of the stream, broke from its slender stem, and sunk in the current,—her funeral deprived of requiem,—all constitute a creature of such innocence, and a tale of such anguish, as never were surpassed.—Perdita is fairer than the flowers she twines into her garland, she is queen of the greensward and the woodland, her voice is sweeter than the mating turtle, her step lighter than the bounding fawn, we dread her recovery from her sylvan banishment, even to her Father's Court. Would she could continue shepherdess for ever!—Desdemona wants not the grim visage of the Moor to make her lovely. She is very simplicity, until sorrow and cruelty raise her higher.

"Am I that name Iago?"
"Such as she says, my lord did say I was?"

Touching is her reply to Emilia's wish that she "had never seen him:"

"So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,—
Pry'thee unpin me,—have grace and favour in them."

Then how natural is her reminiscence of her mother's maid, called Barbara!

"She was in love: and he, she loved, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her."

It strikes in with her own fear of Othello's madness, her apprehension of being abandoned by him, and the presentiment of her approaching death, just entering the bed from which she shall not rise again.

"O she was heavenly true."————

Juliet, the child of wayward love, ignorant of the world, finding in a moment the fellow of her soul, the twin of her heart,—her credulousness so fond, that it is the nightingale and not the

lark, a meteor and not the sun,—spoiled by her parents and then sacrificed,—her worth had scarce been known from the melancholic praises of Romeo,—the strewments, the tears, "the funeral praises" of Paris, show that she might be "honoured," as well as loved.—What a ministering angel is Cordelia to her "mightily abused" parent! How she watches his awakening from sleep and madness! Her flowing tears fall on the neck of the old man, and help his return of memory and love—

"Be your tears wet?"

Can appeal be nobler?

"Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire."——

Catharine is noble in appeal against injustice, loves on, however wronged, yearns in very tenderness, rises to a proud generosity of forgiveness, is chastened and meetened by affliction to join the "blessed troop" who invite her to the "heavenly banquet," yet lifts up herself to her wonted greatness, "a queen and a king's daughter."—Portia is the Roman Matron, but Nature's Child.—The noble sister of Publicola, asks none other description than Coriolanus gives:

"The moon of Rome: chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's Temple."——

Miranda is the simple enchantress of the enchanted isle.—I indeed assume that in Shakspeare's Female characters, in his respect for the sex, in his dramatic illustration and defence of it, there is no "brother near his throne."

If the simplicity of the Greek drama be alleged, especially in the case of its few interlocutors, against the frequently numerous dialogue of ours,—especially that of Shakspeare,—we object to the rule as unmeaning and arbitrary: we do not see that the objection of Horace to a fourth speaker is reasonable:

and as we have no Chorus to fill up the hiatus, or to explain the argument, a fuller play-bill must be allowed. A more difficult question arises in regard to the unities, the classic rule being that the exhibition must take place on one spot, and during that one time which may be demanded for the action. Many objections may be taken to this theory. In the *first* place, not every fitting story could be thus evolved. To be thus concise would make it most obscure. *Secondly*, it scarcely diminishes the difficulty of the illusion. What Athenian ever believed that the stage was the porch of Apollo's temple, or the palace-court of Argos? It is only a new act of imagination to pass from Rome to Philippi: and only a little stronger effort so to "alter the style" as to live through the Winter's Tale. To talk of *believing* any thing in this matter, is foolish: we neither believe the place nor time. *Thirdly*, in the finest archetypes of these unities, much is unnaturally compressed. Examine the Agamemnon. Only such genius could surmount the abbreviation. It is the Warder's last night of watch, but ten years seem to creep in his complaint. In one broken sentence he informs us of the disorders which have long prevailed in the house of the king. The signal of the beacon is followed by the sacrifice of all the altars. This the Chorus tells us. Only on that night did Troy fall. The Conqueror, with Cassandra, this very day returns, a voyage at that time of many weeks. On that day, too, he dies. All this is too hurried, too crowded, for that perfect illusion which the unities are called in to preserve. *Fourthly*, Consequences cannot develope themselves in such rapid succession. Heaven is long-suffering, and the bolt does not instantaneously fall. The web of wickedness is often slowly spun, and it is not, when spun, immediately torn. The description by the poet, "pede Pæna claudo," is strictly true.* Our patience is tried "by the prosperity of the wicked," and we must wait to "see their end." The sacrifice of these arbitrary rules is due to those great principles of a divine government, which constantly unfold themselves among the inhabitants of the world, and by which they "learn righteousness."

* Hor: Carm: lib. iii. 2.

But Shakspeare's vindication is not this! Why did Aristotle lay down these rules?—because the most perfect tragedians, whom he had known, wrote upon them. Why do we disclaim them in our Poet's instance?—because he, greater than them all, has by his genius soared above them, and proved himself nobly independent of their necessity. To all may be indulged his license who shall emulate his flight. He is "an eagle towering in his pride of place." He is his own Lawgiver and Ruler.

. . . .
"Without recourse to Grecian art,—
. . . .
The bright Original he took,
And tore the leaf from Nature's Book."*

In the supernatural machines of Shakspeare there is a grandeur which places him greatly above the masters, in comparison of whom many desire to lessen him. Mention will now be made only of the Ghost in Hamlet. The French critics have been much amused with it, chiefly with its disappearance at the crowing of a cock. To dismiss this petty objection at once, we have but to remember that the popular superstition on which the whole is founded, universally agrees that the ghost only walks at night: that at the earliest dawn, "the extravagant and erring spirit, hies to his confine." What more natural announcement of the day-break than this "shrill clarion?" Shakspeare need not be alarmed for his fame, because of this introduction, when Euripides demands of Æschylus, in their trial before Bacchus:

"Ειτ' εν τραγωδιαις εχρην κ' αλεκτρυονα ποιησαι;"†

To sin with the Father of Tragedy is indeed small disgrace. Αλεκτοροφωνια (cock-crowing) is good Greek for *morning*. Why so severe, M. Voltaire, on the Gallinaceous device of your proud National shield? So again Voltaire derides the phrase of Francisco, a *common* soldier, "Not a mouse stirring." How expressive of the undisturbed solitude and silence until the ghost appears! But we must protest against such a translation as that of which we have heard:

"Je n' ai pas entender une souris trotter."

* Lloyd. † Aristoph: Batrachoi, 935.

There is a truth in all that we conceive of this Kingly Phantom. His business is solemn,—the cause of his visitation adequate. How it stalks on the shore of Elsinore! We are forewarned that it may suddenly appear:

> "Last night of all,
> When yon same star, that 's westward from the pole,
> Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
> Where now it burns. . . .
> The bell then beating one!"

It enters, it departs. Horatio is convinced, "trembles and looks pale," having "the sensible and true avouch of his own eyes." It returns, but is silent to his most earnest invocation. How it glides ethereally!

> "'T is here." "'T is here." "'T is gone."

"In arms." "His beaver up." "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger." "Fixing his eyes most constantly." "His beard a sable silvered." "His questionable shape." The effect upon his son is correspondent. Awe mingles with tenderness!

> "I 'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, father, Royal Dane."

And the dread shade does "a tale unfold," though necessarily withholding much,—which "harrows up our soul," "freezes our blood," "makes each particular hair to stand on end." All is in strict consistency. He will no harm should reach his fallen queen. Revenge cries loud in him against his murderer. He aspirates but the voice of blood. And where shall we look for a tragic apparition which may be compared with this "poor ghost?" In the Persians of Æschylus we have also a royal spirit revisiting our earth. He is not scared by the crowing of chanticleer, but he is allured from his tomb by an offering of milk, honey, crystal water, the juice of the grape, the fruit of the olive, a wreath of flowers, and soft hymns. All this is proper, because popular opinion directed it. But why does not this apology serve in our case? There is no more reason in the nature of things that a spectre should be attracted by the one,

than warned away by the other. Darius walks from his tomb. He is treated with civility, rather than reverence, by his Satraps who form the Chorus. Atossa appears little moved at the resurrection of her spouse. He makes many disheartening revelations as to the failure of Xerxes, seems much surprised with the idea of a bridge over the Hellespont, and concludes with this advice to the old men: "Do you rejoice, notwithstanding these evils, unite in taking pleasure to your very souls, every day of your life, for hoarded treasure profits not the dead." The ghost of Polydorus is introduced by Euripides in his Hecuba. He serves none other use than that of prologue, and no more appears. There is nothing awful in his manner or revelation. Did he not tell us that his body is in the sea, and that he has just returned from Hades, there is no unearthliness, no spiritualism, to betoken it. Where all is extreme and contrast, comparison cannot be applied,—and the genius of Æschylus must here veil its head in the presence of a more potent wizard, and at the effect of a dreader spell.

Shakspeare has little didactic in him. He does not moralise his song. He pauses not to set a lesson home. He does not, like Euripides, enunciate, with solemn emphasis, high principle and sentiment. He has no characters who declaim like Theseus in the Suppliants, or Auturgus in Electra: but he embodies in the story, and verifies by the issue, the good or the evil he would latently inculcate. With all that disfigures and pollutes his writings, I know not a bad moral or a wrong sentiment which, as an author, he would convey. Keeping to the course of things, he allows occasionally vice its success, and virtue its oppression: but the one is only raised for the heavier fall, the other only eclipsed for a burst of more glorious effulgence.

The most common censure of the English bard is, that his dramas are too broken into episode and by-plot,—that they want contexture,—that no one key can explain even the evolution of the same hero's character and course. The basis of the objection is found in the Ars Poetica of Horace:

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

We do not dispute the rule, but we deny that Shakspeare has violated it. Hamlet is adduced by the opponent: let Hamlet be the ground of defence. Of this noblest tragedy Chateaubriand in his Sketches of European Literature writes: "That tragedy of Maniacs, that Royal Bedlam, in which every character is either crazy or criminal, in which feigned madness is added to real madness, and in which the grave itself furnishes the stage with the skull of a fool; in that Odeon of shadows and spectres, where we hear of nothing but reveries, the challenge of sentinels, the screeching of the night-bird, and the roaring of the sea." We may despise such trash as this. And if the drama be complained of for anachronism with its salvoes of ordnance, and its University of Wittenberg; we can only reply that genius might surely forget the date of the discovery of gunpowder, when it needed the roar of artillery to mark the carousal of the guilty murderer "drinking deep" to drown remorse, and to contrast the fearful silence of the battlements on which the vigil is kept, and the ghost is awaited; that surely a reference by a contemporary mind may be forgiven to the chair of Luther, and the cradle of the Reformation!

He is the prince,—

"The courtier, soldier, scholar."
"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

His is the

"Unmatched form and feature of blown youth."

The Queen asks Guilderstern how her son received him?

"Most like a gentleman."

He is naturally timid,—

"Yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me."

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

is a part of that reasoning which betrays the secret wish that

this spectral appearance may prove false. He, from the moment of witnessing his father's ghost, feels this naturally increase upon him:

"I have of late lost all my mirth."

Withal he is constitutionally undecided:

"I lack gall,
To make oppression bitter."

The ghost returns to

"Whet his almost blunted purpose."

He is placed in circumstances of awful interest, amidst the most contending influences. His father has been slain by a brother's hand,—his mother he dare not think of,

"Frailty, thy name is woman:"

the treacherous king has interposed between

"The election and his hopes,"

—the spirit of his sire still calls for vengeance,—whither shall he fly?—how shall he execute a task which shall lay open his uncle's fratricide, and his mother's disgrace?

"And—would it were not so!—you are my mother."

He seizes every excuse for delay. Seeing his uncle praying upon bended knees, he will not kill him then, when

"Fit and seasoned for his passage:"

not that by this refinement upon revenge is the execution stayed, as some have literally understood. It is a mind bent upon delay, and eagerly finding in every thing a justification. Quite assured as he is, he is always inventing to himself the necessity of some new proof, with none other view than to postpone the avenging deed.

Goethe says, "that Hamlet's naturally gentle and tender spirit, overwhelmed with its mighty tasks and solemn responsibilities, is like a Chinese vase, fit only for the growth of delicate flowers, but in which an oak tree has been planted, the roots of the strong tree expand, and the fair vase is shivered." He, it

is imagined by the majority of persons, is both really mad and affects madness: a sort of dupe to his own device. Convinced that this is an essentially erroneous view, I will venture to affirm that the Poet never intended any thing but that he wore his madness as a mask, perfectly himself, though always sensitive and irritable. "The commandment" of his murdered father for a while

> "Lives all alone
> Within the book and volume of his brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter."

Soon he complains:

> "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right."

He holds his life valueless under such a condition:

> "Except my life, except my life, except my life."

A suicide's ingenious, but dreadful, reasoning has found its passage through his mind:

> "Oh! that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst Self-slaughter."

The guilt of self-destruction only arrests this "quietus." The assumption of a disordered mind is therefore the easiest expedient he can pursue, and he pursues it from the very first. Mark his levity in speaking to his companions, after his solitary encounter with the spectre, and his ribald strain in addressing it when calling from beneath. He shuffles with their curiosity. He then swears them on his sword to a solemn secresy, never to be violated,—

> "How strange or odd so e'er I bear myself,
> As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
> To put an antic disposition on."

A madman would rarely say,

> "My wit 's diseased."

But after he has parried with these creatures of the king sent to play upon him,—he says to himself, in high satisfaction:

> "They fool me to the top of my bent,"

that is, indulge in the belief that all these pretences are real, think me as insane as I desire to be thought.

He drops the disguise when he expostulates with his mother.

> "Ecstacy? My pulse, as your's, doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
> That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will reword; which madness
> Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks."
> "But one word more, good lady,
> Let not the king
> Make you to ravel all this matter out
> That I essentially am not in madness,
> But *mad in craft.*"

His careless manner at the sight of the slain Polonius, can only be explained by his unvarying contempt of that courtier, and still more by the sudden relief of his intense excitement, from the thought that he had killed the king. When he struck at the arras, that was his design veiled in the light exclamation, "A rat, a rat!" He feels this to be an irresponsible accident, and is glad that thus the act of vengeance yet is spared. In Horatio he found his confidential friend:

> "Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
> And could of men distinguish her election,
> She hath sealed thee for herself."

He

> "Wore him in his heart of hearts."

After adjuring him to silence concerning the ghost, he never presents to him an idle extravagant word. He practises not on him. This is observable in his letter, after being taken by the pirate. They speak on equal terms in the grave-yard. And in seeking pardon of Laertes for his violence, Hamlet avows his madness, a proof how he acted still his part:

> "This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
> How I am punished with a sore distraction.
> What I have done,
> I here, proclaim was madness."
> "His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy."

It is no criticism to say that the maniac sometimes knows his disease, and will even talk of it: the question is, what are these declarations connected with Hamlet's history and fate?

It is to Horatio still he entrusts the vindication of his memory. Feeling "the potent poison" he exclaims:

> "Report me and my cause aright."
> "What a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story."

Are these the maniac's dying thoughts? But it will be said, Was not his bombast in the grave of Ophelia an outbreak of madness? It is explained by Hamlet to his friend. He was thrown off his guard: it was *too real.*

> "But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
> That to Laertes I forgot myself:
> But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
> Into a towering passion."

Additionally it may be asked, Was not his remonstrance with Ophelia, in an earlier scene, so rude and cruel, though he fondly loved her, an evidence of distraught fancy? He was devoted to a work of vengeance, incompatible with a continuation of this troth: he breaks it under this deception. His desolateness of heart who can conceive when he says,

> "To a nunnery, go"!

If any stronger proof were needed, than those which have been adduced, to show that his madness was altogether assumed, it is to be found in his language and action when alone. When does he burst into incoherence, or start into freak, when there is no observer or interlocutor? Clear but the stage, reflect but his consciousness, and how calm and self-controlled is even passion! How distinct and intelligent his reflection! How does he relapse into a cold sobriety! How has he thrown away all affected phrase and constrained manner! Then nature speaks. The reality is confessed. He thinks aloud. His heart plays

truly. His innermost anatomy is made transparent to each vesicle and globule in it, as though to the microscopic lens and solar ray.

Hamlet's semblance of "a mind o'erthrown,"—is evidently intended to contrast with Ophelia's real alienation.

If any one should disparage the Church-Yard Scene, I can only declare my admiration of it. The hardihood of the sextons, their characteristic unfeelingness of gibe and self-importance,—the happy opportunity for the return of Hamlet,—the last woe of Ophelia in her "maimed rites,"—the attestation of his love for her when all is sincere and serious, now for ever proved,—greatly assist the tragic climax. The gravedigger's singing makes the bones he turns up look more ghastly,—and his wretched conceits give to the musings of his interrogatists a higher interest of philosophic reflection.

It is impossible, though it has deformities, to extol this drama too warmly. Hamlet is the Orestes of Shakspeare, without his relentlessness; or rather his Hippolytus, like him, but far more nobly, seeking to be veiled in death.*

In Othello we find a remarkable instance how a small, and apparently unwitting, passage serves to decypher and to assist the entire evolution of the drama. Just as the Senate, after hearing the apology of the accused seducer, is about to dissolve, Brabantio, the father of Desdemona, says:

> "Look to her Moor: have a quick eye to see;
> She has deceived her father and may thee."

However he had cause to be provoked, this was an insinuation of gross injustice. It was a wanton wrong on such a child. A parent should have been surety for such a daughter's chastity. A poignard had been more merciful than this suspicion. It becomes a prophecy as to its dread effects, while it leaves her innocence unstained. Every libertine who heard that warning might talk of her with ribald jest. We cannot doubt the father's love:

> "Thy match was mortal to him: and pure grief
> Shore his old thread in twain."

* Eurip: Hippol: lin. 1458.

But his anger at her deception and abandonment of home was blind in its paroxysm, and coarse in its denouncement. It cast her forth to shame. The parties are witnesses to it whom she has every ground to fear. The conspiracy already laid against her spotless fame is strengthened, and Roderigo hopes. The hatred which long has rankled towards the bridegroom hero is fed and counselled, and Iago plots. There is little doubt that the jealous temperament of that noble-minded spouse has caught a momentary susceptibility of doubt, a latent spark, though he instantaneously checks it, and Othello feels the possibility, from maiden artifice, of matronly defection. But for that cruel saying, Roderigo might have renounced his guilty pursuit, Iago might never have compassed his vengeance through this foul dilemma, and Othello might have breathed his farewell of trust, and affiance, and assured love, in Desdemona's arms. It is a taint on all. It falls like a father's curse. It is the one evil suggestion which pollutes the whole. I little understand the actor's art, but I should think that he ought, at the sound of these ominous words, to depict the pang of the sudden thought they have shot through his imagination, and express, as by a gleam, the entrance of that thought, which is speedily repelled,

"My life upon her faith."

This is not mere conjecture. The wretch who abuses and instigates him, appeals to the very fact of which Brabantio complained, and out of which he drew his menace:

"She did deceive her father, marrying you.
Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming—
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought 't was witchcraft———."

The gentle victim of all this perversion and jealousy, suffers, as if the paternal doubt of her had been fulfilled. She sinks beneath the charge which, by a thought, she has not deserved, and dies the adulteress' death. She feels a retribution in it. She thinks of her father,

"I have lost him too."

She says with a compunction rather than an irony:

> "'T is meet I should be used so, very meet."

Her heart is too full, and she exclaims, while looking on her bridal bed-linen,—

> "Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
> If I do die before thee, pry'thee shroud me
> In one of those same sheets."

And then a still more tender recollection overcomes her, a mother to whom she has never made reference but once, and that in her defence of preferring her husband to her father, when he compels her to decide. How thought she of that mother now! Had she not been orphaned of her, what steps of imprudence might have been prevented, what irregularity of feeling might have been disciplined, and what a refuge had she found in that bosom, where her infancy had nestled, from that storm which was now gathering around her!

Several of his Tragedies might pass under our review, but we resist the temptation. Lear is a wonderful conception, a trunk, uprooted, still with green suckers sprouting from it,—a wreck upon the waters, a richly-freighted argosy, strewing them with treasure, but helmless, shattered, and heaving as they heave. The whole conception of the character is philosophically profound, illumined with perpetual flashes of genius. Madness was never more accurately pourtrayed. We see, with its royal victim, which "way it lies." His dread of it, his growing consciousness of its encroachment, its blinding paroxysm, his ravings of undiminished sway, and then of implacable revenge, are frightful to the very sublime of terror. The roar of the elements around his hoary head, is not half so awful as his outlawed mind. From imbecility it has been stung by injury to an unwonted strength, but that sudden return of strength has shivered it. It lies in ruins, but there is majesty in those ruins. They might have been the ruins of decay: calamity has, by its sudden violence, scattered them into the ruins of a magnificent desolation.—Romeo and Juliet are special favourites with the many, and, of course, with the young. But the tragic part is

not the best; and the classical reader will prefer, to all the horrors in the tomb of the Capulets, the loves of Antigone and Hæmon in their sepulchral cave. The County Paris, little thought of, is the most noble personage of the scene: his bearing is generous, his love sincere, his grief heart-broken. He has no deception with which to charge himself. His affection always ingenuous,—weeping elegiac tears over his buried bride, —claiming of his rival and destroyer a place beside her in the tomb,—all lift him to a noble frankness, serves to redeem his betrothed from a certain unworthiness which, until now, has shaded her, and entitles him to the fullest share in the woe and sympathy of that heaped death.—The drama of Julius Cæsar has been met by many objections. It is thought a misnomer, and that Brutus is the hero. But it may be justified in that all depends upon the character and fate of Cæsar, though so small a part of the action has transpired ere he falls. The dialogues of the mob are severely condemned. But it is forgotten, leaving to just criticism some of the foolish quibbles, that the language and the conduct of these rude assemblages are very important helps to the tragedy, showing the ignorance and fickleness of the mass upon which the leaders of the counter conspiracies played, and the issues of those revolutions depended. There is one apparent contradiction which is supposed to injure the truth of Brutus. With the public despatches he has received the account of Portia's death. He bears it in the spirit of his stoicism, and only reveals it to his friend. To Messala he appears ignorant of it, and even denies to have received the information. He is now sitting in a council of war, during the midnight which precedes the battle of Philippi, and he will know no private grief. He will neither tell his widowerhood, nor the cruel proscription of his friends, to the harassed army. It may be suppression, it is falsehood, but it is of the character of the courage which disinterestedly conceals the pain it endures. It is the nerve which will not shrink. It is to save others that it veils the inly consuming agony. We offer not the excuse of *our* principles: the stern character is fully supported on its own. It may be, too, that he is supposed to warrant the deception,

because his information is private, though it accompanied the public news. He might deem that he was not required to be the mourner before others, until the fact obtained its legitimate publicity.—The Merchant of Venice is parti-tragic. And I only keep it in view for a moment, to notice two indications of the author's skill. The publican was the tax-gatherer in Judea under the Roman power. Association with these exactors was deemed most dishonourable. The Israelite felt the utmost abhorrence of them. They drained his wealth. They indicated his yoke. His vocabulary contained no word more contemptuous and loathing. Therefore Shylock thus vents his thoughts on seeing Antonio:

> "How like a fawning *Publican* he looks."

Portia, in her beautiful eulogium on "the quality of mercy," rests its obligations chiefly here:

> "We do *pray* for mercy:
> And *that same prayer* doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy."

The allusion is evidently to the Lord's Prayer. There *is* this condition in it: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us." The Jew at once rejects any argument and plea from a formulary of devotion which he rejects in whole, which he hates as the words of the Prophet he most hates:

> "My deeds upon my head."

But not so cursorily will we dismiss the Macbeth, probably the most extraordinary work of genius, and assuredly of dramatic genius, the world has ever seen. A few observations may tend to illustrate and confirm the enthusiasm which it inspires. That need not be repeated which every commentator has noticed, and which every reader of the tragedy knows. But one or two remarks may be ventured which are presumed not to be altogether trite.

The *first* shall regard the great *moral principle* upon which the drama is constructed. This is generally mistaken. The hero is held to be an object of misfortune. We pity his all but inevitable fate. He is supposed to be impelled from without.

He is acted upon by "supernatural soliciting." He is a victim selected by "juggling fiends." The temptation before which he falls is injected into his previously innocent mind. An awful circle is drawn around him, and he is fixed by spell. Now is this the design which the work proposes? If so, the moral is inconceivably lowered. Little guilt or blame-worthiness is left. But did the mighty poet intend the impression that it was after the salutation of the witches, that he first meditated the supplanting and murder of his liege? Lady Macbeth reveals the secret, that long ere he met "the weird sisters," they had plotted such a deed:

> "What beast was it then,
> That made you break the enterprise to me?"

When was the enterprise broken? He has not seen her since the encounter of "the blasted heath." In the letter there is no intimation of it. The reason of silence may be two-fold,—correspondence may be intercepted, and the purpose has been already interchanged.

> "When you durst do it, then you were a man;
> And, to be more than what you *were*, you would
> Be so much more than man. Nor *time*, nor *place*,
> Did *then* adhere, and yet you would *make both:*
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
> How tender 't is, to love the babe that milks me:
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have plucked the nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dashed the brains out, had *I so sworn*, as *you*
> *Have done in this.*"

This is competent evidence that it was not infernal suggestion which instigated him, that "kindled him to the crown." And equally clear is it that his wife is not the temptress. For should any imagine that he has not mused it until his return to his castle, and his interview with her before the arrival of the king, we have but to remember his own language *immediately* after the prophetic greeting:

> "My thought, *whose murder yet is but fantastical.*"

Well might he be "rapt." It is very obvious that he has grown

familiar to the hope which is now chimed with, and prophetically confirmed. From his delight, his abstraction, it is not new, but it has received a warrant it never possessed before. To the witches he may say that to

> "Be king stands not within the prospect of belief."

He may affect the same to Banquo. Gladly, nevertheless, he finds the earliest opportunity of withdrawing into his own thoughts, and he exults in

> "The swelling act of the imperial theme."

The very manner proves that he has long ruminated it, and his agitation arises only from the supernatural prestige of his destiny.

> "Chance may crown me without my stir."

But his strain, just when about to proceed on his journey, to apprise his wife of the Sovereign's approach, puts an end to doubt:

> "Stars, hide your fires!
> Let not light see my black and deep desires:
> The eye wink at the hand! Yet let that be,
> Which the eye fears, *when it is done, to see.*"

Here is the whole plot,—self-wrought, impatient of delay, eager for execution,—with how clear a prediction, though it may be unweighed, of his horror when he has

> "Done the deed:"
> "Look on it again, I dare not."

He then appears in her presence,

> "His face is as a book where men may read strange matters."

There is an intimation which subserves our argument, though we advance it less confidently than what has been already alleged, because the date of the business is not quite plain. Macduff has always been the object of dislike and distrust to the usurper. He has from the first suspected the treacherous and bloody actor though clothed in regal robes. He has invoked

heaven and earth to avenge the murder. He has uttered "broad words." He has

> "Denied his person to the tyrant's feast."

To save himself from Banquo's fate, he flies. In his conversation with Malcolm, he stands forth the champion of the royal line. He feels that he has become unaccountably an object of suspicion, and says that he is not "treacherous." The heir accuses himself of every vice, until even he burns indignantly, and well-nigh abandons all idea of a restoration. But this was only to try him. For what reason? To sound the purpose and integrity of Macduff. For it seems that he had fallen into distrust with the prince. How were those suspicions engendered?

> "Devilish Macbeth
> By many of these trains hath sought to win me
> Into his power."

We ask, when? Instantly on the murder, Malcolm and his brother hastened to the English and Irish courts. These "trains" must have, then, preceded Duncan's death. But if they preceded that, they must have anticipated the fearful divination. He has aimed to get the heir-apparent under his influence, and then into his grasp. He has contrived every part of the plot. He is intent upon the ruin of the entire dynasty. He would, therefore, have

> "Duncan's sons under his key."

Donalbain is not found in the army of Siward. I think Macbeth suspects that he saw him steal to his father's chamber.

> "Who lies in the second chamber?
> Donalbain."

He was before Malcolm in his charge of the murder on Macbeth:

> "The near in blood,
> The nearer bloody."

We may account for his absence by supposing either that he has been secretly destroyed by some "train,"—though the elder brother has not heard of it, owing to the distance of the scene,

—or that he has not hitherto succeeded in gaining succours from the chiefs among whom he sojourns, as Malcolm,

"Who is received of the most pious Edward with such grace."

The author, therefore, obviously meant that Macbeth drew to himself these excitements, that they found in him a susceptibility and readiness for compliance, that he tempted the temptation! And what a fitting and solemn lesson, as well as natural and horrible example, are set before us! The hags might have prophesied in vain, had not Macbeth prepared his heart for their vaticination. He sowed the seeds, they could but encourage their growth. He collected the embers, they could but blow them to a flame. The first sinful thought was spontaneous, and they but drew it forth and flattered it. So is it! Vice provokes its destiny. The ministers of seduction are not far off, nor are their instruments, when we betray the appetite, and muse the purpose, of any ill. The dramatic picture is of one who attracts to himself the accessories of crime, of him who woos his ruin! "The firstlings" are "of his heart."

It is impossible not to shudder at the recital of Duncan's death. The assassin glares before us with his daggers steeped in gore. The castle rocks with the storm, the sky shoots with portents, nature heaves with wild commotions. But more terrible than all, the She-wolf prowls along, listens undismayed to every sound, and thirsts to lap the life-blood.

"I laid their daggers ready."

What has ambition turned this woman into! The scene is more exciting,—with its omens, its noises, its hushings, its sudden wakings and relapsing slumbers, its ring of laughter and cry of violence in sleep, until the sleepers rouse each other, their solemn commendation of themselves to prayer and repose,—than even of the Electra, where she exclaims to Orestes, on hearing the shriek of her cruel mother, Παισον σι σθενεις, διπλην. We follow Lady Macbeth, after she has snatched the daggers from her husband who will "go no more," into the chamber where lies the slaughtered king, and see her take her handfuls of his

yet flowing blood, to stain the faces of his attendants. She has felt no remorse. The monster is far more ravening than her mate. He in the mean while, though conscience-stricken, pursues his reeking cruelty. The next secret he will not disclose even to her. He is not weary of blood-shed, though scared by its spectre, and haunted by its voice. And it may not have been marked, with what anguish he visions to himself that sleeplessness of guilt with which he has been threatened, so true a prediction of those stern vigils of an evil conscience respecting which he afterwards complains. The peculiarity consists in his stripping from him title after title, as though each had brought down upon him this curse. Thus divested, he looks upon his naked self, and feels that the curse clings to him still. What a description! What a searching, all embracing, doom!

> "Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
> Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, ...
> Chief nourisher in life's feast, . . .
> Still it cried, Sleep no more, to all the house;
> *Glamis* hath murdered sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
> Shall sleep no more, *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

This becomes his rack.

> "He lacks the season of all natures, sleep."

This is one terrible wakefulness to which no fiction offers a momentary relief. And if the sense for an instant shuts, the reality only is the more concentrated. The outer light is excluded to make more distinct the hell within.

> "But let
> The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
> E'er . . . . . we will sleep
> In the affliction of these terrible dreams
> That *shake us nightly.*"

The malison is fulfilled as though the palpebra of the eye were cut away, and the life were fretted into one irritation. His fever

ever burns. His frame ever writhes. His conscience, still most disquiet, tosses to and fro.

"Sleep no more."

On the tortures of the mind he lies,

"In restless ecstacy:"

He envies the dead for their repose:

"Duncan is in his grave, He sleeps well."

The cruel wife, smitten with the same imprecation,—walking in her sleep, sighing over her guilt in broken words,—leaves all tragic character in the shade. We might suppose that the Clytemnestra of Æschylus and Sophocles would be the nearest parallel. The Chorus in the Choephoroi of the former gives a description of her terrors and her dreams. She has commanded lamps to be kept lighted always in her chamber. She thinks that a dragon is born of her, who sucks from her breasts clotted blood. So in the Electra of the latter, Chrysothemis narrates another dream which appals the adulterate murderess. But how more sublime is it that Scotland's demon-queen should act and unfold her appalling trance! Somnambulism is the very restlessness we might expect. She is a troubled spirit. Guilt of such an order, pent up in such a bosom, wrings out its confession. Her never-failing self-command, her caution, her dissimulation, cannot now avail. How she could preside at the feast! How she could fawn at her monarch's feet, and gracefully dispense her favours and her smiles among her lordly guests! How she could

"Keep her state!"

But now she enunciates a conscience too energised for restraint. So the wicked have often shrunk from sleep. They could not rule their visions as they might their waking thoughts.

"Perchance to dream."

Phantasies, but faithful to some dread truth, then held their sway. Interminable perspectives opened before them. Hands have come forth from shrouded forms, and been brandished

against them. Accents, wailing and accusing, have pierced their ears. All has wavered with fear and swam in blood. Shapes were new with some unaltered likeness and some familiar voice. Fancy has shifted the combinations, but has left more hideous all the facts. Imagination has wrought all the fearful story into a tragedy, and bound the "guilty creature" to behold it slowly and climactericly performed. And what must have been *her* pictures, all independent of her, but which only she had drawn! Duncan's welling, gurgling, wounds! The frantic shrieks of Macduff's wife and all "his pretty ones!"

> "*Physician.*—Look how she rubs her hands."
>
> "*Gentlewoman.*—It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour."
>
> "*Lady Macbeth.*—Yet here 's a spot."

This is not only most transcendent in itself, but is in strictest congruity with all the previous scenes. For it will be remembered that when she hails her lord, reeking from the murder, (who, in the distraction of his mind, has brought away with him the daggers he was to have laid near the servants of "the most sainted king," as proofs against them,) she exclaims,

> "*If he do bleed,*
> I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
> For it must seem their guilt."

Hark! to her guilty acknowledgment in this walking dream!

> "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had *so much blood in him!*"

She had rejoined to her blood-stained Thane,—

> "A *little water* clears us of this deed:
> How *easy* is it then!"

Hark! to the betrayal of her discomfited assurance!

> "What will these hands *ne'er be clean?* . . Here 's the smell of the blood still: *all* the *perfumes* of Arabia will not *sweeten* this little hand."

There is not the slightest ground to suppose that Shakspeare intended her insane. It is life realised to "the inward parts:" memory is but verified in all its impressions, and judgment but illuminated in all its convictions. It would be madness not

to think and feel as she actually does. There is no hallucination, no wayward thought. Most escape the past, to her it is inextricable. Its shadow is not only ever round about her, it is a present thing. Once she said,

"I feel the future in the instant;"

in the instant is now crowded, and lives, all the past. Malcolm could have no knowledge that she

"By self and violent hands took off her life."

The physician has ordered to be

"Removed from her the means of all annoyance."

She is inwardly consumed. No dew of sleep is on her eye-lid. No sweet oblivion soothes her spirit. She "sleeps no more." The one curse of the House is upon her:

"Thick-coming fancies keep her from *her rest*."

The Sorcery of the play agrees to the superstitions of that distant age; it was scarcely exploded in the times of our bard. He very ingeniously connects it with the Classical Mythology, subordinating the witches to Hecate. The cave of Acheron is, as by her spell, brought near, or all by the enchantment are hurried thither. And there is consistency in this. For in the soliloquy of Macbeth, ere the bell is struck, he says:

"Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings."

No power is so changeful as this. It is celestial and infernal. It is Diana, that Panonym and Multiform. She bears spirits from Earth to Hades. She is the authority of all incantations. She presides over all magic rites.

"She is the mistress of these charms."

This not only raises such supernatural machinery, but the attendant circumstances correspond in elevation. There is the desert wild, over which the returning conquerors pass when they are accosted by these unearthly welcomers,—we are transported to the awful den with its seething cauldron and its filthy ingre-

dients,—we gaze on the ministers and types of fate,—our eyes strain after the shadowy procession of the kings, the last with his mirror, reflecting an indefinite lineage, succeeded by Banquo who smiles upon the childless usurper, and "points at them as his." The mind is carried to the highest pitch of a bewildering horror. And how did Shakspeare conceive, how has he described, these hateful prophetesses? Does he yield to a vulgar notion? Does he array them with pointed caps, and make them ride on broom-sticks? No, he clothes them with supernatural powers and adjuncts. They do not walk into and out of the scene. They are auxiliaries and clients of Hecate. They are spirits. They can

> "Charm the air to give a sound."

They are

> "Horsed on sightless couriers."

They fly a trackless course. Their skiff sweeps in a moment an ocean's breadth. They lash the main into "yesty waves." They are terrific agents. They are

> "Posters of the sea and land."

They hold "the winds." They are aerial at pleasure. Their habits, strange and wild, are foreign to their essence. Their more human form is but their disfigurement and avatar. Even then they

> "Look not like the inhabitants of the earth."

They "hover."

> "Whither are they vanished?
> Into the air: and what *seemed corporal*, *melted*
> As *breath* into the *wind*."

> "They made themselves——air."

A question might be raised, and yet no satisfactory answer can be obtained to it, whether Scotland's "usurping king," and his "fiend-like wife," were parents of living children during the progress of the drama. She had known the bliss of the suckling. We hear not of its death. From his language,

> "Bring forth men children only,"

—she may be presumed to be a bearing mother still.

"The natural ruby is on her cheeks!"

If what Macduff says, when Malcolm urges him to rouse from his grief for the slaughter of his children, apply to Macbeth,—the matter is settled. But I conceive that he then turns from the prince as one who cannot enter into his feelings,—and therefore can be no suitable comforter,—and remarks, as it were to Rosse,

"He has no children."

Neither parent was destitute of the instinctive fondness of offspring. She has already confessed her yearning. He feels a momentary relenting, and thinks of

"Pity, like a naked new-born babe."

The opinion which I rather favour, derives some colour from the tyrant's dread of Fleance. He cannot endure that Banquo's children should be kings. He glooms over his "barren sceptre" and "fruitless crown." He dwells upon the prediction,

"No son of mine succeeding."

Now, had he no heir, nor reasonable hope of one, this complaint would be absurd. He had not issue to ascend his throne, and yet grudges the "unlineal" successor. But the failure of the monarchy in his blood, the rise of another dynasty, is his constant theme of agonised suspense:

"Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing."

Why should he care, if there be no child of his who can take the royal inheritance? Child or children there have been,—there may be yet. Death may have withered the young shoots of this accursed stock. If they survive, they are, it is imagined, very young. With their parents, all their expectations must perish. It seems probable, then, that in one of those minute pencillings which are so perfectly Shakspearean, the idea is suggested that such little ones have been timelessly and judicially cut off; or that, if living, too infant for any part in the action, they are

not introduced unnecessarily to pain us by the helplessness of their nature, and the misfortune of their orphanage. Still the moral is raised by that storm of vengeance which falls upon the devoted House, which spares neither root nor branch, between whose rudest bursts the cry of the young child may be heard, and upon the ruins which it heaps may be seen the blood of the poor innocents!

There is an order of Shakspeare's plays which may be called Classical. Julius Cæsar is probably the greatest. Its language might become the Senate, and its action is like the march of the rival levies hastening to the field. This has been cursorily reviewed before.—Coriolanus is a noble picture of military and aristocratic pride. He stands lofty, firm, towering, abrupt as the Tarpeian rock, from which his enemies would hurl him.—In Antony and Cleopatra there is much fine expression, but the heroine disgusts us too loathingly to allow our pity, and the enervate soldier provokes our contempt. How might he have envied his murdered friend, once a captive in these toils too, but who had rent them, and who when he fell, fell greatly, "stricken by princes."—Troilus and Cressida is the principal failure. We want something more Homeric. Achilles and Agamemnon speak unworthily of their fame. Ulysses is best supported, and next Thersites. The camp is not well pitched, and the warriors are not well harnessed. The Mæonian sublimity is not approached. And why is this? It is a well-merited retribution that the genius of the author should forsake him, and that he should be degraded in the degradation of such polluted scenes.

When Aristotle defined it to be the province of Tragedy to move pity and terror, he did not intend that the excitement of these emotions was its ultimate use. These are the instruments it employs to impress its moral. It woos and urges thus our attention and sympathy. Where, then, can such a Tragic Bard be found as this? Where can we trace the same power to soften and to alarm the heart? Where are the same strokes of pathos and images of horror? Never was simplicity more sweet, never was pomp more magnificent. Beauty unfolds before us modest as the violet, fair as the lily, lovely as the rose:

Greatness rises up, fearful as the incantation, daring as the battle, terrible as the storm. He is every thing that he describes: wand could not wave more awfully from magician's hand, crook could not recline more easily on shepherd's arm, diadem could not rest more gracefully around monarch's brow, wing could not flap more buoyantly in spirit's flight. The mask is no portion of his tragic paraphernalia, and he but strikes, for his most touching and most stirring chords, the strings of the human heart!

In drawing these annotations on this incomparable Genius to a close, I must be allowed to say, that I have wished nothing to extenuate and to set down naught in malice. Conscientiously adverse to theatrical amusements, I see no reason why a poem should become dangerous to morality, because cast into scene and dialogue, the true dramatic shape. Shakspeare has obtained such a mastery of the human mind, such a throne in the world of letters, that it is impossible to banish him from our libraries: he is so singularly impressive, is so readily remembered, that it is equally impossible to chase him from our memory. Read and quoted he will ever be. His descriptions, like rich hangings and tapestries, fill our minds. We think through him,—by him we speak. He belongs to our national treasures—he controls our manners, and modulates our expressions, even still. For more than two centuries has his name been glorifying. Ever-strengthening is his spell. The guardian of youth and the minister of religion have here no easy path to walk, nor unhesitating counsel to enunciate. It cannot be denied that, in perusing him, there *is* danger of moral contamination. It is vain to say that his worst evil is his fidelity, that he calls the spade the spade. There is sometimes a lavish pruriency. His power is occasionally for evil as well as good. Explore his deep lore of human nature, study the principles and laws which he so clearly expounds, mark how even he can only make vice look frightful and leprously deformed,—and, as our taste passes by his verbal conceit and idle pun, let our better and purer sensibilities reject and spurn the oblique, and the too often undisguised, grossness which blots his page,—grossness so uncongenial with

the poet, so injurious to the dramatist, so unworthy of the man!

Plato, describing the poetic inspiration, says that it loves to visit a *tender* and *solitary* spirit.* How happily do these epithets describe the poet of whom we speak. How tender was his nature to every impulse and contact! It was like one sensorium. It was the cloud of spring, pliant to every form, reflective of every hue, and tremulous with every gale.—It, too, with all its fellowships, dwelt apart. How it soared above, and was unlike all common things. It walked amidst the haunts of men in a sweetly contemplative loneliness. It was the star, it rose and set, its glory was of itself, but it still moved to the harmony of a system and shed a living lustre all around. Or, if this imagery be thought too elated, we may think of his birth-place and its variegated scenes, and still speak of him as the tender and the solitary. His genius was, as his Avon, rippled by every breath, and throbbing with every impulse,—it flowed alone, as that lovely stream, its simple self, but was a mirror to every eye, and a harmony to every ear,—dulcet as the nightingale in the grove along its margin, and majestic as the swan which glided on its bosom!

* "Απαλην και αβατον ψυχην."—Phædrus.

" Προσαναγκαζειν τον Σωκρατη ομολογειν αυτους του αυτου ανδρος ειναι Κωμωδιαν και Τραγωδιαν επιστασθαι ποιειν, και τον τεχνη Τραγωδοποιον οντα και Κωμωδοποιον ειναι."

PLATO.—Symposium.

" Quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima :
Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.

HORACE.—Satirarum, lib. i. 1.

" Res severa est verum gaudium."

SENECA.

THE CLASSICAL COMEDY COMPARED WITH THAT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The following Essay must be considered the sequel and, indeed, the pendent, of the preceding one. The Tragic genius of our great bard was there placed in the presence of some of the mightiest masters of that lofty art, and was tried by the model of some of their noblest compositions. Chiefly were adduced the works of Æschylus and Euripides, with rapid selections of their most sublime or tender passages. That the reference should not be exclusive to the muse of Greece, we ventured also a slight allusion to the tragedies of Seneca. As comparison was our principal purpose, those portions of these authors were generally cited which furnished the best adapted materials for it. Parallelism, and even contrast, could only be attempted where the ancient and the modern made some approach to each other. Much, therefore, it is but just to say, of the Attic and Roman cothurnus could not traverse our little temporary stage. It is alike necessary to remark that Shakspeare was far more aggrieved by such a hurried survey, and such an unequally-matched competition. It is confidently assumed that all, who have allowed themselves to look dispassionately at these several rivals, must admit, that in true natural action, in profound development of human character, in accurate tracing out of motive, in uncloying richness and versatility of metaphor, in invention of character, in dialogue for every lip and ear, in magnificent machinery which moves ideal and supernatural worlds,—he, who so long has been the boast and pride of our literature,—he, who so long has ruled our fears and touched our sensibilities,—is not only worthy to stand in this illustrious fellowship, this memorable choir, but that he transcends,—but that his song is fuller,

grander, sweeter, than them all! Having accomplished that task, I am anxious now to treat of his comic genius. Yet I am conscious of some reluctance. I know that his faults, as also, what must not be blinked, his vices, lie most numerously and flagrantly in this path. Perhaps the reflection has crossed my mind that my solemn engagements elsewhere, scarcely justified this lighter species of analysis and criticism. But aware that Shakspeare is all but universally read, that no interdict can proscribe him, that no index expurgatorius can cashier and banish him,—it seemed not wholly unfitting, withal being myself nearly committed to the endeavour, to describe his beauties, to reprobate his deformities, and to apply to his stupendous powers, rules for the discrimination of both.

In Comedy there is no more evil than in the sister style. Each is but the representation of what *is*. Directly either affects the unimaginable, its design is vacated. This order of histrionism ought to be gentle, kindly, cheerful. Crime belongs not to it. Guilt must not overshadow it. But it aims to correct and to improve. By banter and satire it lashes folly and infirmity. Its cunning smile, its open laugh, may make vice ashamed. Tragedy, therefore, need not vaunt a deeper moral as invariably hers. The rocking of the earthquake, the rolling of the thunder, cause us to tremble: the soft sunrise, the vernal gale, the lovely landscape, bid us rejoice. The awe, perhaps, is no more salutary than the heart-moving mirth. The danger is, still, not trifling, that the humour which seizes the ridiculous may blind us to qualities which, if they stood alone, would simply excite our disgust and horror.

Tragedy always seeks, and probably always requires, a more than ordinary sphere and condition of life. It wants palaces, temples, senate-houses, for its canopy; kingdoms and battle-fields for its exhibition,—heroes and princes for its enactment. This canon is not capricious, but is established in very intelligible principles. To fill the scene, there must be mighty vicissitude, tremendous reverse. Dethronement, defeat in battle, the funeral of a royal heir, regicide, the exile of the imperial matron and maid,—these are its chosen and most fitting

themes. All can bewail, all will appreciate, such signal misfortunes. Sorrow then levels to our rank those who were raised so greatly above us. Whatever was our envy is checked. The tear swells easily for fallen greatness. The mind measures the wide extremes of the exaltation and the fall, and yields to the sufferer all its sympathy. How striking is this in the Agamemnon! How proud his port! How rounded is his fame! The leader of chiefs, the king of monarchs,—the beacon of Ida has shot up its blaze, it flies before him from Lemnos to Athos, from Cithæron to Arachne,—Troy at his feet in ashes, Greece at his feet in tributes,—the deep-inwoven laurel around his brow, —panting for his home,—the shout of Mycenæ has hailed him, —embroideries fill the streets,—Argos opens its majestic halls,—their portals have shut on him,—his household is supposed to concentrate his well-won delights,—conjugal kiss and embrace and welcome have cheered him,—the festal board is spread,—the panegyric harp is tuned,—the refreshing bath invites,—and suddenly he awakes to perfect misery and despair, amidst the entanglements of the net, and beneath the blows of the hatchet!

In the preface of Zaleucus, preserved in the Communes Loci of Stobæus, and commented on by Bentley in his Dissertation on Phalaris, (be it authentic or not,) we find a meaning attached to Tragedy, which shows that it is always, in its widest use, employed for a dignified purpose: "Ως ου τιμᾶται θεος υπ' ανθρωπου φαυλου, ουδε θεραπευεται δαπαναις ουδε τραγωδιαις των αλισγουμενων, καθαπερ μοχθηρος ανθρωπος:" τραγωδια still retains the sense, though it be rendered by *sacrifice*, of something sumptuous and noble.

To this end Sir Philip Sidney, in his Defence of Poesy, assigns the province of that literary species concerning which we now speak. It is, he says, "to open the greatest wounds, and to show forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; to make kings fear to be tyrants; tyrants, to manifest their tyrannical humours; that, stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded; that maketh us

know, "qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit, timet timentes, metus in autorem redit."

On the other hand, Comedy may content itself with departments of a more familiar life. She wants not the "sceptred pall" of her sister. The sock steps lightly where the buskin stalks. According to Horace its language cannot be very poetic; and situations and stories, such as it admits, cannot be stirring:

> "Idcirco quidam, comœdia necne poëma
> Esset, quæsivere: quod acer spiritus, ac vis,
> Nec verbis, nec rebus, inest; nisi quod pede certo
> Differt sermoni, sermo merus."*

Cicero makes a similar observation, "Etenim hæc conficta arbitror a poetis esse ut effictos nostros mores in alienis personis, expressam imaginem nostræ vitæ quotidianæ videremus."† And there is the same remark in his Fragments: "Comœdia est imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis."‡

The range of Tragedy must be, consequently, more narrow. It necessarily individualises, and its occasions can be but few. The terrible in passion, or in fate, is not of frequent experience. The eclipse and the earthquake are awful because they are rare. But while tragedy sits solitary, as throned among the hills,—comedy appropriates all the plains to the heaven's bend and the horizon's ring. She has a theatre wherever there is a human heart. She finds an audience wherever there are old and young. Were there no personification, were there no comic epitome, were there no author nor work pretending to the name,—were even satire and persiflage talents quite uncultivated and unknown,—still the disguises, the complications, the transitions, the distortions, of passion among men would be so tempting to remark, so provoking of observation, that every eye would twinkle with the jest, and every hand would arm itself with the scourge. More ill-natured severity would, doubtless, be exercised then. The public censor, tyrannic as he may be, precludes much

* Sat: lib. i. 4. † Orat: pro. Sex: Roscio Amerino.
‡ Libror: Incert: Donat: Vita Terentii.

private spite. Let the greater tribunals be withdrawn, and we should find a Bavius or a Mævius in every man.

The intent of Comedy is good. It strives only with the evils which it labours to retrieve. It breathes no scorn of our nature, dooms it to no hopelessness, brands it with no ineffaceable reprobation. If it intermix with itself the very vices it should expose and condemn, if it degenerate into caricature, if it prove a pander instead of a monitor, if it gloat complacently in that which it should despise and denounce, then can we take the clear distinction between its proper use and its wretched perversion, and deplore that the virtue, which should have healed the waters, has itself been corrupted to such a degree that it has defiled them!

Of the Grecian Thalia we have but scanty records. From the eulogiums which both Cicero and Quintilian pronounce upon the dramas of Menander, we must deeply regret their irrecoverable loss. From the light and racy wit of those who copied him, we may infer no mean title for the original. He wrote more than a hundred plays. The Apostle Paul condescended to quote from him; and in the Thais, the original of the Eunuch of Terence, occurred the moral maxim which is cited in the sublime description of the Resurrection: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The only difficulty in verifying it is, that, Φθειρουσιν ηθη χρησθ' ομιλιαι κακαι, do not form a pure iambic. But this is by no means singular, for many of the lines, yet extant of him, abound in frequent spondees. Concerning Menander it is now impossible for us to form an independent judgment. We possess not a perfect scene or a dialogue, in whatever remains have come down to us. We have received nothing which can serve as a specimen: not a sufficient segment by which to guess the circle. Instead of quick, sparkling, turns of thought,—conceit, and raillery,—

> "Jest which wrinkled care derides,
> Laughter holding both its sides,"—

from his few and mutilated fragments, we should gather that he excelled and abounded in sweet and touching sentiment. I

will select a few.—"Were we to launch forth on the deep only for four days, it would be most indispensable, well to observe our course: and should we be spared to old age, ought we to be uninformed and careless of that solemn path?" "The voice of the old is most pleasant to the old, of youth to youth, of woman to woman, of the sick to the sick,—so he, who knows affliction himself, can alone breathe the true tone of sympathy into the ear of the afflicted." "If tears could heal our griefs, and incessant weeping could end them, tears would be worth more than gold: but truly things continue just the same, and go on in their own way, whether we weep or not. What is, then, the use of tears? Nothing: but then sorrow as naturally bears its tears, as trees their fruit." "Peace can cultivate the highest, bleakest, rock: war blasts the fairest plain." "He who gives immediate credit to an evil report, without searching into its truth, must be himself a bad man at heart that he can so readily be persuaded of what is evil." "As the physician is sought for the diseased body, so should a friend be sought for the sick mind: the words of friendship are blessed restoratives to sorrow." The following are in a more sportive vein. "If you have a daughter of a marriageable age, particularly taciturn on such matter, be sure she means no little by that reserve and silence." "An expensive wife is a very troublesome affair for a man to have on his hands, and the more that she will not allow him to live the life which he prefers: but some good even comes of her. She brings you family, attends you when laid up in illness, abides with you your last companion in adversity, and manages all the arrangements of your funeral. Think of this counterbalance to your trouble, and do not fret over it every day. For if you dwell only on the misfortune, and set none of the aforesaid advantages against it, your condition is utterly hopeless."

Philemon is another comic writer, of nearly the same age, whose works have all but perished. Though not to be mentioned with Menander, he enjoyed a considerable fame. There is something often very noble in his views of character and conduct. Take the following instance: "He is not entitled to be regarded just, who simply does no wrong, but he who, having the power,

will not commit one: nor is he, who withholds his hands from worthless pilferings, but the man who might seize on mighty prey with perfect impunity, and restrains his very thoughts. Nor indeed is he who observes all such things: but the man that, from the dispositions of an upright nature, aims only to be just in reality, being indifferent to appearance." But Philemon can be jocular too; but it is generally at the expense of physicians. His gibes are somewhat musty. Three are preserved, but they are almost too ragged to be adduced. Take one for the rest. "Who is that? A physician. How uncomfortable a physician looks when nobody is ill." One sentiment seems set as a precious stone amidst much worthless framework,—invaluable as a rebuke to tyranny and as a vindication of man;*—"Though, O master, he be thy slave, he is not less a man, if there be a man!"†

These rarities of the New Comedy compel us to regret that the standards to which they belonged have perished, for they certainly breathe a high improvement over the Old. Of this latter order, Aristophanes may be considered the prototype and founder. Though we do not decry him, and are far from thinking lightly of him, yet what is left us of the after comedy induces the wish that its spirit had regulated whatever might boast an earlier date. Never was improvement more rapid and confessed. Should it be objected that Plautus and Terence copied most freely from the New Comedy, and that they often present very depraving pictures and immoral ideas, we have the evidence of those, who were profoundly versed in both, that the Roman but feebly approached, and often grossly corrupted, the archetypes of the Greek.

We are not about to defend Aristophanes: but when we remember the epoch in which he flourished, the epoch of Sophocles, Pericles, Herodotus, Phidias, Thucydides,—the reputation which he then enjoyed, in what may be called, in imitation of

* The physician may find amends for this banter in Homer's panegyric on Machaon: Ιητρος γαρ ανηρ πολλων αντaξιος αλλων.—Il: lib. xi. 514.

† The quotations are taken from the extracts contained in the Poetæ Minores Græci. Warton has some Papers on Menander in the Adventurer.

the Augustan epithet of another nation, the Alcibiadean period, —he must have been far more than the mime or the buffoon. His diction is on all hands admired for its purity and taste. His wit is exuberant, though it is frequently mischievous. For his freedom of animadversion some excuse may readily be made. He was the member of a republic, and virulence is one of its doubtful virtues. He was a dramatist, whose business it is to show "scorn her own image." He was seen and read as an "abstract and brief chronicle of his time." If he hated Cleon, what true patriot did not? If he lashed the foolish Demus, did not their ungrateful fickleness justify his utmost severity? If he too unceremoniously dragged Socrates into notice, did not his coalition with the foolish, formal, pompous Sophists force on this contempt? Certainly he had no share in bringing that great man to death. He was too deeply implicated in the very charges brought against the sage,—had himself too freely spoken touching the divinities of his country,—had allowed himself too large a license,—to join in the persecution which was so base and fatal. Nothing was more likely than that he should be doomed to the same poisoned draught. For what can be more irreverent than his colloquies of the Gods, and his banter of the Mysteries? Besides, had he committed such a deed, would Plato have admitted him into his Convivium, assigned him the place of an interlocutor, and put two speeches into his mouth? Should we not have heard of the fury of the populace against him, when they relented of that cruel execution? Must he not have been most prominently marked, when those who were concerned in it were cut off from all communication with their fellow-citizens, and were universally shunned? It was an injustice, indubitably, that he had practised upon the philosopher, an unworthy impertinence; but there is no presumption of hatred or appearance of spite. The personality would recoil on himself, and Socrates be the first to enjoy it! Several years intervened between the representation of the Νεφέλαι, and the philosopher's death.

The terms in which Plutarch condemns this writer are not only ill-advised and coarse, but even truculent. In his Epitome of the comparison of Aristophanes with Menander, he says:

"All his imitations are overwrought. His knave is not shrewd but malignant, his boor not confident but craven, his jester not jocose but ridiculous, his lover not light-hearted but obscene." This severity of rebuke destroys itself. For he has told us before that the style is θυμελικον,—or adapted to the acted scene; and can any quality be more praiseworthy? He has, moreover, added that in the structure of the words, there is something tragic and comic: can any mixture so well express the cool, grave, point of pleasantry and wit? He also rejoins, that he knows not in what this Author's wide-resounded fame consists. But then it *was* wide-resounded! How came this to pass? Surely a writer like Plutarch would have given his unmusical ears to have been able to write with the same exquisite purity as Aristophanes,—to whom our Porson ascribes "the most refined elegance of language," and whose works St. Chrysostom, it is said, was accustomed to lay under his pillow.

The principal defect in this great Dramatist is the meagreness of his plot. It never seems necessary, and seldom complete. Sometimes it is stiffly plain, at other times it is tediously intricate. But if stiffly plain like a May-pole, it is always surmounted with a vernal garland: if it be tediously intricate as a chain, a current of electric sparks is constantly flowing through it!

A certain imitation, though very amusing, of animal cries and vulgar sounds, by no means enhances the versification and intellectual stamp of his poems. This is, assuredly, a very strong, and, not infrequently, a very gross license. In America there are Frog-concerts,—and he has introduced one in the Βατραχοι. The school-boy will always delight in the chorus, so self-interpreting, so far more tuneful to his ear by being so much more simple than most of the χοροι, which seems to defy the use of syntax and the help of lexicon,—and how, in after life, it breaks upon us from the sedgy lake of Acherusia, wafting all our former recollections and associations with it! Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.—In the Ορνιθες a similar mimicry occurs, only it is not so perfect, birds having many inflections of voice, frogs having but one: Πο πο πο πο πο πο πο ποι.—When in his Ειρηνη, the

chorus is engaged in drawing Peace out of the well, the summons to the pull is not unlike the "Heave O" of our mariners, while it forgets not the "pull altogether:"

> "Ω εια νυν, ω εια πας.
> Ω εια ει, ω εια ει,
> Ω εια ει, ω εια πας.

Nor can it be disputed that his Comedy often abandons its more proper ground, degenerating into parody, travestie, and farce.

I must despair of giving a just and satisfactory account of any of his productions. He is difficult to translate; and his quick, versatile, faculties are so sudden in their transitions, so variegated in their hues, that none of his dramas move well in a modern dress. One, nevertheless, it may be expected that I should sketch. I might incline to one or two others, but perhaps "the Frogs" is the most entertaining.

It must be borne in mind that Euripides was the object of our Poet's fierce dislike, and the butt of his keenest sarcasm. This seems to be a ruling passion in him. The desire to abuse and mortify that beautiful and profound writer is ever present to his mind. The attachment of Socrates towards the tragedian, his constant attendance upon his performances, excited the envy of Aristophanes: while his known prejudice against all comedy, along with his presumed interference in its suppression altogether for three years, may have embittered envy into rage. In this play it is too apparent. Here we shall be reminded of the incomparable Αλκηστις, but only to be disgusted at its profane burlesque. Another motive may have prevailed with him, a wish to loosen the hold which the Eleusinian initiations had upon the popular mind. As Æschylus was suspected of having betrayed them, and but narrowly escaped, it was not unnatural to treat him as an ally, and but too gratifying to his hatred to extol that ally at the cost of his successor and competitor. Ælian, in his Second Book of the Various History, hesitates not to assert that Aristophanes in his lampoons on Socrates was suborned by his enemies, and deems it probable that he received their bribe. All this is, however, unsupported.

And now for the Fable. Bacchus is resolved to descend to the shades in search of a Tragic Poet, he being the patron of Tragedy. To pass those awful confines was a labour for Hercules, and how could this feeble Sybaritic God succeed? He disguises himself with the lion-skin and club. Thus arrayed he enters with his servant Xanthias upon the scene. The servant is over-laden with the luggage hung about him, but riding on an ass. It would seem that many comedies began with the complaints of burdened slaves. The jest had grown stale. This varlet is forbidden it by his lord. But he feels the galling inconvenience of his load. Nor is he reconciled to it, though reminded that he really carries nothing, because carried himself. They arrive at the door of Hercules, who answers to their loud knocking. Bacchus flatters himself that the hero, in thus appearing, is afraid. He chuckles over his prowess and appearance. But Hercules laughs out contemptuously at this effeminate counterfeit of his own trappings. Demanding of him what he was in quest of, after much idle vapouring, Bacchus feigns a peculiar delicacy in revealing his secret. He can only compare his own ardent desire to one which his interrogator has known. Solemnly appealing to him, he asks whether he had, at any time, a longing for hasty pudding? Hercules confesses to the passion a thousand times during his life. "Such is my determination," rejoins he, "to seek Euripides, though he was in a region nether to Elysium." He covertly describes him, by painting his idea of a poet, one who would talk of "Air, the little house of Jove," or "the Foot of Time,"—well-known quotations from his works. Hercules proves the better critic of the two. The rosy-faced God then enquires the way, apologising for taking the dress of him who had already conquered Cerberus. He is informed of three very expeditious routes,—a halter, a poison-bowl, or flinging himself from the great tower of the Athenian burying ground. Having declined these more summary methods, he is informed of a lake which he must cross, fathomless in its depth, and infested with snakes and horrid beasts in its border. Beyond it lie the slough in which the wicked are engulphed, and the abodes of the blest.

Xanthias has, in the mean while, been frequently lamenting that no notice was taken of him. Unwilling to bear the heavy wallet any longer, master and man seem delighted to behold the funeral that is passing by. The corpse is asked what is his charge for conveying it below. But as he refuses to do it for nine oboloi, and stands out for two full drachmæ, the servant undertakes it afresh. They have now come to the ferry, and Charon is seen in his boat. Bacchus is taken on board, but Xanthias being a slave, and not having been privileged in consequence of any share in the naval action of the Arginusæ, is necessitated to run round to the stone of Auænus. Bacchus, trusting to his fare or passage, stands up and looks about him, but is soon roughly ordered by the grim boatswain to sit down and ply an oar. The signal for the stroke is no sooner given, than swells the chorus of incessant croaks! Uneasy and blistered, this monotonous sound greatly offends him. He clamours against their unfeeling repetition: "Nothing else but coax!" Landed on the other side, after a contest with these inhabitants and choristers of the fen and reed, in which they have come off most victorious,—his boastful valour is suddenly damped by the report of Xanthias, who has met him here, and who seems determined to play a little on his fears. Turning pale at the thought of a horrible apparition, all the dastard betrays itself in him. He will neither be known as Hercules nor Bacchus. When suddenly there is heard the cry of Iacchus, Iacchus, O, Iacchus. Beautiful strains are now heard from the Mystæ, formed into chorus and semichorus. They direct these strangers, for so they profess themselves, to the palace of Pluto. Nothing can denote a more forcible idea of scorn for the mythology then generally believed, than that Bacchus should tremble at the acclamations of his own name and his own worship, having just before thrown himself upon the protection of his own priest. In an unhappy moment, the danger being past, he announces himself to be Hercules. Æacus darts from the door at which he has knocked, and upbraids and menaces, in no measured terms, him who had burst the barriers, and rifled the treasures, of the Tartarean world. Bacchus now faints, and

his servant rates him for his pusillanimity. An exchange of habiliments is proposed, and Xanthias consents, with much gasconade, to become the Hercules of the party. Bacchus has scarcely taken up the baggage, when the servant of Proserpine comes with her queen's invitation to a banquet prepared for the valiant demigod whom she had reason to know of old. The pretended impersonator is much alarmed, and declines the entertainment. But two or three tempting lures having being put forward, he consents. But now, Bacchus hearing these offers, wishes to resume the part, and set the servant aside. No sooner has he done this, than two landladies rush in upon him, supposing that he was the real Hercules who had eat their larders clean, and devoured them out of house and home. Bacchus would now exchange with Xanthias again. Xanthias, once more equipped, is seized by the returning Æacus, who has left the stage to bring back with him the means and ministers of revenge. This threatens to be another unlucky turn for the servant, and the master, with a retort, stands ready to enjoy it. But Xanthias, denying that he had ever stolen any thing, offers his slave, none other than the son of Semele, to the most varied and protracted torture. Things have now gone too far, and Bacchus declares his immortal nature. The servant denies it not, but thinks that on this account he ought to have the whipping, because a god would never feel the scourge. As the scourge is borne equally well by them, both feeling it but cloaking the smart, their altercation yields to another. This is the controversy between Æschylus and Euripides. Bacchus is appointed judge. The trial is to settle the rightful claimant to the Tragic throne. The chorus of the Mystæ take decidedly against Æschylus by an echo of his turgid, stilted, phrase. So vehement is the strife of tongues, that Bacchus cannot keep order in the court. They wrangle on each other's excellence and vice of manner. The arbitrator is also very foolish, continually uttering flippant and partial remarks. Indeed, he is puzzled between the disputants, and seems at last to incline to side with both by turn. Æschylus, eventually, to ridicule the narrative style of his rival, proposes

a constant appendix,—"lost a little cup." However Euripides commences a prologue, it is thus interrupted. Nothing can be more unfair, for there cannot be a sentence with a proper name or a personal pronoun in it, but may be finished by, "lost a little cup." But Euripides makes instant and bitter reprisals, proving from the hymns of his antagonist, and not from mischievous invention, a repetition almost as frequent and feeble. To it they fall again quoting, garbling, and jeering each other. The former is laughed at for his inflation,—his sesquipedalia verba,—phlattothrattophlattothrat: the second for his mawkishness,—his whine,—his ει ει ει ει ει ειλισσουσα, a word spun out to denote his drawl. To complete the strange breadth of this scene, Bacchus directs them to hold a pair of scales, then to recite alternately their verses, when on his crying Cuckoo, they are to let go, and he will determine the respective weights. Æschylus, by the gravity of his topics, preponderates. But the umpire, wishing to keep friends with both, declines a decision, —when Pluto assures him that if he will not decide, he cannot take back either poet with him. They then are tried by their opinions on the passing politics of Attica. Here the platitudes of several sophistical lines of Euripides are plied home upon him. Notwithstanding much that encourages his hope of election, Æschylus is preferred. The Chorus of the Mystæ confirm the choice. Bacchus retires for a royal lunch. With a stately purveyorship the successful candidate appoints Sophocles as his locum tenens on the tragic throne below,—with the solemn adjuration that his fallen rival, on whom he heaps every epithet of opprobrium, should never occupy that supremacy. With torch and song he then returns to the realms of day!

Such is this famous Drama. The spite of it is more than obvious; it labours through it. Remembering that Euripides was living, and was probably in the theatre during the representation, no conception can do justice to the rude aggression. But there is a brilliancy, a delicacy, a beauty, a profundity of statesmanly principle and observation, a racy drollery, a very punning which does not offend,—together with many a glimpse of power, power that might have emulated realms of thought

and diction more worthy of it, which, like a later genius, might have stood between the severer and the gayer muse, and claimed brotherhood with both.

It is time that we should dismiss our attention to the Greek Comedy, but it would be unjust to overlook Lucian. Though of a date so low as that of Aurelius, a Syrian by birth, a Roman by subjection, he writes freely and gracefully in the Attic style. He does not construct the regular drama, but contents himself with dialogues in which sometimes only two personæ appear. They are left to distribute themselves into scenes. They are often very piquant in their wit, and not seldom instructive in their moral. They include, among others, Confabulations of the Deities, and Conferences of the Dead. He would seem to have held lower notions of the Pagan superstition than Aristophanes himself. It may be well to give a brief conspectus of his manner and his light dramatic vehicle. It is difficult to select from such a stock of roguish humour and repartee, but it shall be the Αλιευς, η Αναβιουντες,—the Angler, or the Philosophers brought back to life. Lucian, under the name of Parresiades, finds himself suddenly attacked with all kinds of missiles and blows. There is a ringleader who urges on a maddened concourse. He appeals for pity, but his quotations from Homer and Euripides are all parried by others, and his destruction seems inevitable. Enquiring the character of the crowd and the reason of the onslaught, Plato informs him that they are the philosophers whom he had long scurrilously reviled, that they have obtained permission, a kind of day-rule from the lower world, to return and revenge themselves upon him. Aristippus, Chrysippus, Pythagoras have already avowed their determination to pluck out his eyes, to cut out his tongue, and to crucify him; while Empedocles would plunge him into the crater of Ætna, and Plato would rend him limb from limb. Socrates has, indeed, been the most eager in the chase and seizure. Lucian affirms that instead of traducing them, they are under the greatest obligations to him. He even accuses himself of a constant plagiarism upon them; that having borrowed every thing from them, he must be incapable of maligning them; that he could not thus

wrong them to whom he owed all his celebrity. Plato replies in wrath that this is an aggravation of his offence. But the captive, on his part, asks if philosophers can be actuated by these passions, and whether, even in his Republic, heads were to be taken off without trial, proof, and sentence? He suggests that there shall be a Judge appointed; and to the objection that he can gloss his cause and bribe his judge, he proposes Philosophy for the chair. To this, after a little relenting on account of their violent haste, they submit. But a sudden difficulty occurs to the mover of the proposition. He knows not the abode of Philosophy, and though he has long been in quest of her, he has never found her yet! He describes, with most felicitous satire, the flirt that passes in her name, affected, covetous, parasitical. They admit that few know her dwelling, but that they are now in the Ceramicus, and that soon she will walk from the Academy to the Porch. She at last approaches, "placid and serene in her silent meditations." She instantly recognises and hails Plato, Aristotle, and other leaders of the learned sects. Perceiving them out of temper, she demands what has brought them up from the dead, what has crossed them, and who is the prisoner they have in charge? She severely rebukes them for their littleness, on hearing their allegation: and reminds them how, when Comedy had made merry with her, she held her not less her friend, nor ever thought of reproving her for it. About to dismiss her attendants, in her way to the Acropolis to adjudicate this trial, Lucian feels curious to know them. He learns that the first is Virtue,—that standing next to her is Justice,—that she who walks before is Science,—and the colourless and almost imperceptible form is Truth. The poor defendant wishes to take Truth with him, which, after a little demur, she grants on condition that Liberty and Parresia (the confidence of speaking) may accompany her. To these are added, Conviction and Demonstration. All the lady-train moves on, until they reach the temple of Minerva. While on their progress, in reply to Philosophy, Lucian tells his profession; a hater of all pretence, a lover of truth, beauty, and whatsover things are lovely. He states that those who deserve to be hated are as fifty thou-

sand to one who deserves to be loved. "A most invidious profession!" cries Philosophy. The Court being now open, one of the dead-alive must read the indictment. Chrysippus nominates Plato, who will substitute Diogenes. The Cynic immediately blusters and threatens with his staff in hand, which Philosophy condemns, saying that the cause must be determined by rational argument, and not by the cudgel. The prosecutor resumes. He accuses Lucian of undermining the reputation of the most established philosophers by holding them up to popular ridicule: that Aristophanes was more excusable than he, because he exposed but one philosopher, and him only during the Dionysia: that only very lately he had, by public auction, disposed of them at contemptible prices. The public accuser or procurator is loudly applauded by his fellows: which brings down the censure of the Bench. Lucian, already so confident in his cause that he has given leave to the resuscitated philosophers to become his assessors, now opens his defence. It is that of a practiced rhetorician. He shows how unlike were the modern pretenders their noble founders; what disgrace they brought upon them; that, like feeble actors attempting first-rate parts, they merited the lash by their failure; that they studied their masters only to evade their rule of life; that any comparison between leaders and followers was as the proverb, Hercules and an ape!—He is commanded to stand aside. Philosophy and Truth consult together, and agree that he has carried his cause triumphantly,—*both* having felt the truth and power of his appeals to such a degree, that one could have sunk into the earth, and the other was covered with blushes. Diogenes retracts the indictment, and all the ghostly philosophers acquit the defendant, and call him their benefactor. Virtue now suggests that the pseudo-philosophers should be called in, and that Lucian should arraign them. He consents and directs Syllogism to summon them. From the overhanging brow of the rock, the proclamation is made to all the philosophers in the city which lay below, to come and take their trial before Truth, Philosophy, and Judgment. But this does not bring them. They are then summoned for a dole of two minæ and a cake of Indian corn:

are told not to trouble themselves to bring Wisdom, Justice, or Temperance: but that five syllogisms apiece are indispensable! The avenues of the Parthenon are immediately choked with claimants! Some plant ladders to climb up the nearest way! What elbowing for precedence! What a riotous crowd! Platonists, Pythagoreans, Stoics, Peripatetics, Epicureans, Academics, all wrangle for the portion first! *Philosophy* interposes "Here I am," she exclaims, "with my Friends, Virtue and Truth, to try you, and see who are true philosophers. Those whose lives are found consistent with our precepts shall receive our sanction and be happy. But the impostors shall be chastised." It is quite enough. They scud. They throw themselves down the very precipices. The space is in a moment cleared. One cynic has lost his bag. It is examined. Instead of horsebeans, or a book, or fragments of black bread, it contains gold, ointment, a dining knife, a looking-glass, and a set of dice. Lucian is now installed the principal officer of Truth and Philosophy, with their high mandates to crown the real philosopher, but to lay hold of the counterfeit, to strip off his cloak, to shave his beard with sheep shears, and to burn into his forehead the stamp of a fox or a baboon. He, to make a beginning, borrows of the priestess of the temple a hook and fishing rod. Having baited it with a fig and some gold, he lets down the line into the city, and angles for "philosophers falsely so called." One soon bites, is drawn up, and, playing upon his name, is called a dog-fish: i.e. a cynic. Diogenes is asked whether he owns him? or is interested in him? And when answered, "not in the least," Lucian waggishly observes, "It is the same I lately valued at twopence,"—the very price at which he had knocked down the man of the tub himself. Again the line is thrown,—a πλατυς or flat-fish is caught. This of course is a Platonist. Then a follower of Aristotle, and afterwards one of Chrysippus, is caught; but their masters, from whom they are called, utterly disclaim them. *Philosophy* then thinks that they are so numerous that it is superfluous, and not worth the tackle, to try for more. They having been cast away, and dashed to atoms against the rock, it but remains to dismiss the

visitors from their holyday-return to earth, and bid them reach home in good time beneath.

Lucian is a charming writer, sparkling with wit, opulent in sentiment, redolent of mirth: but his faults are many,—his indiscretions of taste not a few. His contempt of his country's gods need not surprise us, but his irreligion marks itself in equal scorn at Christianity. How far his dramas were acted, we know not: some only, and these very rare, could admit of representation.

The Roman proscenium is indebted for all its comic truth and life to the Grecian model. Did space allow, the imitation might be easily traced. It was the middle and new Comedy which it principally copied. So strong is this passion that the scene is always laid in the parent states of Greece or in their dependencies. I know not a Latin comedy which can be called Roman. Many are professed counterparts, almost transcriptions: none are national. The character of that people, the scenery of that country, peculiar custom and institution, their worthies and their fools, are never introduced. Even in the foreign costume we cannot descry the man nearer home, and the opportunity does not seem availed of to employ the stranger in the task of reflecting and deriding native vice. But it may be that this satiric thrust at their neighbours was forbidden to the Roman dramatist, and that his temptation was constantly curbed by the presence of the Ædiles in their curule chairs. Plautus was a favourite author with his countrymen, and still continues in high esteem with all sound scholars. His writings remain like a noble sculpture, not so original as beautiful,—with a little affectation of the antique,—its drapery somewhat quaint, but natural, marked, characterised; its muscle rather developed than the nerve and dimple,—yet cold and hard. But still the drama of which I proceed to give an abstract, will not bear out all this animadversion. However, it is unlike any other, and vibrates with the most perfect pathos. It is called Rudens. Sceparnio, the servant of Dæmones, rushes upon the stage, horror-struck with the tempest which had raged during the night. Dæmones has long lost a daughter, stolen from his home when

he resided at Athens, and carried off to Cyrene. Here, too, after many years, he comes to dwell. Pleusidippus falls in love with her, and resolves to redeem her from her base abductor. But the wretch hoping a larger price for his captive-slave, hurries her on ship-board for Sicily. The furious tempest is the retributive minister to drive the vessel back. Pleusidippus appears, breathing vengeance on the betrayer who has narrowly escaped him with his victim. Passing an encounter of tongues between himself and the slave already on the stage, which the master's presence and authority cannot check, their attention is suddenly arrested by a wreck. The sailors are buffeting with the waves! Soon two women are descried, often almost overwhelmed, in a little skiff. As Sceparnio recounts the struggle,—how the boat tosses in the surge,—the mind, the imagination, suffers an agony of interest. I can remember no where so *real* a description.

"Ut afflictantur miseræ! euge, euge, perbene,
Ab saxo avortit fluctus ad littus scapham;
Neque gubernator unquam potuit!
Non vidisse undas me majores censeo;
Salvæ sunt, si illos fluctus devitaverint!
Nunc, nunc, periculum 'st! ejecit alteram,
At in vado 'st: jam facile enabit: eugepæ!
Viden', alteram illam ut fluctus ejecit foras?
Surrexit: horsum se capesset: salva res!
Desiluit hæc autem altera in terram e scapha.
Ut præ timore in genua in undas concidit!
Salva 'st, evasit ex aqua; jam in littore est!"*

Palæstra, one of these women snatched from the waves, now enters with her deranged and drenched attire, a very impersonation of sorrow. After bewailing her fate, the supposed loss of her companion, the frightful loneliness of the coast, she complains that pain, mental wandering, and terror, weigh her down, "Algor, error, pavor, membra omnia tenent." She sinks, exclaiming,—

"Hæc parentes haud mei scitis miseri,
Me nunc miseram ita esse, uti sum: libera ego
Prognata fui maxume; nequicquam fui!
Nunc qui minus servis, quam si forem serva nata?
Neque quicquam unquam iis profui, qui me sibi eduxerunt!"

* Act i. Scene 2.

That last regret, breathing the fulness of filial piety, makes us entertain a most lively concern for this hapless maid. Her companion, Ampelisca, is heard lamenting her hard fortune, they approach each other, and embrace. But whither shall they flee? Wistfully they look on every side, and lo! a temple. Ignorant of the Tutelary, they hail the refuge, and invoke the protection of the shrine. The priestess of Venus appears, her soul is melted at their distresses, and she gives them the asylum of the fane. Trachalio, the servant of Pleusidippus, learns just at this time, from the report of some fishermen and of his old acquaintance, Ampelisca, what a trick has been put upon his master by this woman-stealer, Labrax. He also gathers that Palæstra's trouble is heightened by the loss of a casket which contained the proof of her descent and parentage. Ampelisca, who has a good share of the chamber-maid pertness about her, has just stepped over the way with a sacred urn to beg water for the temple at the house of Dæmones; and gossiping unduly with Sceparnio, espies Labrax and his companion Charmides, when she flees, with errand incomplete, to the sanctuary of the altar. Labrax and Charmides, just extricated from the billows, speak to each other with the recriminations in which such miscreants usually indulge. The chief one, in the littleness of his angry, disappointed, feeling, sobs aloud. When hearing from Sceparnio, who has carried back the water-urn to the temple, that the two females, terror-stricken, are embracing the statue of the goddess, he breaks into the penetralia that he may recover his prey. At that moment Dæmones, dwelling on his last night's dream, is suddenly accosted by Trachalio, who, with a most bewildered manner, and in most broken sentences, raises the alarm that the temple has been profaned, and its guardianship been violated. He arouses all his household, directly, to avenge the wrong. The kidnapper is dragged forth. The poor women are seen flying from the temple, and are urged to lay hold of an altar which is outside the porch. The scene becomes now ludicrous as well as painful. Perfectly rabid, the caitiff foams and threatens. Two servants stand close to the altar with clubs to soundly chastise him, should he move. He

quickly perceives that it is folly to resist. There he is fastened by his fears. Pleusidippus, led hither by Trachalio, seizes him and tears him away to prison. His pusillanimity, his craven mien and temper, betray themselves, while the scoffs which he receives from Charmides in answer to his appeals to him, give a strange terribleness to the scene, which closes amidst their reciprocal curses. The females now obtain shelter in their protector's house. He comes forward and expresses his wonder that his servant Gripus should have thought of going to fish in such a state of the sea. But the fisherman has netted something better than fins. A large cloak-bag is his reward. This character is capitally conceived. He reckons on his gains. They shall be kept secret. By little and little he will buy out his manumission. He will then purchase slaves. He will possess a navy. He will build a city to be called Gripus, and constitute a great monarchy. Unfortunately Trachalio surprises him in his soliloquy. The conversation is very amusing. The interruption, the assumed quiet of this child of luck, his tenacity of the prize, his prevarication, his acceptance of terms when his own master, as though a stranger, is selected arbitrator in deciding the right to the booty, are sketched with a consummate skill. Dæmones, experiencing a little domestic jealousy on account of giving harbour to these fugitives, reconducts them to the altar. Gripus, full of his scheme, stops him. And then follows as entertaining a colloquy as was ever penned. No one can get in a sentence for the garrulous fisherman. After an incessant stream he begs to know, if it will ever be his turn to speak? The fair proposal is made, that Palæstra shall be called to identify the casket, and to describe the articles contained in it. She identifies it. Gripus asserts that she owned it before she could plainly see it. He objects also to her giving an inventory, because she may be a witch versed in divination. She states what are its contents,—so many childish toys. Much to the doubt and dismay of the poor finder, she gives an account of them. The names of her father and of her mother, from whom she was stolen at three years of age, are engraven on them. Those names are demanded by Dæmones. It is Dæmones! It is

that of his wife Dædalis! She is locked in her long-lost father's arms! Gripus keeps up a running comment, with many a rueful malison upon himself and others. Nothing can be more laughable than the turns he gives to every remark and incident. The bag and chest taken from him, he thinks that nothing better is left for him than to go home and hang himself privately,—but on reconsideration, he adds, for a little while, until I get over this vexation. Here all should have been concluded with the just additions that Gripus be free and Labrax punished: Pleusidippus be married, and perhaps Ampelisca pair off with the freed Trachalio. But the action loiters for the purpose of verbal conceits put into Trachalio's mouth, who at once becomes a drawler of one word or one sentence, unlike any thing he has hitherto proved himself to be. The fortunate lover is just seen in his way to the home of Palæstra. But though all the interest is exhausted, and all the materials should now have been worked up,—the Fifth Act Rule, of which the Greeks knew nothing, had come into vogue:—

> "Neve minor, neû sit quinto productior actu
> Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi."*

The execrable Labrax, on whom the thunderblast should have struck, appears at the beginning of the last Act, deploring that the verdict has gone against him, but comforting himself that still the other woman was his property. Retiring a little, Gripus advances still weeping for his bag, and threatening another suicide. The *leno* overhears, and matters are quickly explained. Gripus promises to produce it on the pledge, sanctified into an oath, that he shall obtain for it a talent. The higgling of the parties is jocose enough. Dæmones generously gives up the treasure. Labrax affects an equal generosity in resigning his daughter, whom the law had set free. He then makes light of his oath to Gripus and refuses the talent. But Dæmones now protects his slave. What was due to a slave was a debt to his master. He urges it as his demand. But Gripus wants to receive it himself. The whole

* Ars Poet: 189.

concludes with the remission of half the talent for the freedom of Ampelisca, and by Dæmones pocketing the other for the liberation of his slave. Labrax fares better than Gripus, and, wonderful to relate, Dæmones, the aggrieved father, the irritated proprietor, invites the purloiner of his child, and the slave whose head he has been threatening to break for the last half hour, to take supper with him!

I had intended to divaricate a play or two of Terence: but our limits forbid. His style and dialogue are more buoyant and sprightly than those of Plautus: and he is a more general favourite. He is preferred for his higher and nobler sentiments. Others may think differently, however, concerning this particular plea. The language of Chremes in the Heautontimorumenos is admired and repeated far and wide: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." But scarcely inferior is the passage in the Trinummus of Plautus, where Philto says to Lesbonicus, who thinks he is deriding his title:

> "Homo ego sum: homo tu es: ita me amabet Jupiter!
> Neque te derisum veni, neque dignum puto."*

The slave, too, in Plautus, excites more pity than those of Terence. The Davus' and Syrus' and Getas', do not awaken so acute a commiseration. Who does not sympathise with Syra in the Mercator?

> "*Dorippa:* Quid oncris? *Syra:* Annos octoginta et quatuor:
> Et eodem accedit servitus!"

Strobilus, also, in the Aulularia, speaks to every heart:—

> "Omnes Natura parit liberos,
> Et omnes libertati natura student.
> Omni malo, omni exitio, pejor servitus.
> Et quem Jupiter odit, servum hunc primum facit."

It is an extraordinary transition which we must now make to a distant country and people, and to an unrivalled genius trained up among them. When Aristophanes convulsed Athens with laughter, when the New Comedy of Attica walked the stage with a more graceful step,—when Plautus and Terence

* Trin: Act ii. Scene 4.

transplanted and acclimated this second species into Rome, and delighted patrician and vulgar eyes and ears,—Who were the occupants of *this* land, the inhabitants of *this* country? Whoever may have been our ancestors, their history is lost among those mighty and mysterious emigrations which broke from time to time, out of the north and east, and spread over this portion of the world. Our nation, composed of the most opposite mixtures, was not consolidated then, nor had developed its character. Our language, which now contains such stores of knowledge and literature, and which is now the chosen voice of freedom and religion, had not then a structure or existence. That banner, whose gorgeous fold now flaps in every wind, had not yet waved protection over the injured and the oppressed. Those white cliffs which still gird us round were not, as now, the bulwarks of philosophy and art. How wonderful is the revolution! In a new speech, and in this remote isle, we can criticise the dialects which once warbled like music and fell like dew,—dialects which presaged a glorious power and expansion,—dialects which promised to be more lasting than the works and inventions which they expressed,—dialects which their speakers dreamed must become universal and immortal,—and while they have ceased, though leaving golden wrecks, new combinations of sound and types of mind have succeeded them, and we can utter, in this far age, a language whose accents were then untuned, and can crown a poet of this tongue, whose fame swells high-soaringly above the utmost pitch of all dramatic yore!

The ideal machines employed by Shakspeare we hold to be of the most perfect description. They are supernatural without being unnatural. In the former Essay we considered his apparitions from the dead. The ghost of Darius in the Persians of Æschylus,—and the ghost of Polydorus in the Hecuba of Euripides,—were compared with the Phantom of the Royal Dane. We also dwelt upon the beldame sorceries of Macbeth, and felt that nothing could be assimilated to those wild appalling incantations. But there is a merry spell which our enchanter can invoke. Sprite and fairy revel in the circle of his wand. Clouds of elves come sporting to his bidding. Ariel, that creature of

the air, so light, so free, so tricksy, so quaint, so dainty,—at will sharing the honey of the flower with the bee, couching in the cowslip's bell, and canopied by the "blossom which hangs on the bough,"—then "treading the ooze of the salt deep," "running upon the sharp wind of the north," and "doing business in the veins of the earth,"—yet sighing, amidst all his range, for a more unconfined liberty, the freedom of the elements! Mab was only a charioteer for description,—but though not represented in action, too tiny for even the microscope of Shakspeare,—how she flies before us with her fairy car and team! riotous in humour and wanton in prank! impalpable as a sunmote, rapid as an insect's gauzy wing! Then the frolic of Robin Goodfellow, the mischief-loving Puck, "the merry wanderer of the night, who jests to Oberon." All may sleep, but he never sleeps! All may weary, but he never wearies! All may grieve, but he never grieves! He has a quip for every ear, a gambol for every eye! He can girdle the earth, or distil the flower! He flies at all,—distorts the optics of Titania, and sticks on Bottom the ass' head! Now all this is most foolish in itself. But the bard found it the popular superstition. He was required to turn it into poetry. It became necessary to the romantic and ideal. How much happier was he, and how much more wise, to possess and use the machinery these imaginary beings gave him,—which he could do without one intrusion of a profane or jarring thought,—than the ancient writers who had nothing between Olympus and the world, and brought their very deities to break jokes for them on the scene! Besides what we have seen in the Frogs, Aristophanes brings forward Plutus as a principal actor in another play, which bears indeed his name. Minerva takes part in the Rhesus of Euripides, and Neptune in his Troades. In the Amphitruon of Plautus, Mercury, declaring himself to be a god in the prologue, takes his regular dialogue in the piece; and actually Jupiter, after a place in the scene, appears in the last act in character and winds up the plot. It sufficed for our poet to select his invisible agents from the mushroom-table, and the ringlet-tuft: and though in the Tempest he introduces the Pagan deities, it is in a masque,

and again in Cymbeline, but it is in a dream. It must be remembered that to him they were "no Gods."

Caliban belongs rather to the province of tragedy than comedy. We laugh, but we are angry that we can. Horror more frequently shakes us. The conception is so strange, so wild, so incredible, that it is not only "on the verge," but far beyond it, "of all we hate." He is found the sole inhabitant of the isle, and but adds to its grim solitude. His uncouth cries ring among its rocks, his misshapen feet imprint their trace upon its sands, he haunts its caves. Deformed in figure and feature, he is an abortion of humanity, borrowing a disguise from the sea. His arms are fins, his pores are scales, his nails are claws, his feet are webs. His mother was Sycorax, the witch of Africa, and he is the fruit of her foul commerce with some fiend of hell. He rises like a gnome before us, vile, unnatural, disgusting. He is the grotesque of evil. Such a creature should have dwelt alone, like a monster in its den, or a reptile in its rock. Prospero finds him scarcely distinguishable from the lowest brute. He could articulate no speech. He "would gabble." He must be "stroked." Yet he could remember some of the spells of his banished parent. There were capacities, also, for a mental development. He could "learn." He acquired "how to name the bigger light and how the less." An intellect, harsh and strong, is evolved in him. Music yields him pleasure more refined than we might have expected.

> "Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about my ears; and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
> I cried to dream again."

He is keenly sensible to every jest raised against his person and importance. He is stung by any ridicule thrown upon him:

> "Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him?"

He possesses a sort of poetry of imagination:

> "Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall."

He dreads any lower depression of his manhood:

> "And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
> With foreheads villainous low."

His intellect is of the demon, but it only stimulates the vices of the brute in which it is circumscribed. The kindness of Prospero is all in vain. He had "used him with human care, and lodged him in his own cell." "Kindness could not move him." Whatever the subsequent severity with which he is treated, we cannot pity him who seeks the violation of his master's child, and plots the destruction of his master's life. His cruelty and revenge grow most inventive in their means, as they are most savage in their dispositions. He gloats over the supposed murder and rape with every horrible instigation. His mouth is full of curses. "Any print of good he cannot take." Evil appropriates and possesses his hideous form. His origin, "his vile race," is rank within him, and constantly appears. He is incapable of good and hopeless of reform. He supports the judgment pronounced upon him:

> "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
> Nature can never stick; on whom my pains,
> Humanely taking, all, all lost, quite lost;
> And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
> So his mind cankers."

He is provoked by his presumed wrongs into no independence. Sensual as malignant, the bottle of Stephano purchases his service. He looks up to him as his god. The question then is, what is the moral of this conception? It is doubtless to show in "this thing of darkness," the conquest and overpowering of a struggling intellect by licentious and truculent passions,—that in this effect the awakening mind of the demon lapses into the gross carnality of the beast. Any additional vice lends but a new deformity, and drunkenness was but wanted to expose him beyond his cunning. He is "a very weak monster," "a most credulous monster," "an abominable monster." We can

scarcely expect a realization of his sober vow and disabused ignorance:

> "I will be wise hereafter,
> And seek for grace."

He is left, we may suppose,—though the poet tells us not his future fate,—upon the island of his birth,—and if he resume his first education, and "seek this grace," the magician has not found these shores, nor curbed its "hag-born" solitary, in vain! The enchanted cell may attract better spirits; reason and religion may begin to cast a beam on his outward shape; and Caliban may find a hermitage of contentment and devotion there!

The Female character in Shakspeare, save where he would excite a disgust at vice, is eminently lovely because it is pure. We have not now to do with Tragedy,—but even in Lady Macbeth yearns the daughter who could have struck the victim if "he had not resembled her father,"—the mother, who had "loved the babe that milked her,"—the spotless and devoted wife. In all his lighter scenes, the same bright excellence accompanies his fine delineation. He held in deep devotion female simplicity and worth. If his story should require him for a moment to let loose a cloud that shades it, he gathers all his strength and indignation to prove its innocence and avenge its wrong. The Merry Wives of Windsor follow too closely the appearance of evil, but their hilarity is that of unconscious evil, resolving to hold up to contempt their foolish, braggart, tormentor.—We tremble for Helena, we mark her disguise, we track her journey, we hear her confession, she touches all but the forbidden line, we fear that she may commit herself, but she emerges from every difficulty more femininely beautiful and gentle, having given proof of her greatness, and earnest of her consistency.—Rosalind and Celia are often placed, by their adventure of friendship and misfortune, in perplexing situations, but their virtue, like a mirror, grows fairer for every passing breath. It threads the forest for them, and however assailed, it is their sure defence.—Viola is the untainted girl amidst vicissitude, lure, indiscreet concealment, but concealment assumed for her protection; false impression, but impression which serves

to heighten our admiration; and many a perilous chance, more frightful than the storm which she narrowly escaped. Her imprudent disguise becomes her coat of mail.—The Princess and the three dames of France engage in a critical expedition, but they are defied to it. They pitch their pavilion before Navarre, and lay siege to it. The treaty of celibacy dissolves. But they know how to punish the poor capitulators. And the king with his three attendant lords have to pay, for their boasted recusancy, the mulct of a year's disappointment.—Julia shrinking from her own design of attiring like a page, that she may reclaim her Proteus,—Imogen in like predicament of "doublet, hat, and hose," in her way to Milford,—like twin-stars gleam through their invidious obscuration. Seldom does he place before us degraded woman. If Regan and Goneril be thus exposed, we feel his justification. They who could wrong the grey hairs of Lear, by every law of nature, must be only vile. —Lightly as possible,—for all the terror of the drama hinges upon it,—is the turpitude of Hamlet's mother unveiled.—In Comedy he never makes light of female vice. With him it is never a thing for ridicule and jest. His villains,—his Edmund's, his Iachimo's, his Iago's,—are, in general, only suffered to speak in this sort. Where woman has some fault, without utter abandonment, he loves to redeem her. Who does not admire Emilia when her honest indignation burns against the traducers of her mistress? And even in higher characters is the same chivalrous display. Constance, the brawl, is forgotten and forgiven in Constance, Arthur's mother. Beatrice, the Lady Disdain, becomes true and noble in repelling the foul slanders aimed against Hero. But how different is the conception of the female character in the classical Comedy! How often are its grossest forms introduced on the Roman scene! How low an opinion would be formed of the bevy of Athenian fair ones, from the descriptions of Aristophanes in his Thesmophoriazousai and Ecclesiazousai! But if Socrates could converse with Theodota, as Xenophon represents him, little can we exaggerate the condition of public morals, and still less blame the dramatist who had to pourtray them in his representations!

I know nothing more beautiful in the creations of Shakspeare than his Fool. Of this character, founded upon the customs of courts and aristocratic households, he has set forth different classes. Some of these are the common-places of silly oafs and clowns, but there is one which is quite peculiar. He had probably seen and spoken with this species, penetrated his knowledge, loved his fidelity, and marked his poorly concealed consciousness of superior wisdom and probity to all around. He could see through all those weeds of folly, the motley with its rattle and its bells. He could reflect that the poor buffeted zany often divined farther, and counselled more wisely, than statesmen and jurisconsults. He appears to have his eye upon this wise man among fools, this honest man among knaves, though yclept fool and knave, when in his various works he introduces some retainer licensed to trick and quibble. The distinction between the Fool and the Clown is always present to him. Viola says of the clown in the Twelfth Night:

> "This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool;
> And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
> He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
> The quality of persons and the time;
> And, like the haggard, check at every feather
> That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
> As full of labour as a wise man's art:
> For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit."

Jaques, in As You Like It, speaking of Touchstone, calls him "deep contemplative," asks for the fool's habiliments, as the "only wear;" but he claims,

> "As large a charter as the wind itself
> To blow on whom he pleased,"

and then promises as a moralist, on the condition he "may speak his mind," that he will

> "Through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
> If they will patiently receive his medicine."

Of this species, the Fool in Lear is the most touching

instance. He quite divides the pathos of the scene. Though it might subject me to the charge of misnomer and solecism, I must consider that he comes more within the tragic category than the humorous. He stands almost alone in the palace, where irascible fond old age holds its feeble sceptre, incapable of household and royal sway.

"He would fain learn to lie."

He is willing to

"Part with his coxcomb."

So treacherous and infatuated has the world become! He has never forborne to detect the infirmities of his master, he has never ceased to bewail them. True to him, he will never abandon his fortunes in their darkest eclipse. But the abdicated monarch hears, through him alone, the truth. He is the one chink by which the stern revealing day-light enters. He is too honest, too faithful, too attached,—and therefore Goneril hates him. The first open breach is Lear

"Striking her gentleman for chiding of his fool."

Constant, though veiled, allusion to his division of the kingdom between his daughters, is reiterated by his "all licensed fool," and he cries:

"A bitter fool."

The first reproach to the unnatural Goneril is from the fool, who pointing her to the discrowned parent, says, with severe significance,

"That 's a shealed peascod!"

Yet all this babble, containing sharp reproof and true wisdom, uttered with tender and familiar tone, only soothes the abdicated king. Amidst the deep agonies, the very heavings, of his grief,—when nature, true to itself, speaks in abrupt and sententious words,—these gibes have a healing and tranquillizing influence. The fool can intimate that all the royal possessions might be recovered, if the monarch would use his power. There does he still abide by his master on the lonely heath and under

the pelting storm. His devotedness is not all unfelt nor unreturned:

> "Come, your hovel,—
> Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That 's sorry yet for thee."

He notes the earliest symptoms of madness in the tempest-hunted king:

> "This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen."

Kent has learnt to appreciate him, and when Gloucester hurries Lear to Dover, to save him from the conspiracy to assassinate him, the blunt old courtier turns to him expressively,

> "Thou must not stay behind."

But he had been too trusty! Murderous hate had followed him! And what a testimony is borne to his worth and integrity, to his fast friendship, to his inviolable love! Lear has slept, he is once more invested with the imperial garniture, he has recognised Cordelia,—he has tasted that her "tears are wet,"—they are made captives by Regan's forces,—Cordelia is killed in prison,—Lear surprises the executioner in his deed of death and slays him,—he enters with her body in his arms,—he is distraught,—but the ever duteous daughter does not engross all his thoughts,—another remembrance wakens in him,—it is of his lowly companion in vicissitude, in storm, in danger,—it is of his adviser, remonstrant, entertainer, friend,—it is of him who spent life and suffered death in his service,—who, it is almost certain, bore the daily contempt of a fool's disguise and a fool's scorn, that he might speak truth in a prince's ear, and prove loyalty to a benefactor's person,—who obtained the elegy of his lord's last sigh, and the epitaph of his monarch's expiring memory, mingled strangely and confusedly, it must be remembered, with fatherly tears over his last and only beloved child at that moment clasped in his embrace, while he is dying too,—

> "And my poor fool is hanged!"*

* I know of course that some have applied this to Cordelia; but it appears to me that the application is most unnatural.

How different from this is the place of the jesters in the olden drama! They are generally slaves, play a double part between father and son, enter into all intrigue, are voluble and often witty, take freedoms now of the most unbridled kind, then are threatened with the scourge and cross,—and are very unscrupulous of the means by which they may secure their liberty. The parasite also often figures for the same purpose. Molière has introduced the fool in La Princesse d' Elide, but Moron is little more than a privileged courtier, a favourite who finds that he may be too officious and sincere. Scott has most thoroughly mastered the character in modern times. His Wamba is almost Shakspearian. It is scarcely possible to forget his contrivance to rescue Cedric. Gaining admission by the friar's habit into Torquilstone he overcomes his master's reluctance, and bidding him go forth and to leave him to his fate, he adds this adieu: "And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my coxcomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful——fool."

While it may be allowed that Lear's poor fool should be martyred in his cause, it may seem incongruous that other comic characters (his is preminently tragic in its philosophy, melancholy, and truthfulness) should timelessly perish. I will refer to two. Mercutio propitiates more interest and esteem than he really deserves. His principal excellence is a hatred of affectation. Beyond this he is nothing better than a light-hearted gallant. He is certainly witty, and elegantly descriptive. But he is in endless chase of mischief. He becomes an idle lounger and roysterer.

"He speaks more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Life and death are to him an equal jest. The very fray in which he is killed, he might easily prevent. Romeo will not fight with Tybalt. There the quarrel would have stopped. But Mercutio's rapier cannot sleep by his side. He upbraids

"The calm, dishonourable, vile submission;"

and turns upon Tybalt, quite unprovokedly, and much to his

surprise. He falls, "he has it, and soundly too." We pity him, but it is the very likely fate of every mettlesome sabreur. As no probability is abused, as the riddance cannot be very deeply mourned, as the death is self-tempted,—we may learn its admirable use. It exposes the folly of the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues, and cries louder than his dying malison,

> "A plague o' both your houses."

It necessitates, he being kinsman to the prince, "his near ally," the banishment of Romeo who has avenged his manes by Tybalt's death. Upon that exile the catastrophe depends.—The second instance of this kind is Polonius, who perhaps seems, upon a slight view of his character, only a foolish sycophant and time-server. But he was principal adviser of Claudius in contracting his horrid marriage:

> "Nor have we herein barred
> Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
> With this affair along."

He is in the highest favour with the usurper:

> "The head is not more native to the heart,
> The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
> Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy father."

He evidently can conceive and suggest good, clear, advice to his children, and only talks his foolish prattle at court. But his views for those children are sometimes exceeding bad. His charge to Reynaldo, who is to act as a spy upon Laertes while in France, saps the foundations of all morality, and expresses but one care, his proficiency in music. He owns that he

> "Is used to hunt the trail of policy."

Hamlet entertains an impression, pretty well delivered, of his "honesty;" of his "love for his daughter;" and of his preference for any "jig or tale of trash" to true dramatic poetry embodying great facts and worthy themes. He can scarcely be excused from the murder. It must have been suspected by him. He must have been a party to

> "The forged process of his death,"

by which "the whole ear of Denmark" was so "rankly abused." In looking on the play he is almost as disturbed as the king. He is privy, without doubt, to the commission, of which Rosencrantz and Guilderstern were the agents, under which Hamlet had lost his head soon as he touched the shore of England but for his detection of the plot and escape. The love of his children for him is little proof of his general goodness. Death has scarcely ever come without a survivor's tears. His death then is not so strange and unseemly. But it is necessary for the elimination of the tragedy. Laertes returns. Ophelia maddens. Hamlet dies.

In fine chivalrous character, dashed with humour, Shakspeare excels. What more nobly, picturesquely, can be placed than the generous, vivacious, lion-hearted Falconbridge? When Constance rates Austria for his defection from her cause, she points contemptuously to his "bloody spoil," and indignantly exclaims:

> "Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
> And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

Whereupon "the little valiant" replies,

> "O that a man should speak those words to me!"

Falconbridge gives it,

> "And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

Thinking that there must be some mistake, the poltroon says:

> "Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life."

Out it comes again,

> "And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

The uniform retort, the retort asked but little desired, is irresistible. We wish to see the end, but John interferes and brings the minion off.—The young Hotspur of the north is a spirit of fire, playful as a monkey, keen-sighted as an eagle, fierce as a tiger, but full of honour and generosity. How high-souled is his mimicry of the fop, and how laughable!

"He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again,
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."*

Not less is his spiriting when he reads the letter, and his epithets of scorn against his half-hearted correspondent rise one upon another! Shakspeare can by a few strokes form such characters.—Sir Thomas Erpingham is just the yeoman-knight to have won Agincourt. Old Siward is of a kindred plume. He asks but, in hearing that his son is slain,

"Had he his hurts before?"

The peculiarity of Shakspeare's Comedy does not easily admit of comparison with the ancient, because it is often introduced into his tragedies. With him these intermixtures are frequent. In that, they are never attempted. The chorus may be sarcastic, but it cannot be light. The question of propriety cannot be now discussed,—our author would not in some instances admit it,—witness his Macbeth.† Only do we venture to ask,—may not the pain of unrelieved tragedy be too oppressive? Is it common or known that one series of calamities shall be continued without any character appearing in the range of the action, any sentiment rising among the accessories, moving laughter or pointing wit?

A very slight glance at some of his comic figures may be expected, but I shall scarcely attempt even this. I shall rapidly travel along his classes and individualizations, that, at rather more length, I may lay open his best-remembered and most applauded creation, his least understood but wonderfully moralised conception, Falstaff.

* This is a phrase which Atterbury did not refuse. It means, that the bearer's nose was so delicate that even perfume irritated it,—it was angry or offended! The Bishop says in one of his Court Sermons, concerning some spiritual annoyance, "The Christian takes it in snuff."

† It is to be hoped that the language of the Porter in this play, is not Shakspeare's own, but a profane interpolation.

Shall we begin with his satirists? Apemantus can with caustic irony and sarcasm stop almost the mouth of the misanthrope Timon. Casca makes the ambition and modesty of Cæsar equally ridiculous.

Shall we call up some group where stupidity is very nicely distributed, but yet has its distinct and appropriate degrees? Shallow, Silence, Davy, in Gloucestershire, can only be surpassed by Shallow, Slender, Simple, in Windsor. What a family it is!

There is a genus of cowards! Aguecheek, trembling to fight with Viola, and then, mistaking her, striking Sebastian, and getting a broken head for his pains,—the very picture of wretched pusillanimity,—entering into conspiracies of mischief to entrap others, and at the same time the gull of conspiracy himself:—Pistol, the hero of words, the mighty "swasher," craven to his fingernails, compelled to eat the leek:—Parolles, the candidate for all warlike renown, deploring the loss of the drum and vowing its recovery, seized and blind-folded by his own comrades, turning traitor to the supposed enemy, traducing all his friends, then, the bandage loosed, finding himself in his own camp, and surrounded with those who had wrought upon his vanity and inveigled him into their power. The latter personation may more than equal the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus and the Thraso of Terence.—Low vulgar ignorance is shaped by the hand of this master with as plastic facility as heroes and virtuous beauty. It is doubtful whether Dull or Costard be the greater fool. Dogberry, giving his charge to the watchmen, of whose severity not the oldest carrier of lanthorn and rattle need complain,—seeing through the intellectual failure of Verges, and inventing excuses for him,—his management of the examination of Conrade and Borachio, his patience of evidence, his distant following of truth, with loud proclamation, "Masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass: O that I had been writ down an ass!"—this surely is so far out of all rule, that if no rule can justify it, no rule can withstand it! The Grave-diggers are merry logicians. I have not now to reason on the propriety of

their introduction in the tragedy, but their manner of cool playful unconcern is in perfect keeping with the scene. To my mind they are strictly tragic. There is a fearfulness upon them. They are the antic ministers of death, bloated vampyres, Gouls peering with fixed scent and gaze from the tombs! The scraps of knowledge put into the mouth of so many clowns and underlings may seem unnatural to us, but Shakspeare's day was noted for their use in sermons, in harangues, in ballads, and in law books themselves. The populace caught them, chopped logic, and broke grave jests.

Coxcombs belong to every generation, but they are fickle in their colours as the chameleon. How this author has seized the features which are common to all, though dressing them in the mantle of his own times! Osric is the puppet of the court. Holofernes is the pedant of the school. But here comes the most "notorious geck," Malvolio! How he sweeps along, "practising behaviour to his shadow!" He has found the letter in the walk. He dotes upon the vision of "the greatness thrust upon him." He stops, and is already in matrimony with the countess and in possession of her estate. He is holding his court, he is despatching his lacqueys, he is exhibiting his gems, he is rebuking his late superiors. He disappears only for a grander entrance with his yellow stockings and cross-garters. He stands before his mistress, reciting sentences of the letter, and his face puckered into smiles. He is confined as a lunatic, and the clown who was a party to the cheat, now as Sir Topas, visits and affects to exorcise him. Hardly have they treated him indeed! "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled him!" Pride is left in the abasement of its fall!—Benedict may find here a not unsuited place. He is a loud declaimer against love, and all who think of Hymen. These boasters of their freedom generally fly very near the ground, and get entangled in the springes. So fares it with him. His excuse for his inconsistency is truly the best that could be made: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—Owen Glendower is a valorous, enthusiastic, Welchman, but no match for the young Mars who loves to teaze him. I love

him heartily, for most heartily does he love music. Nothing nobler was ever spoken of its charm and power than his description,—

> "And those musicians that shall play to you,
> Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
> Yet straight they shall be here."

Nor let us forget Fluellen with "his disciplines of the war," doing his revenge on the hectoring cut-purse ancient, and then making him accept the groat,—glorying in his claim to be fellow-countryman with Harry of Monmouth, and talking as good Anglo-Cambrian as can be spoken in our own day. This is the best Patois character of Shakspeare. His Macmorris, the Irishman, and his Jamy, the Scotchman, are poor in their drawing, though it was only right that the three kingdoms should be represented in that army, and share in the honour of that victory. This is always a difficult introduction, and generally an injustice. If it be very neatly accomplished, it is worthy of little praise. Aristophanes has far more adroitly hit it in his ridicule of the Lacedæmonians by the employment of their dialect.—One would not like to pass over Bottom without a notice, that most ambitious yet useful actor, willing to double his parts, aye to treble them, to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and Lion outright.—Must Launce be forgotten? It is as though he had been subjected to some exhaustive process by which he had been emptied of every intellectual particle, left in utter inanity, without a tie save that by which he leads and restrains his mischievous cur, Crab. Master Barnardine ought not to be hanged. Jack Cade better lives in this author than in the most authentic history. Here the demagogue is in his full length. He denounces education, opens jails, burns records,—then boasts lordly blood,—then affects royal descent,—proclaims himself king,—and furnishes a tolerable specimen of those benign effects which may be forestalled when ignorance heads revolution, branding law as an evil and patriotism a crime.

All other pawns must now be swept from the board, and the knight Falstaff alone remain.

If men can think of a girth sufficiently wide, of a voice sufficiently oily,—an unwieldly port,—a crapulous countenance, —they imagine that they have struck out the true reading of this character. It is for us to enquire whether this idea be just.

It cannot be proved that Shakspeare formed this character upon any individual: most probably it is a pure invention. At first it bore the name of Oldcastle. But this was felt to be a strange freedom with a holy name. This could not have been his wish. For the oversight he apologises, in the epilogue to the second part of Henry IV.: "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." There is still a play extant, ascribed to him, "The History of Sir J. Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham." It appears that there was a Sir John Fastolfe, a cowardly fugitive from two fights, introduced into the first part of Henry VI., whose badge of the Garter Talbot publicly, and in the presence of his sovereign, tore from his leg. Schiller represents him very differently in his Maid of Orleans. But hardly can we suppose that this similarity of name was the suggesting idea. The story of both is incompatible as well as date and associations. But it was generally credited by men who lived in the time of Elizabeth, that the youth of Henry V. was very irregular and licentious. It is still believed in our day that he bearded the majesty of justice even in its seat. Popular belief still holds that he mixed with the vicious, that he revelled in strange excesses, and that oft times he was in circumstances of peril from the outrages of his followers, if not from his own. With the recent dispute, raised, though by no means for the first time, by the Rev. Endell Tyler, we cannot intermeddle. It is enough for our purpose, not that all this belief is fact, but that it is fact that there is all this belief. It is not a constrained thought that a royal youth like this must feel the influence of some powerful tempter, "the tutor and the breeder of his riots." It was most natural. With whom did he mate? Falstaff is our poet's idea and answer.

It is well known that the re-appearance of this doughty personage in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," is an afterthought, —it is said, to have arisen from the request of the virgin queen.

Were it so, it says little for the "fair vestal," and could little, we wist, help her "maiden meditation." Great as is its incident, transition, contrivance, machinery, and wit, it has served to destroy the consistency of this character. Let any person ask, when should this play be read? *Before* the two dramas of Henry IV.? Falstaff comes on as an old acquaintance, he is attended by Bardolph and Nym as soldiers, which they only became when they went to France, and where they both were hanged; but the main improbability is this. Would Falstaff play his pranks at Windsor during the reign of Henry IV., within the actual ken of the Monarch? It may be said, that Falstaff was not then an acquaintance of Prince Hal. Page speaks thus of Fenton, "he kept company with the *wild Prince* and Poins." Can it be read *after*? He is by this time disgraced and heart-broken. Can it be read *between*? There is no time for the action. The Second part goes on immediately with the business of the First. There is scarcely interval for him to get back from Shrewsbury to London. There he is occupied in passing recruits, and in the lowest vices. He is visible through all its course. The fact is, that these Two Parts, with Henry V., form the trilogy,—they are but fifteen acts of one long drama. During the last, he dies. All, then, that can be argued is that Shakspeare had completed his idea, and followed the man of gross form and grosser wickedness to his last scene. But he must raise him from the dead. He bursts his prison-house, but it is no more himself. "Rotundus" he still may be, but where is the "teres" now? If we would know the character of Falstaff, we have his life and death, in them we may con it, there it exists according to its first and only mould and stamp: the die broke in the second infusion, and the impression became confused and faint. The character must wholly be judged of thus, and whatever concerns a namesake of his, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, must be quite forgotten in its study.

This strange compound,—a satyr of the city and not of the woods,—was of gentle condition. He was "when a boy, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk." Soon after, then a young man, he appears to be on familiar, and even jesting,

terms with John of Gaunt. He had been about court. As knighthood cannot descend, he must have received that honour on personal considerations. Since Shakspeare would do his utmost to make the character uniform, we may accept the language he puts into the mouth of Ford, allowing for its intended flattery, as his own impression of what he drew: "Sir, I hear you are a scholar.........You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations." Such a man at the outset of life, must have been accomplished, scholarly, and brave.

Falstaff is often misconceived in the more ordinary lines of his character. Whatever denies him gentlemanly polish, good education, and proper courage, is to mistake him. He affects his coarseness and vulgarity. His cowardice is chiefly believed on his own confession. But what is his catechism on honour but the thoughts passing through his mind? Did no brave man ever thus think at leisure, and when expecting the fight? The encounter with Douglas being very unequal, it was not very poltroonish to evade. The brave Scot himself flies from the prowess of Harry Monmouth. He joins too in the rout of his army on its defeat. What is the difference? Falstaff falls down in a counterfeit of death, and escapes the danger: the Douglas turns his back upon it. Both hold that "the better part of valour is discretion." The fat knight frolics in every thing. But is his unabated love of jest a sign of pusillanimity? Could a recreant, trembling for personal safety, continue to make sport and merriment amid the thickest of the fight? He may not "seek the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth,"—but he was not the man, had he known that instrument of death, to have started at its roar or to have shrunk from its volley.

There is a singular ascendancy of mind in Falstaff. Each of his associates feels it, and not the least the Prince. All sparkles around him, and he is "the cause that wit is in other men." His wit is ever ready, and is most fertile in its resources. A specimen may be offered. The raillery goes strong against

him for certain items which Poins, at the instigation of the prince, has found in his pocket when asleep. He complains of the robbery, to get rid of an unpleasant account which Hostess Quickly is prepared to urge. All take occasion to set upon him. He learns, in the course of their badinage, who rifled his pouch. He silences the prince by charging it home on him. He feels how ungentlemanly is such conduct, and the accused cannot palliate it. He has got the advantage. "You confess, then, you picked my pocket?" We can almost see the effect of the thrust. The royal trifler with honour and delicacy betrays a consciousness of having gone too far. He quails, and shows that he is in the power of his victim. "It appears so by the story." There is the confused countenance, and the stammering confession. Falstaff has beaten off all who were teazing and denouncing him. And this sense of power only dies when all forsake him. He becomes vain with it. A certain coxcomb, about the court of a Prince of Wales in our times, is reported to have said,—"If the Prince does not evince better taste, I shall be obliged to bring the old George again into fashion." But our stout knight speaks of "the juvenal, the prince," in an equally easy and protecting manner: "He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him."

Falstaff might have adorned any rank, might have excelled in every virtue. But high animal spirits became in him associated with sensuality, and his course is, I truly believe, described to furnish all with a lesson and a proof how vice degrades a man in connection, in intellect, in courage, and in self-respect. To this account may be added, that his religious impressions, perhaps rather than principles, must have been at one time strong: they leave him ill at ease amidst his growing profligacies.

We find him, when first *acting* before us, a bankrupt in fortune, the companion of the prince and of the ruffian, already degenerated into cowardice, but exerting a master-mind to which all defer He is in declining life, but strong as his unwieldy size allows, hale for his years, "a latter spring, an All-hallown summer." Even now he has "his compunctious

visitings," is no stranger to moral fear, and is only rallied by the hope of a good purse at Gadshill. We even mark a sinking of the mind, the prince sees through him, and he confesses the paramount influence of Poins. He tries to recover himself by haughty airs, and even the drawers in Eastcheap call him "a proud Jack." Falsehood is becoming habitual to him. When he returns from his own robbery of his stolen spoil, he affects a lofty heroism. An old grammarian says, "Non posse *ferrum* nominari in Comædia, ne transeat in Tragædiam;" but he would have revoked his rule, if he had ever looked on Falstaff 's sword, "hacked like a handsaw." The whole scene, with the supposed interview of the king and the heir-apparent doubly represented, is exquisite in every comic point. I must pass his awkward squad, for he is not the last who has "misused the king's press." Many have thought too on "honour" very much like himself. In his holster has many a brave man, also, hid a flask. He can still toy with death, and gains, though rather cheaply, a fame before which Colville afterwards shrinks and yields. We next see him shaken by many diseases, all but arrested for the heavy score at the Boar's Head, cowering beneath the bitter reproofs of Gascoigne, abandoning himself to the lowest debauchery, engaged in quarrel in the lowest purlieus of infamy, accepting bribes from recruits to exempt them from service; when called out himself, reaching the battle-field when the heat is over, and just saved from the menace of the gallows by presenting a captive who surrendered himself,—then all at once denounced by the Crowned Henry amidst his ministers, justiciaries, and guards, a denunciation promptly confirmed by his being cast into prison. How did this author intend to cover vice, or to palliate it, in Falstaff? Is it a conception of character favourable to virtue or immorality?

We rest not on the deformity which all perceive when profligacy accompanies age. "How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!" How much worse when they shame a course which no inexperience, no youth, can extenuate! Whatever the ready retort, the quick ingenuity, the genius, the evil genius, of Falstaff, there is no one who does not, from the very first,

deplore the wreck of his powers and their prostitution, and necessarily despise him!

But with amazing fitness does Shakspeare delineate the downward tendency of depraved habits. And I may take, so to speak, Falstaff's sword, once bright with honour, a knightly blade, flashing from its scabbard only for the enemy,—then drawn for rapine, brandished in riot, serrated with dissimulation,—Ecce signum.

Three indications are given us of this tendency, or of its wretched concomitants. The first is, the gradual occultation of his *intellect*. It is the unfailing effect of sensual indulgence. He is constantly losing his influence, and tries in vain to account for every man having a "gird at him" by the contagion of his own wit. Thus he attempts to uphold his self-esteem, but we observe the misgiving. It must be seen by all that his vivacity, his repartee, his good nature, his earlier gentlemanly bearing, wane. What is he in the *second* part of Henry IV., compared with himself in the *first?* It is a fading taper, glaring in the socket,—it is a ruin, though fragments of well-carved workmanship be there.

The second fact we mark is, the agony of his distempered conscience. He inly falters in his wild career, and ever and anon he cannot repress his guilty perturbations. The first word Poins addresses to him is, "What says Monsieur Remorse?" With all his levity we see through the window in his breast. "I must give over this life, and I will give it over." "Well, I will repent and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent." Having said that he had forgotten "the inside of a church," he repeats himself: "The inside of a church!" A holy, pensive, memory, for the moment fills him. He then sighs, and almost chuckles,—so fitful is all such sentimental repentance!—"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me!" Even when most profane, and when he conjures up the terrors of future retribution, it is but that anomalous state of mind which tries to make light of what it cannot cease to remember and to dread. When infamy is in his lap, he cries

to her, "Peace, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end."

"Last stage of all," let us look upon his death-bed. That the separation of Henry V. from his former ill-chosen companions was as much praised as noted, may be inferred from the comparison of Fluellen between Monmouth and Macedon, and between Alexander and Henry. "As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and goot judgments is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks." And where find we the wretched Falstaff now? We first saw him in the *palace*, but though his royal master has not suffered him to want, has given him "competence of life," and "very well provided for him,"—he is not now a lodger even in the well-known Tavern, but, the victim of sharpers and wantons, he is infatuated to follow Quickly, who had been dragged to prison and afterwards liberated to her new abode. She has married Pistol. They keep a den of the lowest vice. She has no concern for him. She would have arrested him when purseless. She only harbours him now, because of the royal allowance. Not even her pity has he retained. There the knight finds his only refuge, an outcast from every other roof, the prey and scoff of wickedness run to its very dregs. He has never recovered from his sovereign's rebuff: when his hostess first hears of his sickness, she says, "The king hath killed his heart." Undermined in health and racked in conscience, before that blow he fell. Of his death we have only a narrative, in which we find much suppressed or but accidentally supplied. Yet it opens to us a chamber haunted with guilt, and echoing with groans. There lies the conscience-stricken wretch. The hag-procuress tells her tale in a manner suited to her audience, and worthy of herself. She endeavours to make it an easy and quiet departure. She reports it in the tone of ignorance the most extreme. She speaks of him as "shaked with the tertian" ague and fever, and yet as dying in a way little congruous with that complaint. Was not mental torture at work? From that, imbecility, at his period of life

and of such a life, might easily arise, "playing with flowers, and smiling upon his fingers' ends." But that was only the physical harbinger of death. His spirit had not passed away. Awakened by her voice, he thrice calls upon God, after she has bid him be of "good cheer." In that impassioned invocation, something so terrible of accent and agony is heard, that even she is appalled; and easily distinguishing the appeal from any of pain or lightness, she tries to comfort and soothe him by urging him not to "think of God" as "she hoped that there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." And there the harridan would have left his pall. But Nym and Bardolph, more honest than she, bear witness to his self-upbraidings for his intemperance and libidinousness; and when the last occasion of his frantic despair is denied, the honest boy asserts that it is true, that the dying libertine inveighed against the harlot as an "incarnate fiend," spoke of his certain devotedness to vengeance as though its minister were standing by, and, in hideous consistency with a frequent jest, expired as if seeing a lost soul suffering its doom! Falstaff is an object of degradation from the first. He sinks lower and lower. And he who now, in a green old age, might have been the prince's mentor and the nation's idol,—while the one is in full sail to Harfleur, and the other is in ecstacy for its monarch's reformation and chivalry,—dies despised, neglected, amidst the lowest and most abject of the species, in the vilest stews. The death of Beaufort does not so make the blood run cold as the parting from this life of poor Jack Falstaff!

Thus is Shakspeare vindicated in a moral treatment of this character, the most uniform, and the most retributive. He does not attempt to charm by wit at the expense of virtue, nor will he suffer a galaxy of the brightest points to redeem what is defective in principle, or pernicious in example!

It may be demanded,—after this analysis of his genius, this discrimination of his works,—whether did the Bard surpass in the graver or the lighter drama? Is his characterization more properly the tragic or the comic? It will be difficult to argue the question on any common ground. Should we direct

our judgment by the stronger or the weaker adherence of such respective images to the memory, and their more easy or more difficult appropriation by the fancy,—this will vary with every degree of intellectual habitude and conformation. If we suspend the judgment on the measure of self-identification with which he enters into his characters and assimilates his productions,—his full heart beats in all. He is eminently amiable. He throws himself as much into the joys of innocence and peace as into the distractions of guilt and the visitations of vengeance. Both of these elements were in the essence of his mind. With one exception, he will not compose exclusively in either style. Comedy enlivens his tragedy: tragedy saddens his comedy. He has scarcely to turn alternately to each, they are simultaneous. He holds the mastery of both. His harp is pleasant and solemn in its sound. They are not two things which he can, at will, associate and combine: they are a twin-birth. Only could that dual of an oriental dialect* represent them which expresses any pair of things, any natural fellows, like eyes, and hands, and feet. According to modern discovery in the system of the heavens, he may be compared to the double star. His humour has a serious tinge: his sternness a gentle yielding. The philosophy of such a mind consists in the vividness of its perceptions. A certain equality belongs to its greatness. He toils not in one or the other department. There is an ease of perfect versatility. If he smile, that smile is full of sentiment, —it covers not dissimulation nor turns into a sneer. When his countenance gathers paleness, and shrouds itself into darker expressions, there is nothing saturnine. His soul but takes the hue of all around him, and reflects its variegations. Let us, indeed, look into any noble mind. It is capable of great conceptions. It gracefully aspires to the elevated and transcendental. It feels deep interest in the workings of passion, and in the evolution of all corresponding event. So far it seems kindred to the more serious moods. But it would always be subject to quick transitions. Its gaiety would follow, simple and unforced. It would be stupified without this relief. It would be wanting

* Syriac.

in the impression of contrasts. It would present no room for equipoise. Imagination would be responsible for no adjustment. Minds of high order cannot exist stinted of such range. A uniform sombre quality would not answer to all we know of our life and our heart. There is a form of properties which we call Nature, and to this, mind should truly agree. See it in the heaven and in the earth! Is all there dread? Has it no changeful aspects? Is there no mirth? So Shakspeare owed to the perfection of his mind this control of all extremes: and his intellect is beheld sublime and beautiful, awful and tender, just as a soft landscape dimpling some haggard waste; or as an Iris spanning the torrent's plunge. It is the homogeneous intellect which we love to find in this diversity of operation. There is but one law of impulse. The Geyser often presents but the sparkling lake: but the lake often boils up, from a hidden fire. He, too, is simple as any of Nature's calms: he can be terrific as any of its convulsions. We do not think it strange that he should be the master-spirit of both the veins: but we dare not attempt to weigh the exact proportion and side of his merits. Like a monarch, on his coronation-day, we may not say, of the two sceptres offered him, which he more naturally carries or rightfully claims!

I shall repeat nothing that was offered in a former Essay upon the too spontaneous, too complacent, introduction of grossness in many of this Author's works. I will say nothing on that question of personal consistency which respects admiration of the dramatic structure of poetry, and specially of the productions of this bard, and disapprobation of theatrical establishments and exhibitions. He must be read,—he ought to be read,—and my humble province has been to show what are some of his merits, and also to suggest some cautions in his perusal. There are times when even he must not be excused our sorrow and disgust. But when I recall the fine, noble, sentiments of religion which often warm his page,—when I dwell upon his careful discernment of the human heart,—when I behold his nature and his truth,—when I think of the magician who can crowd his circle with fairy and goblin, the heroes of mythos and the

heroes of history, prince and peasant, courtier and clown, Titania that zephyr, Caliban that earth,—when I mark well his reverence for virtue, and specially for female virtue, his guardianship of the virgin and matronly white robe,—when I see at every wicket and doorstead his image as the Lar of all household fidelity and love,—when I hear in his voice the clarion of liberty,—when I find that he has spoken to kings as they were never before addressed, and to peoples as they were never before represented, furnishing manuals for both,—when I trace the language universal which he easily enunciates, dialogue for the council, harangue for the forum, rally-cry for the host,—the subdued phrase of the palace, the majestic oratory of the throne, together with strains in which poets sing and philosophers descant, in which lovers whisper and friends confer, in which the mob shouts and the housewife chides,—the sweetest iambic of rhythm, the noblest instrument of eloquence,—when I muse all this,—the depth to which I believe no other man has reached,—the power of which I believe no other man has held the grasp,—the minstrelsy of every chord which I believe he alone could strike, and which of all men he only could direct as it floated around him,—then scarcely can I put a check upon my wonder, or set a bound to my homage,—(though finding and conveying no apology in the sentiment for whatever there may be of vice:)

"Ubi plura nitent,.........non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."*

* Hor: Ars Poet: 351.

"Δωρισδειν δ' εξεστι δοκω τοις Δωριεεσι."

GREEK PROVERB.

"Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo."

VIRGIL.—Eclogue vii. 17.

"Words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them."

SHAKSPEARE.—Twelfth Night.

ON THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

"WRETCH!" exclaimed the Earl of Glenallan to Elspeth, in spite of his determination to preserve silence,—"Wretched woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent and gentle?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan; for though, my lord, I married under my degree, yet an ancestor of yours never went to the field of battle, but an ancestor of the frail, demented, auld, useless wretch wha now speaks with you, carried his shield before him. But that was not a'," continued the beldam, her earthly and evil passions rekindling as she became heated in her narration: "that was not a'—I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake—I brought her frae England, and, during our whole journey she gecked and scorned at my northern speech, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school as they ca'd it," (and strange as it may seem, she spoke of an affront offered by a heedless school-girl without intention, with a degree of inveteracy, which at such a distance of time, a mortal offence would neither have authorised nor excited in any well-constituted mind). "Yes, she scorned and jested at me—but let them that scorn the tartan fear the dirk."

This passage, extracted from the well-known Tale of the ANTIQUARY,—a work which always appeared to me to contain the highest compositions and the most imaginative conceptions of the entire series, proudly original as it is, to which it belongs,—this passage is very true to nature, and receives no little support from experience. Men will better endure any inquisition than into their minor peculiarities, and suffer any sarcasm rather than at the expense of them. A nervous acuteness, a

morbid irritability, is often betrayed when these accidental and superficial qualities are exposed and touched, unknown to the real character and strikingly in variance with it. The reason of the little guard we place upon our temper, when these trifling eccentricities are sportively unveiled or critically discussed, is simply this, that we are conscious of their insignificance and of our inability to defend them. But the exercise of wit where any *feeling*, however unreasonably capricious, is interested, is the cruel handling of a dangerous weapon. The delicacy of its use is no justification, and is not seldom more fatal than its ruder flourish.—Communities have, if not their weak, their tender parts, their corporate prejudices and petulancies, as well as the individual: and if aggression be carried against them, not more monstrous is the revenge than egregious the impolicy. The idle laugh, the flippant censure, sink deeper than was supposed or intended,—and will often be repaid with a force and bitterness of resentment, so unmeasured to justice that it indeed cancels the wrong, but still leaving those arrears which wounded vanity and mortified pride never can deem discharged. Sterne's Eugenius shows forth the fate of those who, in the exuberance of cheerfulness rather than of spleen, trifle with others,—who when they speak do not think,—who having spoken, do not remember. And having proposed to myself a theme (though certainly not altogether without the solicitations of others,) which must involve local sympathies and prepossessions, I commenced with this abrupt quotation to warn myself against any feeling,—even the most momentary, the most casual, the most possibly subject to misconstruction,—of disrespect to this portion of our country. I never saw that one which I should prefer. Here I have gathered a kindred and found a home. Far other is my purpose; and though a playful expression will now and then occur, as some uncouth sound may arise and some strange combination may be presented,—like a merry cognizance on the rusty shield of Antiquity, or a green sucker around the dry roots of Philology,—such expression shall be uttered with neither satire nor discourtesy. So far from a fear of offending, I am persuaded

that none will enter into the subject more candidly, nor go along with it more good-naturedly, than those who "are native here and to the manner born." It is not "Michin Mallecho,"—nor "poison in jest," nor "any offence in the world."

It cannot be denied that strange things are reported in some quarters about this great province. A profound respect for one's self, a strict regard to one's personal interests,—a liberal view of honesty, a generous construction upon obligation, a rigid sense of advantage, a meek-spirited concession to gain, a quick apprehension of another's ignorance, an all-prevailing desire to be right by being on the right side,—these things have been ascribed to its inhabitants. It was rather a waggish trick in the Warwickshire deer-stealer to put so selfish a speech into the mouth of the last member of the house of York,—"Richard loves Richard, that is I am I." I can bear witness to a far more moderate avowal, from the full heart of a man, who reserving *some little*, but only on the just precautionary ground of self-defence, could not in the warmth of his feelings make a statement without breathing a prayer: "Grant that I may never cheat nor be cheated, but chance it should be so, I had as lief give a bite as take it."

Our dramatists and novel writers think themselves most fortunate if they can introduce among their characters a Yorkshire boor. Their conception of such a character is that nothing is wanting to its perfect truth, its beau ideal, but gross vulgarism and low cunning. Their Dans and Tykes,—their Matthew Sharpsets, and John Moodys,—are, in their esteem, most felicitous in their wit and most faithful to their original. But these are hit off at random and with caricature: without any knowledge of the vernacular speech, or any consultation of the true model. What is set down for them would equally befit a clown of any place, and then would require that clown to be a buffoon in order to utter it.

Two or three circumstances tended to impress my mind with the peculiarities of your dialect. But as you have a right to know who and whence the critic is, that ventures to speak so frankly to you,—I have to confess it with no little humility

(though as the child of Erin would say, small blame to me for it) that my nativity was allotted where the language is more distorted and barbarous than in any hamlet or nook of our isle. In the Twelfth Night of Shakspeare the jester says—"I fear this great lubber the world will prove a *cockney*." The secret is confessed. I drew my first breath in Lud's Town, and had it been some centuries ago I should have been a Luddite. When a child I was deported to Sussex, the most coarse in its vulgar tongue of counties, as London is of cities. But I cannot deny that when I passed this frontier, "I heard a language which I understood not." It might be better and purer than any form of speech I had hitherto noticed, but it was widely different. It was characteristic, and unique. Emphasis, collocation, and phrases were all extraordinary. I had to think in new terms, and to think out new associations. Mine ear had to discipline itself to sounds which first jarred upon it, not from any inherent dissonance but solely from their unwonted use; then it was required to catch them, to rate their worth and disentangle their complexity. Adventures were not withheld from me, nor some encounters. A week had scarcely elapsed since my arrival, before I determined on an excursion to the Moravian settlement at Fulneck. Ignorant of the way, I accosted a lad who was breaking stones by the side of the road in a very common but unmeaning manner,—"Where does this road go to?" With a proud contempt on his face at what he perceived to be a southern tone and an equally foolish question, he, half with the air of the churl and half that of the rogue, exclaimed: "Go! no where: I have knawn it for mar than ton years, and it never sturred yet." A little out of countenance, if none out of temper, I still urged my desire of information. "Whither shall I get if I drive along this road?" "To Pudsey, sũre, fellee thy nese, and aw's plan as a Pekestaff."—Thinks I to myself,—if such be the cub, what must they be who have whelped him? if such be the eaglet, little more than callow and new-ejected from the eyrie, what is the region of his sires? A precipitate retreat seemed alike prudent and inevitable from scenes with which I had so small an affinity; and those sharp spirits which peopled it, for which I was so poor

a match. A more quiet proof, though rather more inexplicable, awaited me. I was invited to a humble cottage in a neighbouring village, whose inmates were most respectable, for they were the pious poor. The evening meal was spread,—the utensils and provisions neat as they were unpretending. But how taken by surprise was I when the worthy dame addressed me in a style, more suitable to a heat on a race-ground than the particular religious act she begged me to perform: "We are all ready, will ye start us?" To "loose," is to return thanks. I then received the difficult direction to "make myself agreeable." But this is too much an affair of taste to be one of option. Quickly I became acquainted with those watch-words of hospitality, which I have often subsequently heard,—and having done all that urgency could do, or reiteration express, the hostess implored me "*to rāāch to, and to bide no viting.*" Again, methought, it is a hopeless case! How are such unintelligible parties to reciprocate their views and feelings! Where shall the interpreter be found! In what manner shall the translation be accomplished! But I soon ascertained that whatever might be the peculiarities of idiom, there was a vein and layer of sober masculine English: and it then occurred to me that the peculiarities themselves might be any thing rather than corrupted and unauthorised! I knew what the metropolis was;—the seat of palaces, senates, and tribunals! Though I had no great habit of its language, I had some little of its articulation. And I recollected those pure expressions of the city madam and of the bourgeois multitude,—Ant it. Disciver. Quite promiscuous, for quite undetermined. All that sort of thing. For afraid of, for the fear of. Argufy for signify. Those happy interludes in a story, so says I, says he. I have got a great mind, often said by those who have none at all. I fetch a walk, and if as far out of town as possible,—like the poor criminal, sentenced to a public flogging, unprepared for the remaining part of the award, "and back again,"—he having fetched his walk, will require himself to be *fetched,* then of course he will throw himself into a *Chay*. He should not look as sour as *warges* (verjuice being so distilled from his lips) because of his own mistake: while it

may be a useful lesson to him that there is *wishy-wārshy* (his happy elimination of vice-versâ,) even in a stroll to Highgate's skylight-tunnel and Hampstead's cultivated heath. If he cannot understand this, we have only to introduce his own delectable mode of answering a difficulty or assigning a reason, "because as why?"—and then with aid of his chosen adverb assure him that, *howsomdever*, it is just as far to return. These early impressions of a brogue, hateful the more as clipped and affected, reconciled me to a vocabulary certainly difficult to be understood, and still more to be adopted,—but very powerful, expressive, and copious: and withal accompanied by an energy of tone and manner that stamps upon it a sterling, if uncourtly, sincerity and independence. Had I adhered to my first purpose, I should have amassed large collections of specimen and illustration. It is no small disadvantage of this delay, that my ear has lost much of that nice perception with which once it caught each differing inflexion of sound and each novel peculiarity of term. Much pains has been taken with the Nomenclature; but it is remarkable how persons, living in the same place, assert that this word is rife and prevalent, and that if it ever was employed it is now obsolete: that such is the meaning, and that such a meaning is totally misapplied. The reasons are, that the Yorkshire Dialect includes a varying range of expressions: that so immense an area of soil, and so opposite an outline of boundary, must include a population, parts of which have no influence over others: that all persons of education reject provincialisms for that form and manner which are standard as having nothing peculiar or striking in them: that good society here, as every where besides, is lifted up above the necessity or disposition to resort to that which the humbler classes retain: that this progression is general, affecting even these humbler classes in their turn, first showing them that a local term is not likely in the nature of things to be commonly understood,—then enabling them to discriminate between what is local and what is common to the language,—next giving them the consciousness that in clinging to these they are speaking a dialect rather than a language,—and last of all inspiring them with an ambition which, while it suffers them occasionally to

draw upon their old phrases and associations,—sometimes for amusement, and at other times as images and echoes of scenes long fled and days long departed,—an ambition to speak with a correctness adapted to their improved mind, and with a catholicity worthy of their extended circle. Let none, then, exclaim against these peculiarities as vulgarisms: let us respect the annals of the poor if we cannot decypher them: let all remember that the Doric breadth and plainness of their County-speech was once approved and adopted as really classic: that as the most illiterate now talk, there is no doubt the most wealthy and most learned in their earlier genealogies conversed: that what is now too harsh for the factory was then the language of the Oriel window recess: that words, not positively evil, but which we do not desire our children to overhear in the street, were recounted by judges, declaimed by preachers, and whispered by lovers: that it is probable that the poor and the untaught have refined above their predecessors uniformly with the refinement of the ranks farther advanced in the social scale: that their dialect is not the scoria of the furnace, but some of the first, though perhaps, grotesque shapes of the fused ore: that in fact the expressions of the common people unto this day form a language distinct and substantive,—whose laws may be reduced to an accurate Syntax, whose roots unfold a philosophic Etymology,—whose dissonance may be attuned and its inflexibility be attempered! In nothing are we willing to allow those things to be *degeneracies* because they are surrounded by *improvements*. They are archaisms; and if we think they have either the garrulous tautology or the forgetful relapse of old age,—they are at least venerable, forbearance should be exercised towards them in respect of past services; having obtained a settlement it would be unjust to turn them adrift; and I propose do all the little that is in my power to rehearse what they have been and what they have achieved,—to pay some of the attention, and to discharge a few of the offices, that should accompany their decline of life,—leaving it to a still more charitable soul, to wind them in their shroud, to ring their knell and dig their grave.

That we may pursue a fair and safe discussion, it will be

necessary to revert to far-distant events. Under what circumstances did that language originate, many of the peculiarities of which survive in our time, whose thews and sinews, disjecta membra, are no where more profusely scattered and devotedly retained than in this part, and of whose substance and nexus our distinctive words, are not unworthy accretions, but integral parts?

There is no event of history more unsatisfactorily explained, and no event more stupendously important, than the disruption of those barbarous hordes and masses which, breaking like a torrent over Europe, changed the whole face of its institutions, and the entire cast of its manners. Strictly speaking, certain portions of these fierce invaders were European,—Scandinavian and Sarmatian. These, precipitating themselves along the Rhine and the Danube, soon pressed upon the borders of Asia. Their irruptions, preceding any other, reached as far as the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the present Sea of Azoph. By their settlement in the Palus Mæotis and the adjoining regions, they displaced the original possessors, who were thus driven farther on the east. The probability is, (and we have little better authority to guide us) that the bursting into this quarter of the earth by what have heen treated as predatory and lawless tribes, was but a resistance to unprovoked aggression. Their invaders had feared to attack Gaul and Italy, and therefore fell upon the apparently weak and the certainly untried. The day of retribution came. It was not each petty nation rousing itself to self-defence; there seems to have been general concert and banded strength. A thirst for revenge soon begat a thirst for conquest: information spread, cupidity awakened:—the aggressors were not only annihilated, but a highway was thrown up between the two continents which had nations for its passengers and empires for its pavements!

Three immense emigrations emptied themselves at different times, and from modified causes, into this section of the world. The Celts, the Goths, and the Sclavonians are the names given to them. Their languages would prove them to be essentially different. Their inroads were not contemporary nor co-operative.

Intervals may have elapsed sufficient to induce a forgetfulness of their common origin. They were most formidable to each other, and warred to mutual extermination. A question, indeed, arises, What was the fate of the aborigenes whom they found? Tragedies, doubtless, of the most horrible enormity are happily curtained from our view, and were acted on a darkened stage. Yet it is not to be surmised that this was the fate of all,—for it would be almost impossible,—and some features of these national characters are preserved,—confirming the hope that they spared the yielding and incorporated the defenceless with themselves.* This enumeration, however, makes no mention of later encroachments, such as that of the Saracens and afterwards of the Turcomans. They belong to another age. The whole question of these vast issues from the ridges of Caucasus and the steppes of Tartary, is most difficult, much of their records is apocryphal, and little of their consequences can be traced. To this hour it forms one of the most baffling problems of history, and one of the most inexplicable impulses which ever instigated human nature. The political and moral influence of these incursions and settlements can scarcely be inferior to those geographical phenomena which would ensue—were earth to reverse its axis and ocean to rush from its bed.

A colony of the second irruption is described by history to have occupied what was once denominated the Cimbric Chersonesus, but in modern language is called Jutland. This spread itself into the isles on its western coast as far as the well-known Heligoland. The general name assigned to this race was Saxon, and of the origin of that name many legends inform us with equal degrees of improbability. It is not easy to determine its northern and southern boundaries, though for a time it might be circumscribed within the Eyder and the Elbe. It, however, soon commanded an advanced latitude, and we learn that it threatened Rome and sent forth its natives to as great a distance as Thrace. In the Sleswick department of this peninsula there was a district called Anglen, close to the Baltic Sea. It became usual to speak of this people as Saxons and Angles,—

* Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.—*Virgil.*

afterwards it was usual to speak of these as common, and Anglo-Saxon expressed the combination. This was one column of the Gothic influx, and proves to be that in which we have a special interest.

Bearing in memory the position and emigrating tendency of the Anglo-Saxons as now pressed forward, probably by other masses behind them; that they were now hovering on the strand of the German Ocean; and that their strand ran parallel to our own; we will enquire into the state of Britain at that period.

By this time the Britons were driven into the Highlands of Scotland, the fastnesses of Wales, the Isle of Man, and Ireland, by the victorious progress of the Roman arms. The Gaelic, Erse, and Manx dialects, all announce that these Britons were originally Celts. The Gauls were most likely of the same great human division. A large population was, however, left and multiplied itself within what we call England. Whether we be descended from them or not, we need not be ashamed of their genius or attainment. Galgacus is reported by an enemy to have addressed his army as few modern heroes could speak from the drum-head. Tacitus praises their taste and quickness. Juvenal notices their capacity in pleading causes. Horace, however, speaks of the Briton as untamed. And Cicero, in writing to Atticus, advises him to prefer any slave he might find in the mart to the Briton, as he was so void of mind and unsusceptible of improvement. Whatever might have been their pristine state, many were the advantages of civilization they derived from their conquerors. They formed a dependency highly appreciated and duly defended. Three legions, consisting of thirty-six thousand foot and six thousand horse, constituted the standing army. This force, when not embodied in repelling the Caledonian swarms, was well employed in draining marshes, clearing forests, and constructing roads. To them the great northern wall is to be attributed. The complement was variously distributed, and there are said to have been a hundred and fifty military stations. These soldiers could not often be drafted to other countries, as the Horse-guards at the Capitol found it no easy thing to take up *transports*; they therefore became national,

married among the natives, and settled down with their families, whether as out-pensioners or on half-pay.

The Jurisprudence of the Romans was as much their boast as their prowess. Their eagle bore not only the arrow and bolt in her talons, but the scales of justice in her beak. One may readily conceive of the old Brigantes, the ancestors and prototypes of Yorkshiremen, complaining of their own imperfect jurisdiction, and thankfully accepting from the first Jurists in the world a more frequent gaol delivery,—though even horse-stealing should appear in the calendar,—and welcoming, such was their difficulty of getting in their debts, some bill for establishing Local Courts.

We must not suppose that the Britons were without their monetary system. They were money-changers, whether they crowded "our alley" or not. Seneca lent them at one advance three hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds sterling. The old usurer always, to adopt a common phrase, knew his men. This was a capital loan. Debentures would reach a premium —would take occupancy of the public mind,—the writer would alter his notion of *scrip*; the prisoner would be reconciled to *bonds*; the vagabond would do his utmost to get into the *stocks*; and *omnium* would be craved by all.

But the Roman power was becoming very languid in Britain. Its empire was overgrown. Rapid symptoms of internal decay portended its dissolution. The new and overwhelming millions which had shattered, while they submerged, the European platform, especially threatened this mistress of nations. The love of plunder and the bitterness of revenge were equally vehement in their bosoms.

The necessity of the case demanding that the resources of this great power should be concentrated, its troops were gradually withdrawn from the colonies and collected nearer the imperial city, which was the threatened point of attack. In consequence of this, the inhabitants of Britain were left exposed to those warlike neighbours which had long harassed them. The Britons were worne out with vexation and loss, and sent, according to Gildas, a most pathetic appeal to Ætius,—"To

Ætius, thrice consul, the groans of the Britons." The appeal was unavailing,—Rome had not a contingent to spare. Our forefathers were compelled to address it to another quarter. This was the Saxon power, including the Jutes and the Angles whose character and position have already been noted. They had not been known hitherto as friends but as pirates. They had early in the third century made frequent and devastating descents on our eastern and southern coasts. Turner informs us, that one of the Roman commanders was entitled Count (Comes) of the Saxon shore,—Saxon only in that sense which puzzles the school-boy, *E regione*. This was the First Post of the Coast blockade and Preventive service. It perhaps may surprise us that the natives of our country,—whom a Caractacus and a Boadicea had led to such daring and such fame,—should now betray so craven a temper. But they had been treated as a conquered people. They were not suffered to arm themselves, nor to emulate any dignities. They were greatly denationalised,—enslaved and imbruted. The military pomps around them were but a kind of prison-duty, a splendid watch and ward, insulting and quelling the spirits of the wretched vassals, always suspected and always overborne. The Saxons were visited by ambassadors imploring them to become our deliverers, not from the Romans,—they had been remanded home,—but from those troublesome people nearer ourselves who took advantage of their recall. A new race appeared in these hostile ranks, the Picts,—but these were not Caledonian nor Celtic: but an earlier stream of emigration into the Lowlands of Scotland from a more northern people than the Saxons, but having a very similar language, much common character, and according to all the most rational proofs a truly Gothic race. Much error has prevailed upon this subject,—and some have even gone so far as to call them Picts from the picturesque tartan which they wore,—the argument would be still more perfect could they derive *kilt*, as they will make them sans-culottes, from *Celt!*

Little loath, the Saxons, who found some Sclavones in their rear more than annoying, repaired to our help. Hengist and Horsa were the renowned chiefs,—who soon gave battle to the

Scotch and Picts, and successfully repelled them. But these primævally evinced the indisposition of their successors to *go back*,—and the Saxons were required to take up their station by the Great Northern Barrier erected by the Romans, whose remains still excite the wonder of the traveller and antiquary. A presumption arises, therefore, that the Saxon speech would be speedily grafted on the language of the North of England, where still we think it is most radically preserved.

The termination of this deliverance was in agreement with general experience. The Saxons had done our state some service, and they knew it. The Allied Army did not dislike their quarters, and as it was inconvenient to be always sending for supplies across the seas, it established a tolerably rapacious Commissariat here. Soldiers, like Dalgetty, look to the provant first. The Cordon Sanitaire thought it time to seek their own health, and acted on the chivalrous principle that benevolence always rewards itself.

It is not my purpose to go much farther with the history. The Saxon power lasted with few interruptions from 430, some say 449, unto 1016. Never did people undergo a more perfect revolution. We received not only new laws, new habits, but also a new language. That language still remains, and amidst all moral vicissitudes, all national convulsions, all literary caprices, is destined to be the most widely spoken, the most thrillingly powerful, of all tongues, if it be not auspicated to supersede them all.

Kent was first peopled by the Jutes. The three kingdoms of *proper Saxon* were Sussex and Surrey,—then the Westward South coast, Hampshire, &c. under the name of Wessex;—and lastly Essex, Middlesex, and Hertfordshire. The *Angles* were far more numerous. They occupied the country of the old Iceni, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. They formed Mercia of the several Midland counties,—while all beyond the Abus or Humber, inclusive of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Durham and Northumberland,—though not Cumberland,—constituted the Northern Division. These comprehend far more of the East than of the Western shore, as might be expected from

the parallelism of the Saxon coast with the former, and its great distance from the latter. North and South Wales were British still, abhorring the Sassenach as much as the Gael himself. Cornwall had its peculiar language; and Daines Barrington, in a communication to the Antiquarian Society in 1773, recording a tour he had made through that county in 1768, affirms that a woman of the name of Pentraeth, aged eighty-seven years, could speak it, and that it was only just then that it was likely to become quite extinct.

Whether Heptarchy or Octarchy be the proper term to characterise these respective governments and settlements, Egbert in rather less than four hundred years assumed the sole jurisdiction and monarchy of the whole. The Cornish-men bowed, in him, to the foreign power which they had hitherto disputed,—the Cumbrians were nearly subdued,—and his sceptre was acknowledged in South Wales also.

But He who was to crown this dynasty, and to foster this land, he who was never intoxicated with pride nor enfeebled by despair,—who knew how to forbear in victory and how to aggrandise himself from disaster,—the humblest in the palace, the most dignified in exile,—sternly just, beautifully tender, the hero among his warriors, the preceptor of his children, [illegible] in council, matchless in battle,—abandoned by all, but never abandoning himself,—Alfred arose. We need not deify him as a Woden, nor portray him fabulously as an Arthur, he is the plain naked figure of history. Such marvels of excellence are only permitted to appear at tedious intervals,—ages must only bring about the revolutions of such luminaries. As a linguist, as an assertor and reformer of his native speech, he is worthy of pre-eminence. He was acquainted with Latin and translated Boethius and Bede. He was no stranger to the [illegible]. He was a poet, a sage, a legislator. He strove to [illegible] learning and to diffuse education. Nor, in short, [illegible] a name in human annals which can eclipse his [illegible] to compare with it!

Of the [illegible] of the Anglo-Saxon language, [illegible] it seems impossible to settle

It came from the opposite Chersonesus: and it spread itself through our land. No change very greatly affected it. Though the Danes had often landed and established themselves, they were always regarded with distrust, and were as much as possible dispersed and detached by Saxon jealousy. When after the cruel massacre England was united to Denmark under Canute, the union was shortlived, and reverted to the Saxon line before the Norman invasion, a period of only twenty-three years. Besides, there is no proof that the Danish speech was essentially different from the Saxon, and incontestible evidence that they are shoots of the same great Gothic Stock.

We may observe that there is a great resemblance in the northern dialects. How many Teutonic words does any Englishman understood, when written, if not when pronounced! Dr. Calamy, in visiting Friezeland, one of the United Provinces, was convinced that this was one of the seats of the old Saxons. He testifies that the language of the Frizons in his day bore a great affinity to the then English. He mentions a town near the Zuydee Zee where he heard the Lord's Prayer recited in a tone and dialect which he very nearly comprehended. Sir William Temple's observations point to the same fact.

The doctrine of dialectical peculiarities seems to be this. The Patois of a language is seldom its deterioration. It is a prior state, which circumstances have induced and enabled some favoured orders to desert. If it be a residuum, the raciness of the juice is in it: it is the experiment in its base, it is wine on the lees. I will illustrate this with a reference to the Greek Dialects.

These were not as some suppose ignorant violations of correctness, casual corruptions of term, various dates of desuetude, —they are perfect, original, in themselves,—subsisting in their native elements and powers.

Greece was invaded as was Britain,—Greek became the language of the one as Saxon did of the other. How was the Greek language subjected to so many modifications?

We must suppose that there was a time when Greek existed in an entire and unique form. The Hellenes describe numerous

streams of emigration which flowed into Macedonia, Achaia, Attica, and Peloponnesus. Whether the Pelasgi were the first,—whoever the Pelasgi were,—there was a succession of these intruders or visitants. The last territory being the farthest, it would probably be the receptacle of those who had entered first upon these regions, or they might stand in equi-distant relation to each other. We may conceive of them in the course of their progress,—Dorians, Æolians, and Iones. These originally spoke differently. The radix of their language was common, but their own varieties were just and self-regulated. Doric, Æolic, and Ionic were distinct languages, though their distinctions were small, and though all proclaimed a similar parentage. These were from peculiar circumstances retained, or from the want of intercourse with each other,—the Bœotians in the use of the Æolic from contempt, the Peloponnesians of the Doric from their peninsular condition. But as there will always be a metropolitan language in a large country, we may consider the Ionic, or old Attic, to be the language of the Archon, the Poet, and the Sage. This, in its pristine state, is exhibited in the Homeric poems. We know nothing purer and more complete than this. Thucydides and the Greek tragedians furnish also specimens. But being the courtly language, it was refined into the middle Attic, of which Plato has been quoted as furnishing illustrations. The New Attic became the classical passport of exhibition and intercourse among the most polished scholars of that republic which was called the "eye of Greece." Demosthenes and Xenophon wrote in this most perfect dialect. A depravation of it soon occurred on the destruction of their liberty and independence,—but many suppose that this was confined to books, or only tolerated among them who had settled in Asia Minor, Italy, and other countries out of Greece, and who studied Greek merely as any modern language is taught in our schools. The truth was, that when Greek was spoken so accurately in Athens that the herb-woman detected Theophrastus as a stranger, when every ear was modulated to its tune and every mind was employed upon its criticism,—real forms of the original language uninpaired, from which all dialects were emanations, existed in Locris and Epirus,

Argos and Messenia,—not deteriorated but simply retained,—once, perhaps, niceties and elegancies,—though left behind by the researches of scholarship and the refinements of taste. Philippi could not compete in its dialect with Athens,—but all we contend for is, that the first is as much sui generis, independent, native, and real as the other,—and far more so, since the other was purposely elaborated from its ruder state into its highest expressions of courtesy, harmony, eloquence, and verse. A peculiar dialect is never a deterioration of the language, it is its earlier stage, the subject of fashionable abandonment.

This, then, we believe to be the similar condition of the general dialects of England and Southern Scotland. The Picts, speaking a Gothic, took possession of the Lowlands of Scotland,—and there is much which a Yorkshireman can interchange with their descendants. Jamieson supplies a Dictionary of that dialect, which with advantage we may consult as to our own. The Danes came, speaking a Gothic, very little disturbing the Saxon, and their language explains many difficulties which we meet in its construction. Jute, Angle, and Saxon all spoke a Gothic,—but the dialect varied in these nations, and was as defensible in one as in another. And what is very remarkable, when the Normans invaded our isle, even they produced little alteration in the language. This is, however, to be accounted for. Who were the Normans or Norsemen?—a branch of the same great Gothic people with the Saxons, who had previously entered Gaul and, settling in its western parts, impressed their name upon them. They, indeed, had adopted the language of the conquered; perhaps at most it became the language of their noblesse and law;—but whether they retained any memory of the Gothic or not, when they conquered England, the Saxon tongue still prevailed, and the victors were obliged to employ it. Norman French included many Saxon words, and in some respects proved that a Saxon vernacular had not quite sunk into disuse among them. Charlemagne had endeavoured to drive back the Cimbrian nations, during the eighth century: and Rollo, having led his band of these very nations, obtained, early in the ninth,

the cession of that part of France which is still called Normandy.

The enquiry arises here, What is the character of the Gothic Language? The two varieties with which we are best acquainted, and the only two I have had the means of even superficially considering, are the Anglo-Saxon and its cognate Mæso-Gothic. Of the first, it is sufficient to say that we have many compositions and antique deeds in it. Hickes has gathered together an immense store of authorities and quotations. The latter has no other monument than the small, but most important, relic of the Translated Scriptures by Uphilas, which is preserved in the Codex Argenteus at Upsal. The fulness of these dialects is conspicuous in the quantity of their synonyms. But how came they to possess any affinity to the Latin and Greek? Many might answer, that the Romans left a deposit of their language in Britain, and that Anglo-Saxon mixed it up with itself. This is possible, but it is not perfectly satisfactory. The Latinisms were more early infused. The Saxons had been of old contiguous to the Romans, who found in Germany their hardest conquest and most intractable victim. This mutual struggle, not of battle but for prevalence and increase, brought them more into intercourse than collision. Certainly many words, and especially proper names, are derived from the classic languages. In both the Anglo-Saxon and Mæso-Gothic there is more than accidental connection with the Greek. Even in the characters of their alphabets there is a striking conformity. Six of the latter, there being only Uncials, are transcripts of some of the most singular Grecian letters,—Γ (g) Θ (hw) λ (l) Π (p) Ψ (th) Χ (ch), the A being somewhat like the small Lambda, and the O like the Omega—though not always taking after them in their exact powers. This may be explained from the historic intimation that the Saxons at a remote period had stretched as far as Thrace, and the historic authority that the Mæso-Goths were found near the mouths of the Danube in the fourth century. May not these be the remnants of the hundred thousand Goths who fell upon the Grecian country and were defeated by Constantine, who was born at York, and was himself, perhaps, more than amused

with its Provincial idioms? We need not be ashamed of descending from settlers and wanderers. The ancestors we may boast are not an offscouring: "their fame folds in this orb of th' earth." Whether the Briton with his bard, the Saxon with his scald, or the Norman with his minstrel,—we have little to regret that we bear not a more polished name. The Athenians, in their arrogance, wore the golden grasshopper as an emblem of their genuine extraction, that insect being supposed to spring from the earth: but if Cecrops, a literal Gypsey, had not selected the rock of the Acropolis, they had never witnessed their Parthenon,—and Æneas, a kind of runaway, laid deep and glorious the fortunes of Rome. It were little calamity to be conquered by the Saxon, whose speech still rings from Milton's touch and developes Shakspeare's fancy: or by the Norman, the pennon of whose lances was the badge of honour and refinement, and whose memorials we yet admire in the solemn temples, the venerable cathedrals, which heave in their masses, and flower in their beauties, over our land. Scott has very skilfully placed the scene of Ivanhoe in our county. Saxon character and dialect here almost last manifested their distinctness. It is peculiarly in this Riding of the county (riding, a corruption of *trithing*, a *thirding*,) that this distinctness is most pure and warrantable. The long prologue I have spoken is towards the elucidation of some of its most remarkable expressions. Throughout the shire there are insulated districts, as Craven, and Holderness, and Saddleworth,—each has its character,—but the greater difference is in pronunciation. Here it may be soft, and there, hard,—a house, or hūse, cow, or cū. Our business is with *words* alone.

I shall particularly avoid being governed by similarity of sound in the analysis of those phrases and terms which arrest the notice of the stranger. It is in consequence of this error, that derivation has been so much ridiculed. We again disclaim every purpose but the just decomposition and solution of written words, or words capable of being written as well as pronounced.

Let us place a stranger in a great northern town; I sup-

pose it must not be entitled the Modern Athens. Yet its traffic would not make against its claim. Wool-packs crowded the quays of Cantharos and Zea, as well as *its* docks and wharfs: Thales speculated in oil, probably Gallipoli, buying up all the olives he could, as would any of *its* importers: if that stood on its Phaleron and Piræus, *this* rises over a confluence of waters, one a river, and the other that nondescript, a beck: if the one had a sculptured goddess, the other has what is far more true to experience, a carved queen,—and while Minerva had but one owl, that of which we speak has two! If that could boast its Agora, this has a Cloth-Hall; or its Deigma, this has its Exchange. If this District, to which we refer, be not Attica, nor this town be Athens, call the one Beotia and the other Thebes. A stranger enters, and resolves, for a time, to hear what he can and say nothing. He slept at a particular friend's last night, and yet was only shown to a *lodging-room*. Contrary to expectation, there was nothing to pay. According to stage directions, he retires, and two worthy persons from the opposite wings accost and salute each other. A. "Well!" He seems in a great hurry to bulletin his health. B. "Now!" He appears very noticing as to time present. A. "How goes?" As if he could not see that B. walked. B. "Purely!" By the way, he looks as if he had not washed for a month. A. "How are you?" B. "Middling." He is more than six feet high. A. "How hast been sin I saw ye?" B. "Moderate." There never was such a brimstone in temper and party disputes. A. "Aught fresh?" It is such a time of drought, that there is scarcely any water in the river. B. "Much—was." This is not culling of simples, but the compound may be guessed. A third person now enters. A. "Ah, C., how are you, *lad?*" Mr. C. is seventy years of age. C. "Gaily as aught." Which is surely unbecoming his years. B. "Well, C., you are looking young again." C. "Nay!" A horse could scarcely have done it better. A. "How 's wife, my good fellow?" C. "In best fashion." Such gaberdine and duds! She has not dressed in any fashion for years. B. "Why, C., You never *own* us now. Why don't you call?" C. never had any slave property. C.

"I have no time for any thing." Which means, he is always busy about something. A. "Like, like." But what are the points of resemblance which thus suddenly strike him, he must be a skilful analogist to guess.

Our stranger, having a little reconnoitred, resolves now to make himself known. He joins the group. He confesses that he arrived *fresh* last night. They congratulate him that he was not taken off to prison. From their wonder, and other intimations, he learns what kind of charge he has brought against himself; and he allows at once their competency to speak, for he catches from their conversation that there are certain seasons, every day occurring, devoted to the practice of drinking, barefacedly ycleped *drinkings*, besides regular meals,—potations that are mere interludes in what some call the great business of life. He is invited by them to a convivial entertainment over a bottle which he gathers to be an *odd* one, but why so esteemed is beyond conjecture,—whether, learnedly, as a *heteroclite* which they cannot *decline*, or, medically, from its effect, which does not always leave the temper *even*. The house is just beyond those *shops*: high building in troth, and its inmates sufficiently noisy, —but if *shops*, there is nothing to sell. On being introduced, he finds that it is to a most hospitable roof. Some things here are as they ought to be. The Husband is Master and the Wife is Mistress, though with that kind of understanding to which our great epic poet adverts:—"So spake our mother Eve, and Adam *heard*." He must see the *barns*. When looking for his hat, to go into the yard for this purpose, he is told politely that they are sent for. Surprised, even in this age of locomotion, that storehouses and sheds can obey such a message, he is informed, that he may hear they are coming. Shrinking into a corner from such an eaves-dropping invasion, he is relieved by a number of children bouncing into the room. The fond mother seems to forget her tenderness, when ringing for the servant she asks where are the *brats?* He soliloquises, and asks in himself, whether those romping ones are not sufficient, when he ascertains that the servant has only gone for pinafores and slips. The youngest child, only a month old, and perhaps dead before

another,—a very bud,—is "*tedious*." But he is not a little hurt when his host asks him if he be in good *trim* for dinner, which almost turns him on his heel to go home and dress. It is discovered that *trim* had nothing to do with boots and gaiters, but that all intended was a "corporal trim." A hint is given by the better-half that he perhaps may smell the disagreeable scent of tobacco, but that it was *one* of her partner's bad habits. The husband apologises that he only smoked a few *corns*. Our stranger looks puzzled at such an appropriation of farming stock, and fears that if such be the custom, the best crops must fail. Yet this perplexity yields to another, for he is assured that dinner will soon be ready, but that he will find little else than a *crop of beef*. He determines to mention this at the next Smithfield Show, when he becomes convinced that this harvest has nothing to do with agriculture. He learns that the family have lately *flitted twice*,—he thinks, poeticè, that it has been a shadowy movement, and cannot explain it,—when he sees it was as substantial as bag and baggage could make it. The children complain that they can eat nothing, when Mamma acknowledges that she gave them a few pence in the morning to get *spice*. He can with difficulty repress his curiosity that spices should be so cheap, or his indignation that a parent could suffer children so tender to regale on nutmegs and cloves. But his course of under-deceptions satisfies him that some confection was meant. He is much surprised to ascertain that these very young children go to a governess, who *learns*, not *teaches*, them.

Enquiry is made whether the gang came last night,—robbers and impressment-parties rush into his thoughts! and whether the *pikelets* have arrived,—which consoles him that the means of defence have not been neglected! Both fear and consolation vanish when these phrases are explained, and by the assurance that the gang is already jelly, and that those imaginary weapons are to be buttered for tea. A want of punctuality is complained of as to the Cuisine, which would have excited no observation but that it afterwards was asserted, in quite a different connection, that the kitchen was full of *clocks*. Two medical men were present,—of course the Physician was

addressed by Mr., and the Surgeon by Doctor. A question is asked whether the old man, the host's father, will come down from his room to the parlour to-day, when the remark is, that he is very *teethy*. The visitor, on being apprised that he is in his eightieth year, supposes that this is an impression that, being in second childhood, he must be going through another process of dentition. Dinner being announced, the predicted piece of beef rises in its majesty, and that amphibious substratum is not far off, which is neither pudding nor meat. This being, par excellence, as great a local favourite here, as haggis can be elsewhere, the gude-wife presses her guest to some, and more especially as she is rather famous for her composition, —perhaps not saying as Antony over Brutus, "the elements are so mixed up." A direction comes sounding from the bottom of the table (and as there is no plateau it endangers nothing,) not to *crack*. There is no sudden noise, nor any threatened fracture,—but an explanatory remark informs him that to crack of any thing is to boast of it. There cannot be less than sixteen pounds of the joint at the bottom of the table, when he hears the master exclaim, in doleful accents, upon a single insertion of the knife, that it is not *enough*, while the mistress utters a plaint of its being *daised*,—both remarks being contrary to fact or unknown to language. Further enquiries on his part inform him that the cause of the panic is that the meat is too *rere*, which he suggests may be obviated by pushing the dish more to the front. The meat is sent down to be broiled in *collops*, a word he understands, though more accustomed to hear it jocosely of a dewlap than a grill,—yet *here* so venerated that one day of the Kalendar is devoted and hallowed to it:—which, by the association of ideas, reminds the children of other sacred delicacies which they call *fratasses*, in which he can with difficulty discern the *fritter* of a *fritter*. The housewife laments that she had not ordered some *ham*, for it is of her own *curing*, but that implying it had been diseased, he congratulates himself on his escape from such recently convalescent pork. The soup, which had been almost overlooked, fills up the impatient space,—but when the supreme

authority decides that it wants lithing, he, who only connects to the *lithe* what is flexible and limber, vociferates that it is *thin* as any liquid can be. He hears, and the evident vexation of the head of the table gives a vrai-semblable to the pointed allusion; that had she foreseen such want of care, she would, as sure as their pig was killed the day before yesterday, have provided a Bedlam-spit. This turns out to be only a particular dish whose spit none would turn, and whose strength none would encounter, a second time but a Bedlamite indeed. Some "swads" are detected among the peas, which fact receives sufficient animadversion,—it was, instead of *peascod*, or shell. Pastry succeeds, and he is asked whether he likes rasps. Answering in the affirmative, he expects a roll crisp and grated to be handed to him, but receives a portion of fruit which, while it bears this name in combination with a certificate from the court of Pomona, is from its fragile pulp and tender lobe incapable of acting or enduring the *file*. But fruit shall be no longer constrained on him,—a very genus is offered to him under the shape of *Berry* tart, he being left to conjecture, amid countless varieties, what species of berry this may prove. This is always the Gooseberry. In one case he required not an addition to inform him,—currant would have been enough—in supererogation, currant-berry. With cheese he is invited to eat some havre-cake. Ere the wife withdraws she orders the servant to side up the other room, a command not unlike that of the captain to a crowded deck when he puts the *helm a lee*,—and to do up the hearth, a service of which no one can have an idea who has not seen a damsel on her bended knees first *potter* a fire, that is, stir it; *mend it*, that is, supply it with fuel; wipe clean the *fire-point*, that is the poker, not to the neglect of shovel and tongs; make an artificial bellows of her mouth while every article of furniture bears witness to the strength of her lungs, and wield as an appropriate emblem of all this annoying, but foolish, toil the feathered pinion of the goose. Having withdrawn, I make no observation on what the party say which she leaves behind, because in every country barbarisms will be uttered where this barbarous practice obtains. They are re-united in the drawing-

room, and the Southron hears an apology for introducing the *biggin*, as their silver coffee-pot is under repair. The masculine too heartily says it is what they always use at their *bagging*, but while the stranger is thinking it must be a kind of canteen employed in shooting parties,—the feminine affects horror, and adjures her repentant spouse never to call breakfast, bagging, again as long as he lives. Our guest hands the muffin to the fair distiller of bohea, and she answers him that she will take some *just now*, which she intends to denote by and bye. She alters her mind, and will take *cold* bread and butter. The evening turning out rainy, a fear is expressed lest the *sough*, which has occasioned so much trouble, should again be choked, which he can scarcely think possible, as during dinner it was said to have been so recently killed. It seems to have some relation, he concludes afterwards, to the drains. He snuffs the candles, but is thanked for topping them. He requests music, but the gentleman only plays on the *base*, which required an affix to make the instrument definite, for base only marks the cliff, and this "sounds the very base-string," not of humility, but of violent abbreviation. The time arrives for his departure, and being asked whether he has a *top coat* with him, he pauses to consider whether this means some roquelaure, but soon ascertains the question to have pertained to his great coat. Going, without marking any obstacle in his way, across the room, he stumbles,—when, on recovering himself, he is informed that it was merely a *buffet*,—however, he cannot remember this as a "vile blow and buffet of the world," he therefore fears he may have struck some one in the confusion, but is relieved in finding that a little foot-stool is, at once, the occasion of the staggering movement and more staggering remark. A little brandy and water is recommended, and as the potent liquor is poured into the tumbler the expected drinker of it is charged to say, *when*. Every interjection and every protestation is made against the quantity already infused, but the magic word had not been pronounced. He hears much of keeping cold out, and of water bewitched,—but probably fears less from the water-witch, than from the "invisible spirit," which steals away the

brains. In letting himself out, the householder, finding that he does not understand the fastening of the door, hurries to undo it, making mention of a *sneck*. Having some little way to go into the country, a horse, which the stable-boy entitles a galloway, is brought round for him to the gate. Having complained of a cold he caught in a boat at Scarborough, the whole party raise a most unintelligible tirade to him against *Cobbles*,—but what cord-wainers and St. Crispin have to do with it he cannot guess. The wife had already urged him when he got to the *far-end* (the distance is most trifling,) to get some gruel, and to sup *them* while they are hot, or a *few* broth. These nouns of multitude absolutely astound him. He can easily procure it because they *rake* the fire every night,—which would intimate the contrary,—but to *rake*, he is informed, is to prepare the fire that it may burn until morning. But the host has also his parting advice. He begs him to be careful of the *bank* which he must descend. Very soon, instead of a gentle and flowery slope, such as the term imparted to his mind, he looks down a deep ravine, an almost precipice,—every inclination of whatever degree being a bank,—Harewood and Halifax being some of the mildest instances. Moreover, the horse is to be turned into the *croft*, which is strange, though not unintelligible, to his ear,—and the gate must be secured, or on straying it will be put into the *pinfold*, which only from the connection in which spoken could he apprehend to be the *pound*. He passes no powder mills, but he keeps an anxious glance on each side, as he has been warned of the danger of getting a *blast*,—he wears, indeed, what is deemed a defence around his neck, but how it could resist such an explosion he knows not, except in the way of an amulet. After a night full of strange dreams, with which a certain kind of verbiage or jargon has most confusedly intermingled, he re-enters the town. Thinking he would procure a grate like what his friend yesterday had grotesquely called a range, the very thing to keep men at home,—he naturally applies to a stover, but finds that he "breaks the word of promise" to the eye, though his sulphur stifles him. Perceiving that his clothes are rather out of order, and getting a hint

or two that he is not in good *raff*, and having heard the term familiarly which now seems employed seriously, he applies to a raff-merchant, whose textures it would be hard to adapt to the human frame, unless like a book it should be bound in boards. The streets are very dirty, and he hears that they are full of *muck*; and as this is an additional reason for caution, since nothing is so resistless as a Malay, or any other madman, running a-muck,—he peers on every side,—until beginning to slip about, good-natured spectators assure him that it is also *greasy*. Now, though there are many meteors which do fall from the sky, and many fabled which do not, yet in no literal sense do the heavens pour out oil,—though should grease and snow fall together, it might prevent the horse's foot from balling. This remark, therefore, seems to add ridicule to accident. Going, however, on his way more circumspectly than before, and looking well to his feet, which gives him a certain curvature of spine, bystanders warn him of the *stoup*. He elevates himself, at once imagining that his bending attitude was dangerous, when, unhappily, he runs against a *post*, the very stoup intended, not a measure of liquor, but "an affair of posts." Calling upon a gentleman, to whom a friend had admonished him that he must address himself most carefully, for he was very *short*, he has to look up to two yards and an ell of *stature*. Speaking of Sheridan's Lady Teazle, ignorant of such a growth, and his listener, ignorant of such a dramatic character, he is replied to that a waggon-load of them is just going past. Seeking a direction, he is told to go to the *Brigg*,—he at last arrives where there is some shipping, but nothing like a *brig*, though there is a sufficiency of sloops and of a class which is not often mentioned, in our national marine, billy-boys. Finding that a vehicle of some kind would be very convenient, he expresses a wish to look at some *gigs*. He is taken where there are wheels and harness to suffice,—but the shears of destiny could not more effectually sunder his thread of hope, and he feels that a plainer equipage would better suit his purpose. The moral feeling of the town it is impossible for him to estimate very highly, for while many of its inhabitants boast of their disinterested patriotism, an

affiche, more revolting than any thing in a Cornish Borough, more than once meets his eye, Cloth-Bribes; as if bribery could not be carried on in *truck*. Wanting to tie up a little parcel, those about make diligent search for some *band* or *twine*, but he assures them, not surmising the convertibleness of the words, that *string will do*. Knocking at a friend's door, whom he had often met elsewhere, he is met on the threshold by him,—who assures him that he cannot now ask him in,—says something of his wife being *crasy*,—intimates a long-hoped addition to his family,—the happiest of men,—trusts an heir,—while our stranger departs impressed that if insanity *there be*, it has run through all the family. He really thinks that he will publish some of his mistakes,—he reads the advertisements, and finds that in addition to what is known in the south, that men can print by steam, they can even compose in the north by machinery: he therefore resolves to destroy the manipulation of a whole class of scribblers by at once engaging *scribbling mills*. He discovers, upon an enquiry, that they would not greatly aid any literary undertaking. At public worship the composure of a lady near him is much disturbed by an *arrant*, not an arrant coxcomb, but a *spider*. He is asked to push forward the *bass*, which from circumstances he sees to be the same with *hassock*. He is much scandalised at its being proposed to him to sit in the *lofts*, but soon learns that these are no higher than the *galleries*. Nor does he comprehend what can be the state of those whom he overhears saying that they *have loosed* early to-day, as though the continuance of service had been a restraint and thraldom. Some proverbs have struck him as peculiar, though acquainted with "wise saws and modern instances." Several parties are struggling for mastery, one as unyielding as the other: Ah, it is said, "as the toad said to the harrow teeth, all of you are masters." A wife loses her husband, or a mother a child,—their grief is quite Ephesian and suspiciously violent,—Ah! it is observed, "a blating cow soon forgets her calf." The necessity of improving any opportunity of advantage is inculcated, "while the wind is in the door," an allusion to the ancient winnowing, depending upon the particular direction

of the wind towards the barn-door. Promises, all future and vague, are thus described: "Live horse, and thou shalt have grass." Ancestry being discussed where no money comes along with it, calls out the observation which has reference ("to what base uses may we come, Horatio!") to a black-pudding, "Blood without groats is nothing." When a man reckons on easy success without calculating the difficulty, it is said, "A sneck before a snout." When a man does any thing most termagant and oppressive, it is observed, "That flogs doll:" the meaning of which I do not see, unless it be the blindness of the rage which would beat even that which had no feeling. When a trader can no longer succeed by any chance, and his last method and hope of relief have ceased, then "the Bucket is in the well." There are other proverbs which must be founded on something very local and circumstantial, into which I cannot penetrate,—"Begin again, as the clerk at Beeston said," with many others,—some future topographer may notice them, and some antiquarian extract legends of wondrous story from them.

I will now adduce some common phrases in vogue among us,—premising that I only record what I have heard, or that of which others who know the subject well have informed me. To which I will add, that I have small sympathy with that affected fastidiousness which tosses its head or gathers its sneer at what it calls so vulgar expressions,—expressions which to remind degenerate finikins a little more polished without being half so well informed,—I use true Yorkshire Archaism,—"their fore-elders were not so swamous about." Let me remind them, that it is not the language of *Poissards* that I quote,—but of scholars and courtiers! "Find in your heart," is a very common mode of appealing to a person.—"Quite better" is a positive comparative, and sounds very harshly to any ear unaccustomed to this common answer of our recovering friends.—"I reckon," comes out on every occasion, as, perhaps, aliens would expect from this county of "ready reckoners."—"Wage" is never used but plurally, except in these parts; but wages betray men into much bad syntax; and nothing can be more proper, than to speak of a *wage*.—"Fearful" is a transcendental term. A poor woman

told me once that she could not read, but that her husband was a fearful reader. I tried him, it was as she *said*, but not as she *meant*. Fearful fine, and grand, are, therefore, not uncommon exuberances.—"A sight of people, or of things," signifies a large multitude; there are various readings of this, a "vast of folks," a "very many," a "very deal of things."—"Think on" is a naked kind of language, "I will think on," but it becomes prodigious when it is dressed up with "I will think *on of* it." —Nothing can parse the well-known sentence of those who describe the roads they travel,—just rising the hill, just as you rise the hill. Travellers and roadsters ought to understand the need of *transitives* better.—"To wear money" is to spend it,—there are those, we are informed, who in their slang "sweat guineas," but in wearing our money it is not so often *reduced* as ourselves.—"Brass" is money; perhaps when that metal formed the current coin the habit was formed of denominating all money by it. It is a pure Saxon word,—it had once to endure the "trial of the pix,"—and the Latin correlate *æs* not only is the term for brass, but of gold and silver circulation.—An uncouth periphrasis is very frequent when any illness likely to be fatal, or any bad debt likely to be ruinous, befalls a person, "It will be too many for him."—"Do," returns again and again. "Can't do with this man," such an article "will do nothing," it is a "good do," a "great to do." This latter finds its apology in French,—Affaire, a faire, *a to*-do.—When a candidate for favour becomes the object of dislike to the mob, they are said "to shout him," though the word would rather bespeak an acclaim, and all such shoutings have shrill alto and thorough bass notes in them, rather inconsistent with the fullest outburst of the voice.—An intimation of assent to do any thing, commonly an *assent* more of *necessity* than *inclination*, is thus expressed, "I am like."—A formidable denial meets some statement, "None so."—"I will not do so, *you mind*;" "I am not one of that sort, *you mind*," are perfect provincialisms, though it is difficult to specify their singularity, and impossible to prove them incorrect. —It is "good to see" is rife, but though the sight may be palpable, it may be evil and painful to see.—There has been a long

outstanding claim, the creditor grows importunate, he demands, and obtains a moiety of the sum,—and when his friends enquire his success, he tells that he "has got part money," an ellipsis probably arising from the hurry of his joy. This too is said of a person getting forward in the world, "He is worth part money."—"It was all 'long of him or it." This occurs in the Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell, falsely, no doubt, attributed to Shakspeare. "Into decay indeed, 'long of that wretch." This is good Saxon. Gelanȝ (Gelang) is an impulse or cause.—"He is carried on very nicely,"—said commonly in respect of a person getting better of a complaint. In the south it would rather be, he is *coming on*, but this causes the invalid to walk,—the more polite north provides him a carriage.—"I'll uphold him,"—warrant or back him, is the explanation; and nothing can be kinder when, like Cæsar, we have the "falling sickness." Sometimes it runs, "I pound it, or him."—"Naught of the sort,"—a resolute disclaimer is urged by it of some distortion of fact or misapprehension of promise.—"See fairly,"—this is applied to the distinctness with which any object is seen, —perhaps to be justified from the clearness of the medium of vision in fair weather,—but such intensitives are not invariably of any meaning. An Irish lady once told me, in reply to my question whether she could find any assistance from an opera-glass I had lent her, "I see elegantly."—"Decent" is quaintly applied, a decent person, a decent neighbour, and even a decent prospect and landscape,—which must seem most violent had we not often heard of "the *modesty* of *nature*."—A very anomalous sentence is, "I doubt so," when a person intends to say, "I believe so." "*Such a man* will come to ruin." "*I doubt so*," —but the speaker has not a doubt upon it.—"Keep your counsel," and "Go to your purpose," are characteristic, but require no scholium.—"He did *call* him." This implies abuse, but the Saxon, Calð, (Cald) is not known in such a sense. The Latin, voco, admits of the idea to call for judgment,—but this is not the conventional sense, and also to call after a person, which is nearer to it, but not to call ill-language after him. By the bye, the rather common method of calling after a person, holloa, not

perfectly out of use among us, may be better justified here, where so much of the substantial Saxon is spoken, than in any other spot, for its vocative is uniformly thus compounded, Eala Đu, (Eala Thu)—Holloa Thou, or You. Holloa thou Man, thou Lord, &c.—"Rare and sick," in a "rare taking," in a "rare pain:" the error we commit in interpreting these vulgarisms is, that we take, rare, in the acceptation of *scarce* and uncommon. It is derived from quite another root, not Latin, but Saxon, Rapan, (Raran) to *roar*. Roaring, the participle, is even now used in similar combinations, "A roaring trade."—"His work is set," denotes that a person has all that he can do required of him, with the insinuation of a little more: "He has fixed him," is said of a champion who, by some argument, has put down his antagonist. "Grand," becomes an exclamation strictly peculiar to these districts, inoffensive, but often uttered upon too trivial occasions. —When a person needs assistance to climb some height, his comrade promises to "*give him a leg*," which may, perhaps, allow of some fanciful gloss, but is in itself sufficiently creative. —"To pay" a person is to beat him. And good parents, in order to crush all resentful and vindictive passions in a child, when the poor urchin has knocked itself against a table, say, give "a *pay for it*." This is at least old English. Sir Toby Belch says to Sir Andrew Aguecheek,—"He pays you." This is not Saxon, but is probably Greek; Παιω is to strike with the fist.—"He gets into little room," is to become thin.—"Nobbud," is a well-known Yorkshire sound. Nothing but, none but, nobody but, are the primitives of this compound according to circumstances. "It is nobbud," and hence often it includes the adverbial idea of *only*,—I will take up the bill, if nobbud I get the money. The French words, *ne*, *que*—are similar, though they are never put together in a sentence, but have some other word interposed. Chaucer makes use of it in his Wife of Bath.

> "But that I pray to all this company,
> If that I speke after my fantasy,
> As taketh not a grefe of that I say,
> For myn intent is *not but* to play."

A gentleman walking in Sheffield, found a poor boy crying most bitterly. "What are you crying about?" he benevolently enquired. "All my brothers and sisters can say what they like to father, but if I say aught, it is poison. I nobbud called father old ewe-face, and he knocked me down among the coukes. If we do not mind, father will soon be master of the whole house."—"He is better of himself," alludes to a person under chronic disease feeling more comfortable as to general health. "He takes sturdy," is said of a man who will not yield a point. "He has considered to do it,"—an excellent practice,—but, apart from its singularity, frequently meaning that he sees he must. "He is sadly let down by" something,—I am sorry to say that the hiatus is usually filled up, by *a wife*. "He frets," used as neuter,—or, "himself over it." "To heir an estate," is parlance as prevalent as it is intolerable. "He has aged very much," makes every person stare who is not used to it, and is unsupported by any authorities so far as my reading extends. "They regularly serve him," expresses that a pauper receives at some given place regular *alms*. To *serve* also is employed to describe attendance upon funeral guests. "Come out of that," is a friendly advice to those who are meddling with what is dangerous. A trade in which there are many competitors is "much sought into." A man has waited for his dinner until his appetite has failed, which is by a kind of magic said to "be past it," —but he knows whether it is or not. "He sets great store by him," which is rather a pleonasm, as Stooꞃ (Stoor) in Saxon is great or grand, but by analogy it may suppose *value*, and it is pure idiomatic, old English. "Nasty" is imputed to a person who is habitually litigious. "Happen it may," is distinctive as a phrase from the collocation, and from the indescribable manner in which it is introduced. "Forth-putting," is energy of execution. Whoever has seen a horse tethered to a clog, will be able to enter into the facility of a man who "is tied to go" to such a place. "I 'll come enow," not *now* but in time enough. The richest man is said, and perhaps justly, to be *poorly*. "He is a fool to him." It is broached when the superlative excellence of some one is to be pleaded. "What is he *after?* He

is after doing that." Ǽꝼꞇeꞃ (Æfter) in Saxon gives the sense of *for* and *close* to a thing. The original sense is thus retained. "What do they call him?" for what is his name. "*Say*" is put into rather active commission among us, If I may have a say: We have had your say,—similar to *spoke*, *spoke*: but there is nothing in the Saxon Sæᵹen, (Sægen) either the verb or the substantive, to justify this outrage upon both. "I am clear-puzzled," is somewhat self-conflicting. "He is safe to be hung," is an undesirable safety,—but high sanction is its apology. King John says of Peter of Pomfret, "Away with him; imprison him, (And on that day at noon, whereon he says, I shall yield up my crown,—let him be hanged:) Deliver him to safety." "Clap you down," "Stay a piece," for sit, and remain a little time, are by no means yet in desuetude. "This here, that there," though not descriptive of us, are sometimes heard,—nothing can be said for them, but that the French are as bad: they have ce-ci —ce-la. How does he offer, how does he shape, how does he frame, (the last from the Saxon Fꞃaman, (Framan) to succeed,) are questions often proposed respecting any party in his noviciate. He is a "sore one," referring to wicked conduct. Stephano employs it in the Tempest. "*Prospero.* You'd be the king of the island, sirrah! *Stephano.* I should have been a *sore* one then." It is probably a different word from *sore*, sorrowful, or a wound. "He's gone to lead coals,"—and he has therefore over-persuaded the minerals to follow him. "None" is remarkably situated and potential in our determinations;—"I will go none,"—"I will none pay his debts." "He is badly," is said of the most virtuous when ill. While is put for until: "I shall stop while such a day." But in nothing does the eccentricity of the dialect run so to riot as in its *prepositions*. How *nor*, a disjunctive, became a preposition I cannot divine, but it is frequently put for one. "I am richer nor you." "This man is better nor that." *At* for *to*: "Can you do any thing *at* it?" "Of" is put for *at*: "He reads to him *of* night." "By" is put for *of*: "What *by* that?" "To" is substituted for *of*: "What do you think *to* such a thing, or man?" Through is used for *from*: I was once told that a

sermon I had preached had driven a hearer *through* me,—the fact rather was, the sermon coming too much home, that I had driven the sermon through the hearer. A kind husband, after escorting a newly married wife to her evening visits, assured me, "he would no longer fetch her *through* tea." Sometimes these prepositions are greatly huddled together. "Moreover than that." "I called him off on it." "I will come at after." "Rather," is used incorrectly, but that is not confined to this vicinity,—really it is the comparative of *rathe*, a word used in our old writers,—but at present it is a decided adverb. "I had rather," should be "I would rather." We are resolved to make it adverbial: hence "ratherly" is not uncommon. "That" postponed to the verb produces a peculiar effect. Did you, will you, can you do it? "I did that. I will that. I can that." Certain expressions convey revenge. "I'll fit him. I'll quiet him." The auxiliary "*will*" is reduced to many shifts. Instead of acting warder to the future, it becomes sign of the present. What is such a person's property? He *will* be worth two thousand pounds. Do you know his name? His name *will* be George. Where does he live? He *will* live in such a street. Something is, however, couched under this, —"be found" probably following the "will," would complete and vindicate the sentence: he *will be found worth*, *&c.* "He is not soon said," either put off or talked down. "He got killed," is not very correct, but far better than the southern phrase, "he is gone dead." "Off on the rant," is spoken of the dissipations of those whom some pity for their unfortunate genius, but who should rather be reprobated as unbridled profligates. To "cut fine" every one practises, and a "long price" every one feels.

Some words are peculiar in this district, being antiques,—still employed in general composition, and especially that which admits of lofty and primitive phrase,—but here squandered on every-day matters. *Brow* would scarcely be so commonly employed in the best circles as it is around Huddersfield whenever a hill is described. *Dole* would be reserved for a Maundy Monday in London: here it would be heard all round a soup-

kitchen. *Fosse* brings us back to the stately apparatus of drawbridges and castles: in many contiguous places it is attributed to every ditch. *Nook* would remind us of any sacred corner of the heart where our dearest affections are garnered: but these prodigals will complacently style the recess under a fire grate an *ash-nook*. *Heed* is a word with most, but these will throw it away on a boy who tumbles in the street, "Ne'er heed, lad." *Wand* arrays to our imagination a High-Steward at a coronation, or the Magician awing "the elements which clip us round,"—but here they would so denominate a hazel switch. A small house is "all that estate." *Besom* scatters not destruction but only dust. "*Disdain* against" a thing, is any common dislike, as to any article of food. *Steep* is grandiloquent,—almost invariably given metaphorically, steeped in business,—"steeped to the ears in poverty,"—but here they think nothing of taking a piece of pork out of steep. *Din* is a kind of trumpet-pealing of arms to the general ear of our countrymen, but here a fond mother will peremptorily command her crying child to hold its din. "*Lost*" in dirt, "*perishing*" with cold, or "*perished*," are not deemed too strong expressions for a little untidiness or frost. *Charger*, the ancient word for a dish, is a familiar household word among us still: and *we* all feel that the painter was quite wrong who brought into his mimic canvas the head of John the Baptist on a dragoon-horse. *Clew* is by general consent applied to historic doubt, or important suspicion, but its first association here is a skein or a bobbin. *Fell* is scarcely ever suggested but to the hewing down of a forest, but here two quarrelsome lads will threaten to fell each other. *Reek* would be solemn in common estimation, as the steaming altar and curling incense,—but here it is bestowed on the most nauseous of all fumes,—and a smoker is said "*to send up a good reek.*" *Yon* and *yonder* are quite in "buskined measure." "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look:" "Yon trembling coward who forsook his master:" it is rather a bathos to hear of "yon fellow," and "the pigs are yonder." *Wicket* is common for every little gate. *Hie* is a word of royal command: in some portions of this country it is very lavishly dictated.

To *grieve*, to be grieved, indicates a deep emotion of sadness, but here a person, momentarily vexed, is *grieved*. *Quick*, and *quicken*, would never be commonly mentioned but where a virtuoso style was sought,—it is very common here, more frequently pronounced *wick*. When an interment is precipitated, it is said, "Do not bury him *wick*." This is a proof how much the Old Saxon inheres in this part, for in it there is no Q. The nearest approach to that value is *c-w*, wick is therefore yet retained rather than the altered word, *quick*. *Damage* expresses serious injury, for which you would come upon your Hundred,—but here a small return for service done is thus measured: "What 's the damage?" *Muster* is a word for battle: "it is time," says any one who first leaves a party, "to be mustering homewards."

Certain words are strung together, which often produce an appearance of hopeless and outlandish involution. *Shilly-shally*, —shall I, shall I,—signifying one who never can make up his mind. *Right-on-end*,—any thing perfectly upright, or in perpendicular. *Spick-and-span*. Not confined to us,—whatever is very new and neat. Tooke cites a Dutch phrase:—"Spick-spelder-nieuw,"—spyker, *warehouse*; spoelder, shuttlethrower. In German, he adds that spange, means any thing shining. A simple and more natural one is assigned by other writers whom he derides: and if this be just, the whole will turn out a local phrase. Spick is from Spıcẏnᵹ, (Spicyng) a nail, spike, or spoke, —a plain derivative from it. Span comes from Spannan, (Spannan) to span, and to stretch, as merchants in measuring off cloth are said often to stretch their span and use their thumb. Spick-and-span is something then newly stretched upon spikes,—look into your tenter-fields and the signification will glare upon you. *What mun be—mun be*. I knew a Welch gentleman who, on first coming to England, always carried a pocket Johnson with him. He heard the awful pentasyllable. He made an excuse to retire, and immediately proceeded to look for it. Even the great Lexicographer, with his Gower, and Ainsworth, with his *condog*, did not include it. Opening his mind to a friend, who was a religious fatalist, he was only more surprised at the contempt of

his countenance and the vehemence of his language.—Not know what *mun be*—*mun be* is? It is the foundation of truth and the essence of piety. Some time occured ere he could extract the root. *Maun* is Scotch, and is so introduced by Jamieson, and he quotes the verb from Wickliffe. There is not much difficulty in supposing an interchange of words or an original affinity where the streams of emigration from the Picts and Angles almost mingled.—*Ony-bit-like.* Ony is a Scotch adjective, *Onan* occurs in the Saxon Chronicle. *Bit*, which is so very prevalent among us, every bit, not a bit, a good bit, is that which is bitten off,—so that the real idea of bit is, that for each bit there has been a bite,—which I am sorry to find commonly said of us. Ony-bit-like, is when any thing likely or reasonable is proposed,—a man compounding for a debt, or making an advance towards a purchase. *Shŭband* is nothing more than a too tripping tongue repeating shoe-band or tie. This last word supplies the desideratum of a rhyme to beauty and duty. —*Cusen-en-dean* is a word rather common about Northowram. Cast-down, or dejected, is the simple meaning, but it is very heterogeneous in appearance and sound, and I know not, if a corruption how it can be traced, or if a pristine word how it was regulated. Many of the Saxon words have gen, an, en, for their terminals, and there is so common a practice of making our monosyllables ending with *st* into two, as *thrust*, *thrusten*, —that I suspect there must have been some forgotten rule.— *Mickle-syke-like* (Much as was) is often used.—*Howd-te-tung*, is another strange combination. Healben, (Healden) to hold, does not justify howd, but the Teutonic root, it is said, does: Te, (Te) by the later Saxon, is sometimes for *the*, but it has no relation to a pronoun. Howd-te-tung is the common bashaw way of bringing to a close too much female eloquence.—See-thee-lad,— Look-thee-lad, *sithee*, *luthee*. The contractions explain themselves.—*Pack-bag-day*, is the season when the farmers' servants change places.—But of all "these monstrous and prodigious things," none is so "passing strange" as one furnished me by an excellent clergyman in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield. *Bang-her-amang-her-eyn.* On hearing this from his lips, it

sounded so oriental, so greatly resembling some Sanscrit terms I heard pronounced by gentlemen returned from the east, that I intuitively held it could have no root among ourselves. But the occasion is abhorrent to our nature, while the word is only so to our ear. A brute beats his wife, who is provoked to repel the assault. And there are those who can abet the unnatural fracas, and savages to encourage the brute to more violent cruelty,—"Bang and strike her over her eyes." Eaȝ (Eag) is eye, the adjective forms in eaȝan, (eagan) so that *eyn* is of easy derivation. This word occurs in a better order among some of our Halifax neighbours: "Love in her eyes sits playing."—"Love in her eyn kares laking," sang the bold performer in Acis and Galatea.—"Ye sit easy cowering there," says the rider to the lady on the pillion behind him.

Many words are set down as peculiar which are only so by being mispronounced or corrupted. *Ash-hole* is only strange as ash is used singularly, but so it is in Ash-Wednesday. But the Saxon aſce (asce) is changed in ess, and a new word is apparently created. Why any should speak hole as if spelt hoyle, I know not,—the Saxon word is hol. Hearth, a Saxon word, as well as stone, when combined, is most rapidly uttered; and when the *wench*, as "Nature's fair defect," is sometimes invoked to sweep it, she seems arraigned for the very crime of arson, for which so many Swingites have recently suffered. We have *seandly* for soundly,—*parritch* for porridge,—*whoam* for home,—*dowter*, for daughter,—*slart* for slough,—fending and proving, for defend,—illify for vilify,—feck and fotch, improper forms of fetch,—parfit, a base pronunciation of the French parfait,—pick for pitch: Coriolanus says, "As high as I could pick my lance:" Drownd, for drown,—scholard for scholar,—varment for vermin,—summonsed for summoned,—unless this be a degeneracy of the word *submoneas*, as, probably, such a summons was originally called. We still speak of a habeas corpus, a capias, a fieri facias, a supersedeas. Double comparatives and superlatives particularise our conversation. In our best dramatists it frequently transpires. "This was the most unkindest cut of all," is the language of Mark Antony over Cæsar. It

survives here,—and, though laid aside generally, it is evident that once it was thought neither improper nor inelegant.

Multiplied negatives distinguish us. Nonnullus and necnon would only give force to our nobody and no. But, at least, I have never heard quite so full a series as is attributed to the metropolitan citizen: "Has nobody seen nothing of never a hat no where not their own?" Greek admits of double negatives,—and so does French: Je ne scai pas. Never is substituted for not. He will ne'er do. I shall ne'er go. It is employed as stronger, pledging future as well as committing present time. Ish is the sign of the Saxon adjective. We speak of churlish, rakish, Jewish, British. Yorkshiremen deal much in this termination. A lame person is lamish, a decent person is decentish,—a nice thing is nicish, a neat spot is neatish.—This is a practice that has all the countenance of the original language. Rubbage is often said, and this is employed by some excellent writers,—it is not the northerns who have given rubbage its ish, however much they like the sound of that termination.

Like is often used in the *same* way of *tail.*—Good-looking *like*,—Modest like.—Sometimes it is added to participles,—it kept moving like, they were very loving like. Wherever our modern words end in *ly*, they originally did in *like*. Godly was then godlike,—priestly, priestlike,—heavenly, heavenlike,—imperially, imperiallike, &c. &c. So that like is no stranger, though it was born *in old style*. Here is another vindication of this vernacular on the ground of its antiquity.

When *u* happens to come before *r*, or *e* before *r*, a curious metathesis is observable. Burst is converted into brust, curdle into crudle.—Leathern is changed into leathren,—pattern into pattren, tavern into tavren, Christmas into Chirsmas, christened into chirsened, cistern into cistren. Now the Saxons had a similar method. *Work*, though spelt with an o has the power of u: from that spring, *wright* and *wrought*. *Burnt* of the battle was the ancient phrase; according to the same law it has become brunt. The family name, Cordington, the Cordington estates in Barbadoes, is now Codrington. Cradock was changed for Caradoc,—Burlington for Bridlington. Here again is the

Saxon justifying her staunchest adherents and most faithful children. But it must be admitted that there is an occasional contradiction. Frumenty is transposed into furmity,—provide into purvide,—and it might be imagined that *children* was an instance of the same perversity, it often being called *childern*, and childer. But *childer* is the regular formed plural,—hence childer-talk and *childer-mass.*

Turning one syllable into two gives a peculiarity to the dialect. Foot, good, coat, book, are all thus lengthened by the crowd,—but the dissyllable demands a bred and born man to utter it,—while I can only compare the expansion to that of a heated bar of iron indisputably as imperceptibly increased. Fooĭt, coĭt, gooĭd, booĭk. Shooĭn is from shoon. Aspirates may be forgiven, for numberless Saxon words begin with an *h* before a consonant: we must take breath even to think of them. Very numerous, for instance, take hl. hr. hw. So we pronounce *who*, &c.

The elision of vowels, and even consonants, is another fruitful source of peculiarity. There is high sanction for this in Greek and Latin poetry; and in our purest epics it is done. The French constantly practise it in pronouncing their language, however they write it. Sometimes the entire article is mute, though the *th* is supposed to be present. Sweep room. Lay cloth. Bring carriage. There is a well-known phrase as the exempli gratiă of this remark: a shower of rain falling upon some chickens, a countryman exclaimed—"T' wet maks em pik 'em." These are indeed "vulgar fractions."

Letters are frequently interchanged, and in establishing our etymologies we must recollect that in Saxon there is no k, c being always hard; and no q, something of that sound being expressed by cw. D and Ð (th) are commonly substituted for each other, whether by design or accident it is difficult to say, the symbol being varied from the first to the second by a very small cross stroke. The Capitals, C and Ᵹ (C and G) are scarcely at first distinguishable: the small ꞃ and ꞅ (r and s) require a careful eye. U is put for V, F is put for V, V is turned into B, B is resolved into F, C takes the force of G,

W is interchanged with V, G is converted into Y. Examples of these mutations may be furnished. We have the name of Alured. Alter the *u* into *v*, and you have Alvred. Now alter the v into f, and you have *Alfred*,—Alured is then only a variety from Alfred. We have the name of Wharfe, a river in our neighbourhood. Its name was Verbeia, probably a Roman name. Introduce W for V, and it is Werbeia: introduce f for b, and it is Werfeia, Wherf, Wharfe. Ireok, (Geok) is a Yoke. G is generally softened into Y, especially in terminations, as Kæᵹ, (Kæg) key; ðæᵹ, (dæg) day; heꞃıᵹ, (hefig) heavy; ᵹꞃæᵹ, (græg) grey. Here it is at the beginning. Geok, Yeok, Yoke. Vectis was the name for the Isle of Wight. Again let W be preferred to V, and you will perceive it is Wectis. Let c yield to g, and you have the harsh sound of Wegtis, Weght, Wight. Thus *seek* forms *sought*. A humorous pun was made by Scaliger upon the resolution of *v*, into *b*: and though he referred to Gascony, it is of great account in some of the metamorphoses of Saxon into modern words, "Felices populi, quibus, *bib*ere est *viv*ere."

The use of the second person in speaking to another is very characteristic. Thouing and theeing, as it is called, is not open to any charge of vulgarity. For it is most grammatical, it is the only reasonable address when you speak to the individual, and it is the habit of Anglo-Saxon. We should be shocked at the plural form in appeal to Deity. Rather inconsistent, however, are we in using *ye*. *Ye* are going; than *ye*.

Many of the vulgar pronunciations of this district are agreeable to the original standard, if orthography be any rule. *Lufe* for love. *Dorst* for durst. *Leoght* for light. *Ealand* for island. *Knay* for know. *Reht* for right. *Pund* for pound. *Pais* for peace. *Steel* for style. *Teeny* for tiny. *Nese* for nose. *Ax*, from Acꞅıan, (Acsian) for ask. *Sang* for song. *Stane* for stone. Ax, we all deem low, but we all speak of tax, which is originally task—the reason probably is, that *task*-masters and *tax*-gatherers closely resemble each other. *Thack* for thatch. The diphthong æ is a great favourite with the Saxon vocabulary, —and, presuming it long, we have dræd for dread. Spære for

spare. Wæter for water. Fæder for father. Mæst for most. Spærk for spark. Bærn for barn or storehouse. Hælf for half. Some words not Saxon, and gross vulgarisms, are used by old writers. *Curosity* I have met with. *Disgest* is employed in Beaumont and Fletcher. Chara'cter is good quantity.

In the authorised version of the Bible we have a noble model of our dialectical language. Many of the peculiarities of our speech are found in it. Two or three instances shall suffice. "Then they said unto the Ephraimite, say now Shibboleth, and he said Sibboleth, for he could not *frame* to pronounce it right." "*Bray* a fool in a mortar and his folly will not depart from him." The Debtor had "*nought* to pay." "I cannot *away* with." The rich man said, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to *bestow* my fruits," not give away, but lay them up. He is "not *slack*." "All manner of *folk*."

Some words, in common use among us, are only difficult because found in a state of contraction. The hooks or bars of a kitchen fire are called *reckons:* that is, *rack-irons.* A cow-house is called a *mistal:* that is, *milk-stall. Bagging* is *breakfast*: and though it might come from baȝnaȝın, (bagnagin) to gnaw and devour, yet beȝınnın, (beginnin) to commence, is equally Saxon, and seems the more likely to express the first meal of the day. *Nommit* is something before the regular dinner,—evidently *noon-meat. Norpin* is a part of any gain, —a consideration, a share,—it is founded on a broad pronunciation to which we are accustomed, a *horpenny,* an orpenny. We often speak of *Alegar,* that is sour beer or ale: ale, *aigre,* the French adjective for sour,—as Vinegar, is Wine, or Vin, Aigre,—*sour wine.* Don, Doff, do on, do off.

I will now proceed to justify words current in many parts of this county, endeavouring to trace them back to a legitimate source, and to clothe them with an appropriate authority.

Bratt in Saxon is a mantle and cloak, and often expresses parvitude and tininess equal to an infant's *bib.*

Shut. When our less educated people would express the idea of ridding themselves of a thing, they say they get shut of

it. This is from an Anglo-Saxon word ꞅhıꞇan (shitan) to throw out, to reject. From this come several common words. To *shut* the door is to exclude all who would enter. To *shout* is to throw out the voice. To have a *shy* is to fling at an object. To add up a *shot* is to lay out, to expend, a sum. All these variations follow one generic idea.

Awmacks. This word is used to denote every kind of a particular class. The late Lord Thurlow sojourning a vacation near Knottingley, once accosted an angler, what fish he caught in that river? Awmacks, was the reply. "Well," said his Lordship, "Never did I hear of that fish before." *Aw* is *all*, —*macks* is derived from makunᵹ, (makung) Anglo-Saxon, *form* and *disposition* of a thing. Perhaps the definition would not be impertinent in fact, however offensive in appearance, if resounded through Willis' Rooms,—for let the *haut ton* be however select, let the entrè be however strict, let the lady patronesses be however rigid, still it is *Almacks!*

Bide. This has two meanings. There is *bide*, to endure, and to require. The first is from bıðan, (bidan) Anglo-Saxon, to continue or remain. The second is from bıððan, (biddan) Anglo-Saxon, to ask, to require. An illustration of the former occurs in "Twelfth Night." The Duke says, "My love can give no place, *bide* no delay." Many say of a pain, or any trouble, "they cannot *bide* it." Of the latter there are examples too. "Bide no inviting," is to *require* no invitation. The "bidding prayer," as it is commonly called, is a direction to the blessings to be implored: We *ought* to pray, rather than we *pray*.

Coker. This word has nothing to do with coal or gas. A number of persons come from Barnsley, Hoylandswain, and their vicinities, to gather in the harvest about Selby, and the river-sides of Yorkshire and Lincoln. These reapers are designated West-country *Cokers*. We must recollect that the ears as they are shorn are made up into sheafs. Between a sheaf and a quiver full of arrows there is some resemblance. It is a poetic assimilation. Now Coker, (Coker) Anglo-Saxon, is a bundle of shafts, and does not ill describe the shape into which

the harvestman binds his golden spoil. But Cocor (Cocor) is a sword, or sharp instrument, so it may refer to the sickle or the scythe.

Dorm. When a person is supposed to be in a stupid, vacant, absent way,—knowing not what he does,—while having his eyes open with their sense shut,—he is said to *dorm* or be *dorming.* This is very usual about Huddersfield. It is also applied to an invalid constantly on the doze. The root is evidently in *dormio*, the *Latin* to *sleep:* so that an Almondbury man fixes on the same word which the first Roman lyrist applied to the author of the first Grecian epic,—and a native of the Burtons freely attributes to his neighbours what a Horace ascribed to a Homer.

Keen is used singularly,—"keen of his dinner,"—of any thing,—that is, intent upon it.

End. Nothing can be more simple than this most common word, but it occurs among us with several peculiar combinations. It is given a "local habitation," and should you ask for such a place, it is at Call-Lane *end*, Kirkgate *end*. The Spring is fine, and we hear that it is a promising *fore-end:* the Autumn is mild, and we have a fine *back-end.* Children roving from home are summoned to return *endus*, probably end-ways,—so immediately that they must not tarry to walk and run, but roll head over heels. *Endus* is sometimes put for forever. A dissipated man in his habits is "at a loose end:" a person of involved circumstances is at "the far end."

Fond. This is an appellation for an idiot. Something might be said in favour of deducing this from feonb, (feond) Anglo-Saxon, fiend; an idiot being supposed a demoniac. But *Von* (and V being exchanged for F), *Fon*, vacant, imbecile, seems a more natural source. In Measure for Measure the Duke says to Isabella, "Fond wretch." Hastings, in Richard III., exclaims, "I, too fond, might have prevented this." The Archbishop of York in the Second Part of Henry IV., says, "O thou fond many." In the first part of Henry VI., Talbot addresses the Countess of Auverne: "I laugh to see your ladyship so *fond.*" In the 22nd Article of the Church of England

a particular doctrine is denounced as "a *fond* thing vainly invented." In conformity with this usage, it is common every where to say of a vain wish, it is a "fond wish;" but it seems confined to this vicinity, to say of a man of defective intellect, he is *fond*. It is, indeed, hard that *fondness* should be placed in any such connection, for surely we may be *fond* of some things, and some persons, without being exposed to any imputation of lack-brained deficiency.

Gloppen. In different parts of our county when a person is suddenly startled by a sudden sound, or an unexpected sight, he is said to be *gloppened*. Around Halifax it often occurs. I am rather pleased when I hear it, for it well fills the mouth, and to my sense has something of the effect which it describes. It would not have had a bad effect in some of the sonorous lines of the Iliad. It is derived, I imagine, from ᵹlopıan, (glopian) Anglo-Saxon, to *cry out*, the exclamation and shriek of an unlooked-for encounter.

Fair fall. This phrase is used, in the shape of a benediction, towards any favourite, especially when he is slighted and postponed to another. I once thought it might be *fair and foul*, a resolve to stand by him, come what might, even to the very worst. But I found myself quite deceived, and on two most competent witnesses. The Mayor says to Richard III., "Now fair befall you." Walter Scott, scarcely a less authority than Shakspeare, agrees to this version. Swertha says to Mordaunt, in the Pirate, "Fair fa' your sonsy face." *Fair fall* is then a benison, "fair, good, all kind auspices, attend you."

Gain. While Yorkshiremen admirably coincide with men of all other counties in their notion of this word as a sign for acquisition, and run a *nearly* equal race with them in their pursuit of the thing,—yet have they peculiar opinions of their own. It might be expected from the sound that they could not take a step without examining the *interest tables*, for they speak of the *gainer*, and ask for the *gainest*, way. But, really, it has no connection with this word as generally understood. Ꝣaen (Gaen) is *hither*, to *this point*, in the ancient tongue: and in enquiring the *gain* of a way, it is not what we save (as we are

deceived by the sound) but which is the direct way, to a given point. The saving of distance is included, but belongs not to the root. And to this day, it is said that what overtakes any other *gains* upon it, really gets nearer to it and to the goal. In union with *gaen*, we must not forget that well-known word, to *gang*. They are obviously of one family. Ᵹanᵹan, (Gangan) Anglo-Saxon, is to journey, hence if we *proceed* in a business and operation, we are *agait*, or in the act of going. And as we cannot have too much of a good thing, there is such language as going a gaiters, or gaitwards, which signifies walking part of the way with the person who leaves us. Indeed, this is quite peculiar to the politeness of us northerns, for we not only propose in quitting a party to see a lady home, but absolutely to *set her there*, as if she needed replanting in the domestic soil. The delicacy of the proposal is enhanced, not by seeking the permission, but enquiring into the necessity, —*Must* I set you home? We see at once how those buttoned conveniences for foot and ancles, *gaiters*, are derived.

Havre-Cake rather affects the definition of oatmeal given by Johnson, "the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland." There is many a mealy-mouthed biped among us, however he can bite. One of the regiments of our line does not disdain the title, and the 33rd have hailed each other as *havre cakes* when rushing into the battle. It was the earliest command of Wellington. This is fighting for their *hearths* more literally than ever before rung in a war-cry. Haber, or hafer, is German for oats.

Incense. This is generally thought an unauthorised word, *incense* being, in our general language, employed to denote irritation or indignance. And some, (because it is employed here in the way of giving information, and of instigating) have foolishly explained and spelt it as if it was putting *sense* into a person. Though we should think it strange to say of a person, whom we had convinced and influenced, that we had *incensed* him, let us not too rashly affirm its illegitimacy and vulgarity. The word is from *Censeo*, in Latin, which means not only to *think*, but to *persuade and induce*, the very way in which our

humbler neighbours exercise it. Buckingham says to the crook-backed tyrant, "Think you, my lord, this little prating York was not incensed by his subtle mother?" Nym, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says, "I will incense Page to deal with poison."

Kenspecked. Whatever is marked, or can be easily recognised, is thus indicated. A piece of money is sworn to after a robbery,—it has a hole in it;—a sheep upon a similar circumstance is identified,—it is peculiarly coloured;—and probably the thief himself, from a peculiar physiognomy, is pointed out,—as *kenspecked*. Two Anglo-Saxon primitives will account for this strange compound. Ɛan, (Can) is to know, in Lowland Scotch, *Ken*. Specce (Specce) is a mark. It is, then, to detect by a mark. Hence our words *speck*, and *speckled*.

Lief. It soon becomes a familiar sound to a stranger, "I had as lief," "I had as lief not." Leoꝼ (Leof) is love, and also permission, in the parent dialect. In this latter sense we ask leave, or take leave. Yet *lief* implies not an equal desire but a superior one. Though the speaker seems to balance matters in his mind, it is plain which way he inclines. It is often uttered in a half jocular way. Here again the bard of Avon comes to our aid, and we are not left to the hard lot of them who, brave as Agamemnon, "carent vate sacro." Cassius says in Julius Cæsar:

> "But for my single self,
> I had as *lief* not be as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself."

Maddle. This most common word is heard in various associations. A person under the influence of *fever* is *maddled*. When we are overwhelmed with the daring effrontery of some one who takes *us aback*, what word but this can represent our mingled emotions of dislike, wonder, and strange amazement? Sometimes a noble alliteration is formed, *Maddled i' th' midst*. It is from Ɱæꞇan (Mætan) or Ɱæðan, (Mædan) to sleep. We may add, "perchance to dream."

Nave. This is not knave, unless it be of clubs. It signifies a fist. It is a Scotch term, when it is given more as

nieve, which is the way Jamieson spells it. Here it is pronounced more with an *a;* and determined to be poetic, a violent man threatens to *hāve* his *nave*,—the poetry might be retained with a more correct prosody, to *heave* his *nieve.*

Flite. Though this active verb often puts to flight those who are found within its range, it has nothing to do with rout or wings. The signification is to *scold.* It is taken from Flıᵹan, (Flitan) Anglo-Saxon, to contend. All kinds of *flighty* people are more endurable than this species.

Gaum, is from *gaumian*, Mœs. Gothic: and intends to *know*, to perceive. It is rather discernment than knowledge. We say, therefore, with perfect correctness, of a stupid person, he is *gaumless.* There is another word in Anglo-Saxon similar in appearance and sound to this, but quite different in its origin and use. Ᵹom, (Gom) Anglo-Saxon, is from *goma*, the jaw, or the *gum*, which is derived from it. A person who has received an unprovoked assault is asked whether he *said* nothing? He answers, he gave the assailant no *gom* at all. It is surely more refined for our peasant to say that he gave no *gum*, where a southern of his rank would protest that he gave him no *jaw.*

Handsell. This denotes a good beginning, whether on the payment of a regular fee, or the possession of a little stock. It is so far unlike, in the one instance, her case who requests us to "bid her discourse," that there *is* "a footing seen;" while a good start or outfit is implied in the other. Ƕanδ (Hand) is in Anglo-Saxon what it is with us: Sẏlan, (Sylan) in the same, is to *give.* A Handsell is something given in hand. *Siller* is Scotch for gain and for money.

Glore, or *glower.* This signifies a stare of stupefaction. It is from the German,—*Glower*, to gleam, and to give a fixed look.

Kittle. It is no relation to that which the pot is said to have abused,—it means, any thing even balanced but soon disturbed. It is derived from Ꞓıᵹelan, (Citelan) Anglo-Saxon, to tickle. Titillation is the effect of a soft movement, and it is a singular coincidence that we say of the same thing that it is

kittle and *ticklish*. Lucio addresses Claudio, in Measure for Measure, "I warrant thy head stands so *tickle* on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." We say of uncertain weather, "It is tickle, or ticklish."

Misslippen. A failure of appointment is thus spoken of: "He misslippened me."

Belong. Though we do not conceive that there is any thing peculiar in the word itself, we may just notice a singular use of it in these parts. House and owner change places. Instead of asking to whom the house belongs, it is often enquired, who belongs to this house? In that case, the house ought to claim writings of property and title, and to do what would be difficult with some inmates, keep them in order and good repair.

Late. In Craven this word expresses, to *seek*,—what is often necessary, indeed, in the case of *late* people; but here it has no reference to *tardiness* whatever. "Better lated," said a lady to a clerical friend of mine, who had arrived half-an-hour too soon at the place of worship,—"better lated than to late:"—*i. e.* "better sought, or *found*, than to seek or find." This is not arbitrary,—Laðian, (Lathian) in Anglo-Saxon, is to *invite*, to *call for*.

Come, though a universal word, has here some curious occupations. "Come Thursday" it shall be done. "He is coming fourteen years." "He 'll not come it again." "He comed." Now for all this it may be pleaded, that "come such a time" is only a poetic ellipsis, giving a precedence to the verb over the substantive which governs it: that "coming a thing" may be a fraction of another word, overcoming it: and that though "comed" is not common, it is the imperfect tense, *comed* or *did* come.

Kep. To catch, as catching a ball at play.

Titter-a-call. As Tið (Tid) is Anglo-Saxon for time, it became, by a natural transition, the word for soon. Hence that which is often used, *as-tite*, as soon as. Titter, or tidder, is, therefore, the sooner. Titter-a-call is, thus, the general agreement between any two travellers who wish to arise and pursue

their journey *betimes*,—he who sooner wakes, must call the other. It is much in vogue in the more northern parts of the county.

Kow-how. Crooked. "All on the kow-how."

Shive. A liberal piece of bread or pudding.

Out-upon. "Out upon you." For shame!

Stark is our word for *stiff*, from Sceaꞃc, (Stearc) Anglo-Saxon, stubborn and intractable. In this sense of the etymon we can understand a word well known every where, *stark-mad*, that is, ungovernably insane. It need hardly be added that *starch* comes from the same; though it is probable that Brummel, matchless in his cravats, did not know it.

Sark is too near the last word to be overlooked. It means a shirt. Sẏꞃk (Syrk) is Saxon for one. It is impossible for the Grecian not to think of Σαρξ, the skin, in hearing of this homely term.

Torfil. The idea of this word, used a good deal in the vale of the Aire, is to come short. A tree, which is stunted in its growth, torfils. On recommending a course of duty to a person, he promised, with many fears that after all he should torfil. Đoꞃꝼleꞅꞅ (Thorfless) is Anglo-Saxon for unprofitableness, for what comes to nothing.

Tew. This is applied to labour, hard and incessant. A Yorkshireman would never think of describing the labours of Hercules in any other way. Taꝩıan (Tawian) and Teᵹıan (Tegian), in Anglo-Saxon, refer to the cultivation of the ground. This was the earliest kind of toil, and is still the most severe. There is an emphatic word about Tadcaster, to *grave*, for *dig*, the ground. *Tewing* and *graving* may well remind us that "man eats his bread in the sweat of his face until he returns unto the ground out of which he was taken." From Teᵹıan (Tegian) the root of *tew*, comes the coarse but useful word, *tug*.

Rere. When meat is underdone, it is called *rere*. Ꮒꞃeꞃe (Hrere) is the Saxon adjective for any thing crude and raw.

Daised is naturally suggested by the previous term. For meat, which should be cooked brown, when, by negligence or

misfortune, it appears on the table ill-roasted, is said to be *daised*. Δαις, in Greek, is a dainty, a delicacy; *dais* is now applied to the cross and raised table at public dinners, because the nicest things are naturally placed before the most distinguished guests. *Daised*, therefore, represents that what should be otherwise than white and delicate, is now improperly prepared: in making it a *dainty*, the wholesome viand is destroyed.

Daze, though quite different in signification, presents itself to us by the resemblance, or, properly, the *sameness* of the sound. The meaning is, to dazzle. "He is dazed." Daȝan, (Dagan) in Anglo-Saxon, is to brighten. Dryden uses, daze, for dazzle; and many beyond our shire-line, when overwhelmed, as by a sudden fall of light, exclaim, in the precise word we now review, "*Dazy* me!"

Faddle. To make sport of any one.

Clam is a very descriptive, though not elegant, expression. When the mouth is dried by fever, or when a viscous secretion glues the lips, from drought and exertion, we say the mouth is *clammed*. Clam, (Clam) in Anglo-Saxon, is a plaster; the lips stick together, the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth.

Threap is to dogmatise. A man will say of a clamorous talker, he did not convince me, but he *threaped* me down. Ðꝛepian (Threpian) and Ðꝛeȝan (Thregan) are the same in meaning, and both in Anglo-Saxon mean to inveigh rather than reason.

Braid has nothing to do with that article which is configured upon the surtouts of military pretenders, but supposes resemblance among kindred. He *braids* of his father; by his close likeness, shows his descent; he is his father's own child. It is derived from Bꝛeeðan, (Breedan) Anglo-Saxon, to breed.

Abraid, is perfectly different. In some parts of the county it is used correctly, but more generally is corrupted into, upbraid. I will explain the meaning as scrupulously as the case will admit. A dyspeptic subject ought not to eat goose. If he ventures, the probability is that he suffers inconvenience from the *arrière gout*. The grossness of the food, as some say, *upbraids* him, as though the bird which saved the Capitol were

now reading its devourer a moral lesson: properly, it *abraids*. It comes from Ꝋbꞃeꝺᵹan, (Abredgan) Anglo-Saxon, to *burst forth*, or *belch*.

Marrow shall come next, but we must no more associate this word with a bone than a cleaver. It signifies an equal, or fellow. There is much difficulty concerning this word. Some draw it from mari, mariée, husband and wife in French, and they, at least, have *made a match*, if they do not form one. Jamieson traces it to the Suio-Gothic, *mager*, a relation. It is more probable, I conceive, from Ϻeꞃᵹhƿ, (Merghw) Anglo-Saxon, *Mirth*. Every thing was merry in England. The archers were merry boys. Still we speak of a *merry* wind in these parts, and our children call a swing a merry-totter; Totteꞃ (Totter) being the Saxon for vaulting, or throwing any thing up. *Mirth* makes *fellowship*. Hence the jovial *fellow*, the hail *fellow*,—it is always the notion of companionship. This supposed the occasion of it. *Marrow* now stands for any pair: we say of any like, it is a marrow to it,—and from the generous emotion of sympathy in gladness, *marrow* has degenerated to signify well-assorted stockings and gloves.

Fit does not follow the preceding inappropriately; but, alas, its *peculiar* use is any thing rather than amiable. It is not the fit, the το πρεπον, of the ancients; it is not the humbler fit of the persecuted tailor,—it is a vindictive threat. "I 'll fit you, or him," breathes the resentment of a ruffian mind and implacable heart. In Lincolnshire, *fit* is very differently understood. "Dinner is fit," *i. e.* ready: "meat is fit," which is thoroughly dressed.

Strid is the well-known name for that narrow pass of the river in the never-too-frequented grounds of Bolton Abbey. Most persons imagine that it is so called from the attempt to stride or leap over it. This is a complete mistake. It comes from Stꞃýð, (Stryth) Anglo-Saxon, a contest, marking the rush, the boil, of the water in that narrow channel.

Sib implies close relationship. We say of those who are related by consanguinity, they are *sib*. Ochiltree employs it in drawing out the horrid conspiracy from Elspeth, in the Anti-

quary: "I have heard say, gude wife, there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were ower sibb when they married." It is from Sẏblınȝ, (Sybling) Anglo-Saxon, one of the same blood.

Gauve is to stare. The bumpkin who is bewildered on first entering a large town, runs against passengers, stops at windows, is a gauvison. This seems attributable to a German word, *Gaffen*, to gape at any thing.

Shack is, in several places, the term which expresses a general right. There is a piece of common; each inhabitant of that district claims a portion or use of it. This is denominated the right of shack. The lawyers have been greatly puzzled with it. Perhaps the difficulty will vanish, if we remember the French, *Chacun*, each.

Thoil. This has departed from its original import considerably, though not entirely. Ðolıan, (Tholian) Anglo-Saxon, is to suffer and permit. The modern sense increases upon this idea. Of a man who has a generous disposition, who conceives benevolently, who distributes lavishly, others say that he has a good, and is of a good, *thoil*.

Sacker is to flatter. The Latin, saccharum, sugar, accounts for it. "Sugared words" are the well-known instruments of this base hypocrisy.

Saig is a saw, from Sæȝan, (Sægan) Anglo-Saxon, which means any iron instrument.

Stee is a ladder, from Sꞇeaȝeꞃ (Steager), Anglo-Saxon. Hence we have stair and story.

Riddle is a sieve, from Ꞃꞃıððel, (Hriddel) Anglo-Saxon, the same: and so it is used to describe any fortification or post filled with balls.

Plain is applied, rather contradictorily, to an eminence. Whatever is exposed is said to stand *plain*. Many would say because it is so *plainly* seen,—that is a cheap exponent,—it is derived from Pleon, (Pleon) Anglo-Saxon, open to danger.

Prise is to open any lock and lid unceremoniously, either from Pꞃıccıan, (Priccian) Anglo-Saxon, softening the *c's*,—to *pierce*: or from *presser*, French, to *hurry*.

Sam up, is to gather up any thing, from Samnian, (Samnian) to collect, and *lap up* is from Lappian, (Lappian) Anglo-Saxon, to lap,—the thing being effectually removed as an animal laps up any liquor.

Farrantly. This word generally means *handsome*. This is a circuitous extraction of a sense, but it is the right one. Faran, (Faran) Anglo-Saxon, is to journey. The traveller in former days was well equipped, for he had no valise for his wardrobe. He set off in good condition. Old-farand is old-fashioned, because the traveller on his return presented himself in a plight of worn-out antiquity. A way-*faring* man is one who pursues his way. I conceive that the term *fare*,—fare done, fare exhausted, fare beat, fare well,—has nothing to do with *fair*, but refers to the languor, weariness, and success of a long journey.

Addle. Though addle is Saxon, which, throughout our land, is used to describe a rotten egg,—Adel, (Adel) being the word for *sickness*,—yet we have an *addle* of our own. It is to earn. How much can he addle a week? This is from Ædlænam, (Ædlænam) Anglo-Saxon, to recompense. The true political œconomy of wages is in this radical idea of remuneration.

Bunch, or *punch*, is to kick and bruise. Punian, (Punian) Anglo-Saxon, is to contuse. Pugilists still talk of being severely *punished*.

Pause, or *porse*, is a still more local term. It is midway between pushing and kicking. "Did he kick you?" "Na, but he paused me." *Paussen* is German, to huff and bounce. Perhaps the more correct origin is in the Greek, πατεω, forming its future πατησω,—which signifies to spurn with the foot.

Bray. Arising from Bracan, (Bracan) Anglo-Saxon, to pound in a mortar; it is put among us for any violent chastisement. "He brayed me with a stick."

Datal is attached to a labouring man, either from the *date* of his hire being always a *present* engagement; or from *dato*, the Latin word, to give frequently, being paid for the job or by the day.

Dateless is of another root, and conveys the idea of stupidity. The fact is, as we are prepared to expect, the d and th are often interchanged. Ðeaꞇ, (Theat) Anglo-Saxon, stands for thought. Less is privative. *Theat-less* is to be or act without thought.

Shackle. The worthy who invented this name for the wrist, I have little doubt, had as good reason for it as the fox, which lost its tail, had for recommending its fellows also to part with their brush. He knew what the handcuffs were, and wished it to be understood that the human wrist was made on purpose to wear them, and should in gratitude adopt their name.

Fettle. "He fettles up, he is in good fettle," is, he is neatly dressed. It may be used for other kinds of good care and condition. Feꞇel, (Fetel) Anglo-Saxon, is a girdle. In particular kinds of costume, the girdle must make or mar the neatness of the whole. I believe our fair friends, in trying on a dress, are particularly inquisitive whether it sits well on the waist.

Toit. When we cannot speak to a caller at the moment, and yet fear that he will go without our seeing him, we beg a third person to keep him occupied, or to hold him in *toit.* It is from Ðohꞇe, (Thohte) Anglo-Saxon, a participle of Ðınᵹan, (Thingan) signifying to *hold conversation* by *coming between.*

Frame is so native, so useful, that we can scarcely help saying that we know not how we could *frame* without it. Fꞃaman, (Framan) Anglo-Saxon, as we have already seen, is to prepare, and sometimes to succeed.

Fend. To manage. "He *fends* for himself." Fınðan, (Findan) Anglo-Saxon, is not to find, but suggest and minister.

Joss. This is given to one who takes a lead: some think from Joshua, the leader of Israel, a perfect absurdity: Ƕoꞅ, (Hos) Anglo-Saxon, is a buckthorn stick, and a heel, both of which weapons might be useful to some kinds of chieftainship. I can discover no derivation more likely than from the French, *J'Ose,* I dare.

Oss seems to come from this latter word, and means to attempt; but still it, probably, is a corruption or misappre-

hension of the two fl's for the two ff's in offer. He *osses*, but more often, he offers, well.

Meedless. Ꝺeð, (Med) in Anglo-Saxon, is a premium. If there be an acute pain, promising no good result, we call it a *meedless* pain, that is, *unprofitable:* and it also supposes that no price can cure it. I have heard this expression commonly connected with tooth-ache.

Parkin is gingerbread, treacle and oatmeal: it is especially presented to children on the fifth of November. Whatever were its components among our Saxon ancestors, the word is of very difficult solution. If it be of later origin it is still as intricate. Changing p into b, we have *bar*, or *barn*,—a child: Ᵹinᵹiꝼeꞃ (Gingifer), is ginger. Barnking.

Moider. Little could be borne under the embarrassment of life, unless we had this word to fly to. It is the safety-valve of a bewildered mind. Its source is not very apparent: it may be from Ꝺoð, (Mod) Anglo-Saxon, madness, or Ꝺooꞇ, (Moot) to propose, expressing the confusion of diverse counsels.

Fratch is perhaps as indispensable. The little broils of domestic life and conjugal union are thus shadowed out. "They are always fratching," is the account given of some legalised couple. It includes every thing from the snarl to the nails. It has a capital Saxon root: Fꞃæcoꞅꞇ (Fræcost), periculosissimus, a person in the greatest jeopardy,—and as it is masculine, it is plain who has the worst of it.

Deaf is commonly applied to the ear, and so it is in this part, but it is to the *ear of corn*. When wheat is unripened and injured, it is said to be *deaf*. In this case it is primitively applied, for Deaꝼ, (Deaf) Anglo-Saxon, is sterile. When we use it of a disease in the human ear it is metaphorically, because we can get no grain of sense or suitableness in the answers. So, *absurd* is derived from the Latin word for deafness,—the answer, being made without hearing the question, must be wide of it, and, therefore, foolish.

Dither. This word exhibits the involuntary motion of a person who is said to be cold as death, and to have his death of cold. *Death* is Saxon as well as our modern term. And as cold

convulsions are often strongest in the moribund state, we are said, under any cause of bodily agitation, to dither.

Fog is the after-crop of grass, though a foreigner at first might suppose that we were so enamoured of these "skiey influences," as absolutely to grow them and feed our cattle with them. It is from Fȳlȝan, (Fylgan) Anglo-Saxon, to follow.

Fley is from Fleon, (Fleon) Anglo-Saxon, to flee. We employ it in the sense of frightening away. When others would say a scarecrow, we should call it a *fley-crow*.

Flet, and *fleck*, signify to skim. Flet, (Flet) Anglo-Saxon, is cream. I have heard in a farm-house the order given, "fleck the pancheon," the milk-bowl.

Raum is to rear, as a horse. If a person throws and spreads himself out in walking, he is said to raum. It may be either derived from *rampant*, French, the term of heraldry; or *raum*, German, space, extension.

Rutch is a Saddleworth phrase, pronounced *rudge;* it means to slide down quickly. *Rutchen*, in German, is to slide or slip.

Skellered. This denotes any thing warped by the fire, the sun,—perhaps by other causes, but especially heat. A person crooked in his form was asked by a labourer: "Did you come straight from home?" On answering "Yes," he was rejoined: "Then the sun has greatly *skellered* you." It is from Schell, (Schell) Anglo-Saxon, a shell, implying a bent form.

Sleaveless is a term of reproach. Sleƿleƿƿ, (Slefless) in Anglo-Saxon, is bare-armed, or ragged. It intends a man who must come to well-merited poverty.

Slack is from Slacıan (Slacian) Anglo-Saxon, to delay and abate. We speak of a *slack time*, a *slack* payment. It is applied to *thirst*, and we call a drink, *sleck*. *Slocken*, is choked with liquor. We *sleck*, that is, reduce the fire. The refuse cinders are *sleck*.

Conceit is a standing word with us. We do not speak it of a coxcombical, but a *perverse*, man. Obstinacy and conceit are the same thing. There is nothing wrong in this, it is rather the more philosophic use. It may be strangely disclaimed after all.

A servant, on agreeing with her mistress, was asked what place of worship she attended? Having replied, she was told that now she must go elsewhere with the family. She at once acquiesced, saying, "I am none conceited." This is equal to any modern liberalism upon record.

Might and *may* are often substituted for indicative signs. Dean Milner, who gloried in his Northern brogue, once accosted a student, who gave evidence of irregularity in the streets of Cambridge,—"What *might* your name be"? "Julius Cæsar," was the answer. "Sir"! exclaimed the Dean. "It *might* have been, Doctor."

Two words must not be here forgotten, plain in themselves, but peculiar in the manufacture of cloth. Being a practical man, who only has to wear it, I was once much puzzled at the words *dressing* and *finishing*. I now see that a daily increasing refinement is supplying a daily increasing proof of their propriety. They *dress* cloth,—they do, so that they who recollect the good old substantial texture would not know it again: they *finish* cloth,—they do, before it gets into the wearer's possession.

Witter. This is an essential of our language. People are always disposed to make troubles. It is proper to have a check on these Teazles and Ferments. The very best, as well as most efficient, advice is, "Don't *witter*." It is the same counsel as I constantly give: "Never, while you live, get into a passion." But this is even worse; it supposes a fretful state of mind. Ƿıꞇe and ƿıꞇh, (Wite and with) Anglo-Saxon, involve *plague and discomfort* in a spirit of contradiction. Nor should *Wurret* be forgotten. The *thing* never can. "How he wurrets!" Ƿuꞃꞃæꞇan, (Wurrætan) Anglo-Saxon, is to vex and torment.

Settle is not only a humble seat, from Seoꞇal, (Seotal) Anglo-Saxon, but is often put for a *throne* and a *cathedra*. *Doom-settle* is the judgment-seat.

Rigwelted is applied to a sheep when lying on its back. It is really surprising to find our most uncommon terms so easily resolveable into authorised roots. Rıᵹ, (Rig) Anglo-Saxon, is *back*, *ridge*,—Vealcan (Vealcan) is to turn or roll over.

Wonter. This is a strong listing, to bind any pack or wallet on a horse. Vınðan, (Vindan) Anglo-Saxon, is to *wind*, or twist. Vınðal, (Vindal) is a pannier. A husband, hearing that his wife had hung herself, deliberately began to undo the inconvenient tie of her neck: being called on to *cut her* down, he exclaimed, "*I am no going to spoil a new wonter.*"

Wheeze, is from Ƕpeſan, (Hwesan) Anglo-Saxon, to breathe with difficulty, and *Wizened*, is from Vıſman, (Visman) to dry up. An asthmatic person is said to *wheeze*; an apple, or a face, is called *wizened.*

Turpin. A wicked lad is said to be *turpin.* It may be as modern, for what I know, as the highwayman Turpin; or it may go far back as the Latin, Turpis, itself.

Niere is the kidney, and it may be found in every German dictionary to express the ren. "Will you eat a part of the niere?"

Loose, from Liusan, in the Mœs. Goth: is to dismiss. We are all aware that when a congregation is suffered to depart, it is most unhappily said to loose, or be loosed; but *loose* is dismiss.

Donky. When wool is damp and fusty it is called donky or thonky. A worthy clothier went to London to buy wool. Having visited a large establishment, he pronounced the fleeces to be *donky.** This was unpardonable. All have heard of the shearing of the hog, with its much cry and little wool, but the poor jack-ass is not wont to assist our finer fabrics. "Donkey!" cried the indignant merchant. "Donky," replicated the purchaser, while he still smelt at and pulled into pieces the wool. Donky, or *thonky*, means damp and subjected to the weather. *Dank* is evidently the primitive.

"Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the *dank* morning?"†

Gay is sometimes applied to things which have no relation to a sportive vein. A *gay* few is made use of in the North-

* "Εριοπωλικως υγρον ποιησας τουπος, ωσπερ τἄρια."—Arist: Frogs.—l. 1385.
† Julius Cæsar.—Act ii. Scene 1.

Riding. It is admitted by all that *gay* is from γαιω, to boast, to be proud of: a sheep-owner may, therefore, not unnaturally apply *gay* to a flock, in proportion as it is large.

Ac is an oak: its seed-fruit is *ac, corn*. It is proper to speak of it in this simple way. It is still retained in designating this arrondissement: Skyr ac. The shire-oak.

Awkward, implies other notion than what the French call *grossiereté*. It is being obstinate. "Did he come into the arrangement? "No man could be more awkward." It is from Ꝋpeꞃð, (Awerd) perverse.

Badly is put for indisposition. "He is very badly." And yet Yorkshire seems right, for Bæðlınᵹ (Bædling) is Anglo-Saxon, and refers to physical, and not moral, qualities.

Arrand is a spider, from *aranea* in Latin, and our good peasants might, in this as well as some other words, be taken for a scholarly tribe; but it must be admitted that theirs is involuntary literature.

To *whop* is a vulgar word, signifying to beat; but Ƿheop (Wheop) is Anglo-Saxon for a whip.

We say of an infant when it overlaughs itself, it *kinks*; Kıncunᵹ, (Kincung) Anglo-Saxon, is unmeasurable laughter.

Though *Throng*, a crowd, is a universal word, *throng* has some peculiar acceptations with us. "He is *throng* of, or at, it now," though the man may be solitary. "They are throng," though only a scantling may be convened. But Ðꞃınᵹham, (Thringham) Anglo-Saxon, to press, to constrain, only takes its idea of a squeeze of people accidentally: its radical is unqualified, and may express any close, severe, occupation of the mind.

Those unpleasant films of soot which fill our atmosphere, an atmosphere almost strong enough to turn a smokejack, we call *smits*, and are often laughed at for it: Smıtta, (Smitta) in Anglo-Saxon, is a spot or stain. Another word of similar sound is employed to express any contagious disease. It is *smittle*,—Smıtınᵹ, (Smiting) Anglo-Saxon, is contagion.

Swop is an exchange. I can find no root for this but the similar word Spæp, (Swæp) Anglo-Saxon, signifying per-

suasion,—both parties agreeing to the transfer, and showing that exchange is no robbery. The horse-dealers, in the well-known song, swopped their nags: the one chuckled that his was dead, but the other had the best of it, for his was flead!

Hoast is a sore throat,—from Oꞅꞇıᵹ, (Ostig) Anglo-Saxon for any *roughness*. To *Swarm* up, is to climb up: as, for instance, a pole. "Swarm up the pole."

Spurrings are published banns, from Spæꞃe, (Spære) Anglo-Saxon, to ask: unhappily corrupted into spur: as though that incentive was wanted when parties put on the saddle for life.

Vast is a common word. "A vast of trouble, &c." "He takes a vast of pains."

Marlock is an unfortunate accident: it explains itself. The luck is marred.

Snatter means any thing wasting gradually: it is from Snıððan, (Sniddan) Anglo-Saxon, to amputate.

Hig is said when a man leaves you angrily. Hig is high; and we say "he is very high." Ƕıᵹham, (Higham) Anglo-Saxon, is to hie or go off. It is applied to one who, in the language of our dramatists, *exit in a rage*.

Storm is differently used in this part from any other: nor can I ascertain the authority. Let there be a frost of long duration; and though the air is most still and the sky most clear,—no cloud-rack above, scarcely a forest-bough waving around,—it is common to say, of such a time, that it is a severe and continued *storm*. This is not, however, so various a meaning as those which tempestas, in Latin, involves.

Often is not infrequently pronounced often*s*. This sounds to a stranger very harsh. But the apology is, that Eꝼꞇꞅoonꞅ, (Eftsoons) the Saxon for again and again, was the original word, and is turned into *oftens*.

Guile-foot is applied to the working of beer. It is ignorantly spoken by some as though it was the head and fermentation itself: it is from Ᵹyllan, (Gyllan) Anglo-Saxon, signifying any sound loud or murmuring, and foot is a degeneracy of *vat*,—it is the wort-vessel.

Crawden is used when a person assumes something over his peer. It is from Cꞃæꝼꞇ, (Cræft) Anglo-Saxon, which yields our English word *craft*. One workman assumes a superiority, even to threatening, over another. "To set a crawden," is to overmatch.

Gabble, or *Gaber-rachet*. This word is very curious,—and will need one or two religious allusions to explain it. It is employed to denote a child who has died before the ceremony of baptism. From that supposed hopeless casualty, the term has grown into one of general reproach. And it is very satisfactory to see how the original idea is retained, and how the sentiments of mankind are reflected. Sin was considered the tie or bond in which each child was born. Baptism was conceived to have the power of loosing on earth this tie or bond, so that it was loosed in heaven. *Gabble* is either *Gablakins*, a birth, in Mœs. Goth.; or Ᵹebẏꞃ, (Gebyr) in Anglo-Saxon, which is the same. Each will also express an infant. Racaꞇeaᵹe, (Racateage) Anglo-Saxon, is a chain or bond. The poor *Gabble*, or *Gaber-rachet*, is therefore a child with this presumed tie undissolved.

Boggart is a ghost. Miles Coverdale, in translating the ninety-first Psalm, gives it, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the bogges by night,"—that is, nocturnal terrors, such as spectres. But, as it looks like something else, so many readers have supposed it to mean the intrusive vermin of our beds.

Family genealogies are kept by the enumeration of the given or, as they are called, the Christian, names of the ancestors. "Jack o' Dick o' Bob, top o' t' hill:" that is, Jack is the son of Dick, and grandson of Bob, who resides on the top of the hill. Surnames are little used in the districts where this registration serves. "Olive o' Susan's o' Mary's o' Bill's o' Matthew's o' th' Mount: she wed Robert o' Bob's, at Foster Clough, Far Lane Ends, near Midgley."

Wemble the prigs, is to turn the pans upside down.

Flawm-pot is the milk-bowl.

Brim is exposed. "The house is brimmer than any in the neighbourhood."

Ought and *Naught*, very general with us, express that which is owed or not owed: also what is or is not possessed. In the preface to "Old Mortality," Jedediah Cleishbotham says: "Half what I am *Aught*."

Gizzened signifies to have trembled: "until I gizzened again." Ᵹiꞅcian, (Giscian) Anglo-Saxon, is to sob violently.

Scopperel expresses any thing that can be quickly turned round. It seems taken from Sceaꞃnꝼiꝼel, (Scearnfifel) Anglo-Saxon, a beetle, and implies the cruel sport of running a pin through insects to make them spin.

Eldin expresses fuel for the fire, chiefly about Hull.

Plat is used for floor. *Whittle* is a knife.

Hoind, *hoend*, denotes that a person is oppressed and overborne. The pronunciation is rather, hoyend.

Scruft, or *skuff*, *of the neck*, is the back part of the neck: it is only used when a person seizes another by that part.

My Native, is, around Tadcaster, the phrase for native place, or air. "I am going to My Native."

Find himself, is to provide for himself, as where mere lodgings are let: really *fend*.

Vievly is handsome. *Garr* is to compel. *Lope* is to leap: it, therefore, from its spring, gives name to the flea, and we have it in our general language, when we speak of an interloper. "Hop, stride, and lope," are heard in our gambols.

To skill a person, is to see through his character or designs. "All that could skill of instruments of music."*

To start of a thing, is to commence. The sexton will tell you that "they are bund to start preaching." "We shall start of the job on Monday morning." "He starts of too many things," tries too many experiments.

Foul signifies not dirty but ugly. "She has a foul look." "Four fouler looking fellows never see I going through a close."

They who stand gossiping, are having a little *cal* or *kal*, chit-chat.

To *in it up* is to overtake any work which has been suspended.

* 2 Chron. xxxiv. 12.

We wait not *on* a party, or *for* him, but *of* him.

We not only think *to* a thing, we think *by* it.

Can't come it, implies no difficulty of locomotion, but of emulation. It is above my reach. "I can't come" language, or a subscription, like that.

Louk is a weed: "he is louking," that is, "weeding the ground."

Treat, pronounced as tret, is often heard. He tret me, I was tret, very well.

Farntickle, or *fanteckle*, is the freckle of the skin.

A painful disease is said to *use* us *very ill* or *badly*, as if a voluntary agent: perhaps it gives a *ginder*, to be sounded hard, that is, a shock to our constitution.

Strange intensitives are coupled as with their opposites: "He is *cruel* kind. Thou 's *desperate* hopeful. She were *deadl*y lively. No child can be more *plaguy* quiet."

Stingy, means not penurious but cross-tempered: a child, when flinging its toys most lavishly right and left, is adjured not to be stingy.

On is very generally used: Send *on*, Come *on*, Feel *on* it.

To, also, has a singular use. "We had tart *to* supper, —beef *to* dinner," not at, or for. "I was married *to* such a town or house:" rather polygamous or dull.

Lightsome is employed to express a state of health. "A little lightsomer to-day."

Starve associates the idea of cold, not hunger. Roby, in his Tour to the Continent, says: "Being *starved*, I went immediately to the stove." A southern would, had he uttered the word, have repaired to the pantry.

Soft is spoken of the season. "It is a soft morning,"—mild, and likely to rain. *Wild* describes a turbulent state of weather. "It is a wild day," unsettled and tempestuous.

Cotter up means when any web *runs up* in washing.

Stamed, or *steimed*, goods are goods made to order.

Stirrings are the bustle of a fair, the merry-making of a wedding, &c. "Have you seen the stirrings?" "Small-pox is stirring." "Trade is rather stirring."

Hime is mist, generally the mist of frost. Sometimes it is the hoar itself. The ancient poets have it.

Agreeable is supposed to be no unconscious fascination of manner, but to be a matter of will. "Make yourself agreeable" —easy and familiar.

Jannock is hearty and truthful. "He 's a jannock chap." It abounds most in Lancashire.

Smoord is to smother. *Frump*, to gossip: and also to cross or vex a child. *To go hallakin*, to idle. *Jagger* is a pedlar.

To-week sometimes is employed as to-day.

Lover, or *lofer*, is a chimney, especially a factory one. *Low* is a flame. "Give me a low." "Eh! yon's a new lover, or lofer."

Nailing-on is the horizon; as if the sky were drawn down to it and there fastened.

Moild is general confusion. "She 's in moild to day."

Stiter, sooner. "He must go *stiter* than that."

Bread-flake, the strings from the roof on which the oat-cake is suspended. We speak of a potatoe being *sad*,—not quite sentimental, but soddened.

Lal-drom is cheerful nonsense. *Lurdom-fever*, about Sheffield, is the union of idleness and gluttony, or in its expressive definition, "two stomachs to the meat but none to the work."

Leaves, by a sudden blight, are *snaped;* the handle of a knife is *snaped*.

A person *sprottles* who throws his legs and arms about awkwardly.

Natter is to gnaw, to be always teasing.

Yarry points to a rough taste in the mouth, like that produced by sloes and crabs. *Slart* is to dirt. "I 've sadly slarted, or slouted, my gown." *Ginnel* is a passage, or wynd.

Fowty is fusty. *Nesh* is applied to a cowardly, undecided, person. *It 's loik*, asseverates the truth of any account. *Muttent* is a corruption of might not.

Shoo, she. *Abodda*, I. *Ommest*, almost.

Mean is not shabby, but a contradictory, disputatious, harsh-construing, temper. *Stupid* is not unintelligent, but obsti-

nate. *Titter-cum-totter* is riding on a balanced plank. *Moggrams*, grimaces. To *look a poor look*, is to seem ill. A *Padfoit* is a sort of canine ghost.

Sits, or *sets*. "I'm no great sits, or sets, to-day." No great things. *Nip*, to take up any thing hastily. "The boy nipped them up:" and also, quick movement. "She nipped up stairs." "She nips about."

To *scale* is to absorb, as where humour is taken up. The word is in vogue among nurses.

Blind Blane, pronounced trippingly on the tongue, intends a large tumour, and, perhaps, sometimes proud or dead flesh.

Lig is a word of great importance. The man who seeks repose in a bed, ligs in it. Any care ligs hard on the sufferer. "He ligged the blame upon him." Of the same order of verb is *Flig*, forming flown, to fly. *Fledge* most likely belongs to this root.

Bound is common. Bound, or *boon*, to rain. "I am boon at any time." The idea is of being ready.

A *Swatch*, or *smatch*, is an attack, not very serious, of any evil. "A swatch of the fever."

Fashion is a reference to appearance or principle. "I could ne'er fashion to do such a thing;" sometimes from inability, more commonly from shame.

Hoppet is a small basket. *Melsh* applies to a warm, moist, day. *Cheltered* expresses coagulation.

Stiff is proud. "She is stiff in her new gown."

Yark, to strike. Iago says: "Nine or ten times I thought to have yerked him under the ribs." *Clip* is to shear. *A clip* is a fleece.

Crammels on denotes either literally a decrepit pace, or, metaphorically, any imbecile course of action.

Brandy-snap. A wafer gingerbread. It is supposed that brandy enters into its composition. Has not the latter word something to do with the German dram,—schnaps?

Frim is tender. *Swape* is a handle to a crane or windlass. To *Teagle* is to raise any thing by pulley or wheel. *Coul*, a swelling upon the head, from a blow.

Net, or *netting*, a fresh water in scouring any thing. "It will do with another netting."

To *Hug*, is to carry a thing. *Voider* means a clothes-basket.

Barm, interchanges with yeast.

Hulls are the husks of the filbert.

Leck on, means to let any liquid flow.

Talking thick, is to talk without reason. To be very thick with a person, is to be very friendly.

Sen stands for self. "My sen;" "her sen."

Knotchell. When a man advertises that he is not answerable for certain debts of a partner, in life or in trade, he knotchells them.

Wort-wall, a hang-nail. *Ratch*, stretch,—"Ratch a rope." *Gradely*, stately, handsomely. *Capped*, to be puzzled.

To *Burl* is not only to pick out any thread that will not dye, but to pour out liquor for others. *Teem*, also, is employed to describe this latter action. "Teem it out."

Prod is a goad. *Coblins* are large pieces of coal.

Raffle-coppin, *Ramshacketty*, are epithets for very bad fellows. *Sliving* applies to a man you cannot depend upon. *Walsh* is unsavoury.

He who *nantles*, acts in an effeminate manner. We *stall*, when we tire of a thing.

Bide. We say of a sum of money, it bides a deal of getting: it takes or demands. The idea is, after all, from the common word, abide.

Mistime. "He has not slept for the last three nights. No wonder he is ill; he is quite mistimed." His regular hours are interrupted.

Fusty-hugs is a slatternly woman. *Screed*, the border of a cap.

Harfish. Timid, as horses on bog-land. *Bog-land*, sometimes called *Sancommy*.

Mense, a respectable show. "There is not a mense of snow in "smoky Leeds,"—snow not retaining any whiteness, not fit to be seen. *Mensful* is neat and tidy. To *side up* is to put all in order.

Balk is a beam; also, cloth in an unfinished state.

When a man's spirits fail he is said to *Kaff* of any thing.

Arr, to mark. "He is pock-arred." "Take care not to arr the steel fender."

Ing is a field. *Cadge* is to beg.

An *Off-sider* is a settler in Leeds, from the Burtons, and other villages near Huddersfield. *Wet*, a turn.

Weter. A man who calls at many public-houses.

Dakering intends working more than the common hours, overwork; from the name of a duck which feeds during the night. Also, loitering into the dark.

To *Lake* is to play, to idle. Actors are lakers.

Nanpie is magpie. *Bruntlin*, a cock-chafer. *Spink*, a chaffinch. *Youlring*, a yellow-hammer. *Twinge*, an earwig.

Turn is peculiarly employed. "I never turned over such a week."

Slape. Our Queen, in Wentworth Grounds, was warned by the gardener against a particular walk, as slape; she was asking the meaning, when she found it in her fall. It is slippery.

Quite better, is to be well.

Backword. This denotes an answer to put off any engagement. "He asked me to dinner, but not being able to go, I sent backword;" that is, I declined. "In consequence of her death, I was obliged to give a party who were to have dined with me backword;" that is, put them off.

Clever and *silly* are not intellectual phænomena. "How are you?" "Cleverer than I was." "I am getting quite clever." "Is your wife better?" "I think she is sillier than she was." "She is very silly." These are points of health.

Skew, to throw violently round, and sometimes to squint. *Skrimpy*, mean, or niggard. *Nassel*, bad-tempered. "He *nestles*," not as on a downy pillow, but is restless. *Taistrel*, mischievous. *Soss*, to drink. Soss also means a noise. "It came down with a soss."

Bat is a blow. "I did get a bat." *War* and *war*, for worse and worse. A *clang* of *lads*, a number or bevy of boys.

Goster is a fool. *Spell*, a turn. "Let him take his spell."

Soiled off, is said of a fraudulent person when he makes a clearance of all and of himself. *Squat*, is comfortable.

Midge, an insect of the smallest kind. *As-tite*, as soon. *Sweale*, run down. "The candle sweales." *Nengnail*, a corn on the toe.

To be *bruzzled*, is to be greatly excited and distressed from any fatigue. "Bruzzling hot."

Green-hase. Green peas.

Nomminee. Any saying, or lesson. A boy will beat his fellow, and exclaims, "I will make thee say thy nomminee;" whether in imitation of the schoolmaster, or claiming some apology from him. "Hold thy nomminee,"—thy nonsensical talk.

Fast to go, is ready to go,—sometimes more intelligibly expressed, though reduplicè, *going to go*.

Need occurs frequently. "He had need," he ought. "You will not do me any harm?" "I had n't need." A disclaimer of the strongest kind that he will not.

A person who confesses any thing, not only owns it but owns *to* it.

Ride and tie. This refers to a practice of two travellers, who, having but one horse between them, take the saddle by turns, and the rider, having gone his proper distance, fastens the animal to some gate until the one on foot comes up.

Galloway is the favourite kind of horse with our village clothiers. It is short and often cropped-eared. The pace homeward tells the state of the market. A good, smart trot declares that it has been excellent; a walk, that things are such as to make all parties think and contrive; a gallop, that trade cannot be worse, and is as desperate as the speed. Strange scenes occur before the mounting, in very prosperous or adverse times. The owner is long before he will leave the public-house, and the poor quadruped stands wearily before the door. At last he appears, but ill-balanced. It is said that one got up with his face to the tail. There was a shout of laughter, with numerous announcements of the mistake. But this species will never confess that

they can err. With admirable gravity he met the general declaration of his mistake: "How d' ye knaw which way I am ganging?"

We sometimes hear that "an *end* is finished:" but this is only an "end," a certain measurement, of cloth.

Bile is to provoke.

To *Barley* is to speak for the first turn.

The extent of property is sometimes expressed by the labour it requires. "He owns thirty days' work,"—that is, so many acres of land.

We say not, "three weeks running,:" but "three weeks *and* running."

Part. Part-owner, is general wherever there is underwriting. But here it is used more commonly. It receives no indefinite article. It is not a *part.* "He gives part." "He does part." "He is worth part."

Grape is the Saxon word for grope. *Calf-lick* is the *feather*, or upturning of the hair, upon the forehead.

Skerrick. The smallest thing or fraction. "Not a skerrick remaining." "Not worth a skerrick."

Slauckoned. Tired out, as when a traveller lies down upon the road, unable to proceed any further.

Aggravate. To provoke. "He aggravated me so."

Shollock. A very dirty fellow,—bad in look as shabby in appearance.

Boken. To be sick, to retch. To *let* is to dye, but not in fast colours.

Steng. In Saxon it means a long pole. "Riding the steng or stang" is a custom by which a lad, sitting across a pole, accompanied by many others with horns and other noisy instruments, is borne near a house where the wife predominates, and reproves, in doggerel verse, the vixenship and pusillanimity of the heads of the family.

T'ull is for, to. "Whither bound"? "T'ull Leeds." *Bound* is pronounced all ways: Bound, Beond, Beaned.

Weight of them,—applied to number. "He 'll lose all his sheep by disease; there 's a weight of them."

Meat. This is put for general subsistence, as in its olden use,—"It is hardly meat." A labourer has some wages and his meat: that is, his food.

Weighty man, heavy man, is a rich man.

Mel is to meddle. "He's a foolish man who mels with brick and mortar."

To learn is to teach. "He learns them to read." Caliban says to Prospero,

> "The red plague rid you,
> For learning me your language."

Hike is to swing. *Hullet,* an owl, and owlet, of which it is a corruption. *Tiff* and *Tift,* a quarrel. *Tussle* is a struggle.

Force is applied to a waterfall,—*garth* is used for a gentler fall of any stream. *Goit* is a sluice.

Perk. This is often pronounced peerk. A man with a consequential air walks perk. Cloth is peerked, that is, rolled over an elevated cylinder to be examined lest there be any defect. A man, who can bear investigation in his character or circumstances, *stands peerk.*

Snew is our attempt to be over-accurate in forming our preterite of the verb, snow.

The limestone on the roads is called *metal*: "The metal settles well."

Notes are used for accounts. "The note shall be sent in at Christmas." It need not be added that these notes are not so sweet, though they may be as startling, as the Christmas Waits.

Whin, or *win,* furze. *Skrike,* is a violent screaming.

Mawk, a maggot. *Nak'd* is peculiar as pronounced in one syllable. *Kelter,* money. *Render,* is to melt fat. "He is *pined,*" that is, starved. *Cant,* healthy. "A cant old man." *Tent,* to take care of. "Tent that child."

Minning on, a slight "refresher," when you have not time for a more solid meal.

Beldering, a loud crying noise.

It is plain, however, that what is called a perfect Saxon can never be spoken again. For example,—what would it be for, *the impenetrability of matter?* The on-go-through-some-

ness—of stuff? The Saxon always possessed more Latin than that strange rendering implies. Within my own recollection, much of the foregoing vocabulary has sunk into disuse.

I have thus endeavoured to prove that the speech which the fop derides and the sciolist denounces, is a pure, genuine, self-sustained, and self-governed, language. It was built up by many other dialects. We see in it, at a very early period, a large infusion of Latin and Greek. The former may be explained by the empire of the Romans,—and the latter is as satisfactorily accounted for by the fact, that the Latin is greatly derived from the Greek, and preserves a strong analogy to the Æolic idiom. We have not the uncorrupted original of this Gothic tongue, nor its unvitiated transmission. All that is necessary to the elucidation of its history we cannot explore. The fountain is still concealed in darkness whence that stream originated, which can only confess one more copious and golden than itself,—which is now rolling over the earth,—a stream which, however far it flows, and into whatever channels it is distributed, still obeys the level of its source and swells with the impulse of its rise. In the district which we inhabit, we can trace some remains of this language in its pristine condition. Rich diluvian deposits have the escaping waters left behind. We have been proud and covetous of the residuum, and have warped what others have drained. But we contend that the forms of language imputed to us as provincialisms, were nationalisms; that its decried vulgar and uncomely parts roll back on our view a stupendous history. Words that provoke a smile are chronicles as well as symbols. I would compare these strong but unpolished relics to some awful ruins which the traveller discovers with appropriate amazement. Vast, massive, unhewn, they crowd the plain. The nicest poise exists in the fragments, and there is an ineffaceable design amidst increasing desolation. Deep shadows slant from the wreck, and the sun which sets upon it throws around the scene a tender light and a lingering glory. If, in the course of ages, those fragments should be knitted into the masonry of a classic temple,—with sculptured capital and cornice and tracery,

—even if there be an incongruity, the tribute has at least been paid to the imperishable materials of the olden, when they were selected to found and hallow the new.

Horace, in his "Ars Poetica," speaks despondingly of the fate which overhangs every language, though perhaps little imagining that his strains would soon be but a monument of that which had ceased to live:—

> "Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
> Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
> Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
> Debemur morti nos nostraque.
> Mortalia facta peribunt:
> Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.
> Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
> Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

The Anglo-Saxon is marked by its changes. Wickliffe would have been puzzled by Cædmon, and Chaucer by Ælfric. None can regret the accumulation and refinement of this speech. The English tongue has become a tongue of fire, and is sitting upon the nations. Beneath its inspiration, they begin to speak of truth and to prophesy of freedom. Many may be the revolutions through which it shall be carried, but it can never be extinguished. Its youth was in the past, but its birthright is in the future. Why should we be ashamed of its origin and growth? Why need we exculpate ourselves, if some peculiarities be yet retained? They serve to illustrate and connect the history of the greatest living language: they aid us in the investigation of its philosophy and rhythm. It is no uninteresting employ to dig about the roots of that Tree which is casting its shadow over the earth and distilling its virtues upon all people. It is no idle task to enter the quarry out of whose shapeless and unwrought marble the Palace rose that contains a wealth and declares a sovereignty which climes, most rude and most remote, seek and confess. It is no mean gratification to descend into the mine from whose encrusted ores and uncleansed gems the Diadem was fashioned and enriched, which,—encircled by the radiance of literature, enchased with the workmanship of science,

and anointed with the spirit of religion,—seems destined to claim and signalise the intellectual and moral conquest of the world!

The language of which we have spoken, is a noble store, and like the province over which it spreads, is various in its surface of fair and awful scenery; while, still like it too, its mines are deep, rich, and inexhaustible. The more its terms are investigated, the more replete will they be found. And other feelings flow in with these researches. They who spoke this language in its strength and purity, ere it was overwhelmed, struggled for light, but with darkness. Their spirits strained after our times. We need not be ashamed of them, but we should be ambitious to improve our greater advantages. It is not the plying crowd,—it is not the outgrown village,—it is not the canal uniting seas,—it is not the railroad triumphing over resistance and space,—it is not physical science with all its wonders and all its spoils,—not literature itself with all its power to humanise, and its charm to adorn,—it is not each nor all of these instruments, results, and meliorations, which can fulfil our proper destiny, which can lift us up to the summit of that power which even humility may covet, and the most lowly heart may share. And if that be true of nations, as well as of individuals, which Seneca observes in one of his Epistles, "Talis est oratio, qualis vita,"—so let the substantial core of our speech find its answer in the honesty of our hearts,—let the sounds, redolent of olden times, stir us to purer deeds and worthier enterprises than any they could know,—and though a tide of more yielding phraseology and courtly dialect has set in upon us, submerging many words into an obsoleteness from which it were folly to attempt their resuscitation,—let it bury nothing beneath it of high-souled honour, nothing of glorious independence, nothing of cheerful content, nothing of domestic allegiance, nothing of uncompromising justice, nothing of munificent charity,—aye, nothing of that devotion to liberty and zeal for the gospel, which have wafted our name to other lands, and bound it up with the interests of the human race. Even now, *he* who is only the *denizen* catches the noble pride: how then should the *native* feel?

"Eaque verba, quæ dixi, etsi singularum rerum sunt, non, ut videntur, easdem res significant, sed aliquid differunt."

CICERO.—Tusc: Quæs: lib. iii., sec. 34.

"Tironibus autem nihil sæpius fucum facit, quam verba specie et appellatione synonyma, quæ primo similes ac propè gemellos vultus offerunt, cum tamen origine, aut ingenio, aut utroque, simul longe differunt."

GARDIN DUMESNIL.

"Double, double,—toil and trouble."

Incantation Scene, MACBETH.

ON CORRELATES AND SYNONYMS.

This thesis raises questions of philological importance, as well as affords amusement; nor is the study to be discountenanced as altogether impertinent to those graver and more profound enquiries which seek to settle the origin of language, and to determine the elements of that family-speech which the family of mankind, yet infant, might be presumed to have employed.

There is nothing more singular, next to mind itself, than the verbal expressions with which it clothes and conveys its ideas. The enunciation of particular sounds is common to certain classes of animals, but their cries are few, circumscribed, and inflexible. The dove murmured as sweetly plaintive when it plucked the olive of a new world as now when that world is again grown old; nor does the lion lift up its voice more majestically than when the forests of Lebanon shook with its roar. The chirrup, the note, the song of the bird, are unvaried: the bellow, the growl, the moan of the quadruped, are unchanged. We may be sure that there is no improvement, no addition, of their sensations and impressions: that their vocabulary is large as their wants. But the voice of man, while contracted in its powers and confined to the utterance of certain sounds, has in it such a capability of rapid change and minute articulation, that, though its original powers are far from unlimited, their applications are little less. Our thoughts multiply with the enlargement of knowledge and the progress of society: we have reached no stationary point: and our language, instead of checking us, almost uniformly anticipates the idea, becomes elastic, so to speak, to our intellectual growth, and supplies a most powerful instrument towards the development of the hidden mind. But if speech and oral language mark the high superiority of our species,—opening up a highway where invisible essences may

meet,—throwing a chain of thousand links around a world, while each is electric to a mysterious sympathy and intercommunity of sentiment and emotion,—there is an art which perfects this gift, not inferior to the gift itself. I ask not whether that art be the invention of man, or the discovery of wisdom higher than any he can boast;—I ask not whether this transcendent conception first shone out of his spirit, or fell, like a vision, upon it. We possess the secret; and man, once possessed of it, has acquired a power which necessity and taste may constantly improve. The establishment of a relation between *sounds* and things is an incalculable advantage and an astonishing law: but the establishment of a relation between signs or characters—between a *written* language—and precise ideas and definite feelings, is beyond all parallel, and outdoes all originality. I write, or figure down, all that is passing in my mind, —how my views are determined, how my sentiments are affected, —my very thinking faculty—my heart of hearts; it passes from me—it sweeps oceans—it traverses continents—it reaches my kinsman or my friend on the other side of the planet, foot to foot with me, and that vast diameter does not prevent the most perfect exchange and intercourse of our souls. I could not "pour my spirits" more distinctly into his ear—my organs could not more explicitly communicate with him than do these mute ciphers and lines; and very frequently we feel that written language has a greater force and perspicuity than parole, and refuse from the lip what we request from the pen. The word *pen* is taken from one that signifies a feather, perhaps not only because that is the modern utensil of writing, but also because it gives our thoughts the velocity of a wing. The *stylus* of the ancients, which was the pointed rod with which they indented their letters on the roll of papyrus and tablet of wax, came at length to be understood of their *phrase*, and we borrow from it our word when we speak of an author's style—of a style elegant or incorrect. Thus the plural of the Latin term, *Litera*, properly means a letter missive, as if this were the very design and use of the contrivance of letters. *Epistle* bears the same signification, not arbitrarily, not from analogy, but from its Greek

primitive, which means to carry to or upon. *Correspondence* preserves the same thought, reciprocal answers. The invention of printing, great as it is, was not unnatural and improbable, after the connection was established between fixed forms and fixed ideas. I have sometimes felt surprised that it should not bear an earlier date. But the reason is obvious. When learning was the property of the few, the art of transcribing became a polite accomplishment, and amply served every literary purpose. When literature was introduced more generally into Europe, and the school arose as the rival of the cloister, then a polygraphic engine was imperiously required to satisfy the numerous and increasing demands of a world awakened to attention, and bursting into light. Had there been earlier necessity, we cannot doubt that the means of supplying it would have been earlier too. Mechanism is seldom slow in its improvements when men really need its superior ratios and facilities over manual skill and production.

If we do not perceive the extraordinary nature of the fellowship between mere characters and ideas, it will probably be found to arise from the want of reflection. The most common things, although the most curious and recondite, are generally overlooked; but to make plain the present remark, and to exhibit the singular arcana of language, let any man write down certain letters, syllables, and words. For example, be it the following sentence:—"*This is a cold night.*" Look at the first word. What is there in these four marks, which we call letters, and to which we attach, by agreement, four different powers of sound,—what is there in that compound of letters, or, if pronounced, in that compound of sounds,—which contains an indicative idea that distinguishes the present night from all future and all past ones? And yet the idea filled your mind of a particular night—of a night that could not be mistaken—when you wrote or spoke the monosyllable "*this.*" Cutting off the first two letters of that word, the elision leaves you another word—"*is.*" That word impresses you with the idea of being and time; that the night is real in the sense of fact; that it has a relation to action, or, more strictly, to active existence. Then

follows the first letter of our alphabet, *which word*, you know, is itself a putting together of the first two letters of the Hebrew or Greek series—Aleph, Beth; or, Alpha, Beta. The letter *a*, in our sentence, is a word, or part of speech. *A* cold night: and it implies that this is not an unprecedented nor uncommon case, but that this is one of many cold nights to which our climate is subject. Why should the last word in the sentence imply such a density of the atmosphere that a column of mercury shall be depressed, and our animal fibre constringed? Night has nothing of essential reference to the situation of our globe, when part of it interposes itself between us and the sun. Yet here is a sentence (any other, taken by hazard, would do as well), if *written*, composed of the most arbitrary shapes—if *spoken*, composed of the most arbitrary sounds—yet conveying, to all minds which are conversant with this vernacular, one fixed, exclusive, impression. The word, vernacular, now used, intends, when applied to language, the unconscious ease, the thoughtless readiness, with which home-born slaves acquire the household common tongue.

I know that this may be considered as tending to involve in difficulty what is itself most simple. We do not act very philosophically when we speak of *words* meaning ideas. It would be more just to say, that they *represent* such ideas. If we read or hear a foreign language, with which we are quite unacquainted, it is a mere jargon to us; but, by the law of associations, the native only wonders that you can read and hear, as with an intellectual blank, what is so lucid and self-apparent to him. "Signa sint *verba visibilia;* verba, *signa audibilia*," says Augustin.

An illustration may be adduced from the art of music. Let a person utterly unskilled in it,—ignorant, as it is called, of a note,—be shown some masterly composition, an opera, or oratorio. There are various marks, at various unequal levels, the marks having distinct capitals and terminations. He is informed that all the airs of the piece, and all the rules for its performance, are written down in that strange notation. There is each sound; there is the time it is to be prolonged; there is the

theme of which the mighty strains seem thus arrested and fixed in ever-pealing harmony. The musician enters at once into it, and, according to the accustomed method of speaking, easily reads it. By the determinate representation of certain musical powers under these signs, the harmonist perceives its wondrous combinations; threads its perilous approach to discords which resolve themselves into more melting and perfect enchantments of exquisite grace; construes each passage as truly, at least, as any classical writing admits of being interpreted; while the whole swells up, with its transport of sounds realised to his mind, as though aerial voices floated around him. The disentanglement of these figurative expressions passes on without effort in his mind. But ask the perfectly unscientific man in what manner the musical scale can guide the singer? He narrowly looks, and his astonishment increases. He sees a kind of & and thinks it strange that it should be at the beginning of the musical letters when it used to be at the end of his. Or, beholding an inverted "c" on the next line, and knowing that the two combined make &c., et cetera, he wonders at an arrangement which can *mention* and *particularise* the et cetera, when all is eked out to the very point of a staccato. He proceeds, and discovers something like what, in school-boy language, are yclept pot-hooks and hangers. Shocked at the ignoramus, you hasten to point out the crotchet, but he has one in his brain that is more difficult to master than two of yours: you refer to a hollow sphere, and inform him it is a *semibreve*, because he is to hold it *longer* than any other modern note: you still call his attention to *minims* because they are the *largest* of all by the whole length of their tail; his patience is wearied, his ingenuity perplexed, and when he comes at last to the quavers and demi-semi-quavers, with their double and treble spurs on, he is only reminded, while the loup above them looks like the flourish of the whip, and the idea of a fugue has all along been encouraged, that with a sort of hunting chorus they are trying to take this five-barred gate.

All languages may be said to be synonymous to each other. We possess but one nature, and live but in one world.

There are varieties, however, in our habitation, sufficient to compel varieties of language. In equatorial nations you do not expect a term for ice or snow. Under despotic governments of immemorial æra we need not hope to find the full phrase, or the poetic rhythm, of freedom. Yet as generally men must express the same ideas, and must denote the same things,—what is a foreign language but a different nomenclature? The difference is in the *words*, not with any uniformity in the signification. And if we believe that the speech of man was confounded at one given time, we must believe that the synonyms of all dialects *were* exactly true to each other,—that they answered as so many faithful mirrors,—though a very short time, and a very narrow dispersion, would introduce changes in sounds and terminations, if at that period known in characters: the new modifications of each migratory tribe would require other mediums to designate them than those their fathers used: and an original and a common word might be so compounded, so strangely directed, so peculiarly employed, that nothing of its first pronunciation or appearance, nothing of its first intention and bearing, might be retained. The corresponding powers of different languages form a field for noble study and self-repaying toil. These we denominate *Correlates*. Thus, for instance, the sun, sol, le soleil, are English, Latin, and French correlates, though it would not be improper to call them synonyms. A few illustrations may be cited, but they shall only be of the simplest and least laborious kind.

It will frequently be ascertained that the correlate words of different languages have not only an equal meaning, but derive that meaning from a similar analogy. *Worship* or *adoration* seems to bring before our mind a bending attitude and prostration of the body. This will be found the prevailing derivation in most languages. סגר and ברך in Hebrew both signify to crouch down and bend the knee, and are employed to convey the idea of reverence and homage. Πϱοσκυνεω, importing the same act, is drawn from the shrinking and lying down of a dog before his master. Veneror in Latin is compounded either of

two words which signify to ask pardon (venia and oro), or is an enlargement of vereor, I fear.

The Hebrew word שאול conveys the idea of the future state, that it is closed against all enquiry and search. The word which is frequently rendered Hell in the New Testament, is ʼΑδης, the invisible state. Γεεννα is strictly the region of punishment. Now, the old Saxon Helle (Helle), bears exactly the same meaning, to conceal or cover. You will recollect, also, that the idea of vision pervades many languages in their expression of the act of thinking and judging. The three dead ones preserve the same,—their verbs, which signify the power of sight, also convey the notion of mental reflection, ראה, חזה, Δοκεω, Video, Demonstro.

From the sense of taste several words are selected in more languages than one. The first idea of sapio in Latin, is to acquire flavour,—its root we use in speaking of our domestic hashes. Only the bread or toast of the hash is improperly pronounced sipid,—it is the sapid, from sapidus, the adjective derivation from sapor. The same allusion is to be noticed in what Quintilian, and before him Cicero, called Attic salt. It need scarce be added that this form of speaking obtains much among us. When we speak of a man of taste, of a taste for painting and sculpture, we know what is intended; though we commonly forget that the zest of the bodily palate supplies the trope.

Where there was originally a particular state of life, and that state of life existed in the infancy of civilization, and consequently of language, we may expect terms drawn from it. Though centuries have elapsed, and those terms have been most unaccountably transposed and transformed, the primitive thought will frequently elicit itself. Αγω, and Ago, in the Greek and Latin, will illustrate this position. The root of both is pastoral: the driving of a flock. Perhaps no two words have a greater latitude of meaning. But the Roman one seems absolutely to lose itself. I copy the following from Gouldman's Dictionary: "To do, to go about, to labour, to contend, to sue at law, to accuse, to handle or deal in, to observe, to hear, to

speak of, to feign, to stretch out, to turn, to hoist up, to shake, to persuade, to think, to succeed, to give, to spend, to sing, to inhabit, to hurl, to celebrate, to live, to command." Now, remote as these meanings seem to be from the primitive, yet the analogy may be traced through them all; allowing, as we must, for compounds (as agere annum), and then for its new independence of relations. Agmen signifies, after many interpretations, such as violence, a current, an army,—a flock. The secondary idea of all is *rule*, but the primary idea is *pastoral* rule. And when we remember the shepherd kings of Egypt; and that Homer loves to call Agamemnon the shepherd of his people,—this extraction will neither seem unnatural nor constrained. Sometimes the correlates of different languages will be found to convey the same *self-contradictory* meanings,—and there must be to them all the same *custom* or *institution* which these self-contradictions express, and by which only they can be justified. It is very remarkable that the same words in the learned languages signify blessed or sacred, and accursed. ברך, which has been already quoted, signifies sometimes to bless, and sometimes to blaspheme. Αγος may be construed venerable, holy, or execrable. Sacer is put forth either in a good or a bad sense. The enquiry arises how this contrariety of senses shall occcur in such repeated instances? Sacrifice was considered as the cleansing away of some grievous offence by the substitution of a victim. That victim was sacred as devoted, and as the blind unconscious author of blessings to the community: it was hateful as the representative of the offence. It was thus the subject of benediction and abhorrence. In many of the ancient rituals both these sentiments were vocally proclaimed. Hence the complex meaning; and the other terms in Latin somewhat answer to this complexity,—piaculum, expiatio. Lustro, has the same varieties: to purify, and to travel. Why? because the victim of the lustration, or its blood, was led or carried about to the sacrificing parties.

I shall only adduce one example more. It might be imagined that the human soul, being impalpable to sense, some figurative expression would be found for it in all languages; but

it could not be imagined that the figurative expression should prove the same. רוח in Hebrew is wind as well as spirit. Πνευμα, from πνεω, is of the same double force. Spiritus, from spiro, whence our inspiration and respiration, is exactly of the same two-fold fulness. The common consent must have been, that nothing was more fit to denote this essence than the invisible circumambient atmosphere. Hence those substances are called spirits with us which may be most easily volatilised.

There is another view of these correlative values to which it may be proper slightly to advert. When you translate out of one language into another, you seek the most appropriate corresponding word. But sometimes a word, fixed in its meaning, must be rendered by another that is more equivocal. Jehovah, the Living One, is the name of the Deity in the Old Testament. When the writers of the New Testament Scriptures had to find a word corresponding in sententious dignity, the Greek language could not supply them with it, for that was the speech of Olympus and not of Zion. Κυριος was employed, where periphrasis is not used; nor can we object to the choice, though here we recognise the religious poverty of that most precise and copious tongue. For Κυριος may intend very inferior beings, nobles, masters, or any kind of presiding officiaries. It may be addressed to all who are worthy of respect as a title of courtesy. The term, *Lord*, with us, we feel to be appropriate in the most awful reference; yet we thus express the peerage, and even every person possessed of manorial right, and owners of tenanted dwellings. I shall never forget my shudder on listening to a prayer offered up in the French language, in which the Divine Being was invoked, O Seigneur! Yet was it only my own fault of inconsideration, for our neighbours have not a stronger or more suitable method and style of devotional appeal, without resorting to circumlocution. Very frequently it is better to graft a foreign term into our language if we cannot exchange with it. Attempts to accommodate such things by mutual sacrifice is impossible. Literal translation is absurd; nor is one of our phrases, in the absence of all congruity in its application, less so. There was a vicious use of language

imported into Attica from Solos, a city built in Cyprus under the auspices of Solon. This barbarous provincialism was called by its strictly proper name; and the parent-land showed its taste by giving it its due outlandish appellation. To this day it survives, when we say of an abuse of language, it is a *solecism*. There are certain fabrics manufactured in this district called by names that no European language can match. Yet Bockings do not form a bad name when we consider that they were first made at Bocking, in Essex, where the trade is still conducted; nor are Wild-bores so boorish a title when we remember that a person of this name invented them, who founded a family which is still extant and highly respectable. It would have been well had a Dutch translator of Cæsar's Commentaries retained the very words in his text, which his mother-guttural forbade him adequately to do into it; but convinced of his own ability, and of the capabilities of his language, wherever he found the term Consul, this web-footed barbarian rendered it, Burgomaster!

In endeavouring to transfuse the meaning of one language into another, it will be necessary to ascertain whether some common expressions in it really belong to it, or really are any part of it. We in this country say that a man eats like a beef-eater,—a singular description of courtier, without whom a palace to many an eye would be shorn of its more peculiar glory. The word is Buffetier,—an officer who was accustomed to stand by the royal buffet or footstool. You are requested to drink a bumper, and suppose that this implies a glass full of wine: this was the standard toast in Catholic times to the Pope, a Bon Pere, To our good Father, from which this corruption has sprung. You come into a house rather inopportunely, and you must content yourself, your host reminds you, with mere keck-shaws: Quelque chose, is the proper unsophisticated word. You enquire the name of the fish you are eating, and are informed that it is that most excellent one, so all ichthyophagi will pronounce it, the John Dory. Now this finny luxury, by the inhabitants on the shores of the Mediterranean, where it abounds, is supposed to have

brought the tribute-money to Peter. It is called by them St. Pietro. But assigning to the Apostle another higher duty of locking and unlocking Heaven, they sometimes call the fish Il Janitori, the door-keeper: and the not over-scrupulous prosody of our sailors has turned it into John Dory. Nor need we be astonished at such verbal degeneracies when we trace the changes in the very same word as it passes through the different languages. Επισκοπος is the Greek for Bishop, and Eveque is the French translation,—and at first you would think it an independent arbitrary sound, in no manner cognate to the original. Episcopus, the first p, itself a labial, changed into another labial, gives you Ebiscopus. By syncope the E is removed, and you have Biscopus. Probably the c was gradually softened into h, by pronouncing it at first in the German mode, Bischoff. But Eveque seems at a greater remove, without similarity of sound or orthography. Let the process be repeated. Episcopus, the first p, itself a labial, changed into another labial, gives you eviscopus. Such a change is not at all uncommon, even from b to v: thus David in Hebrew is Dabid in Greek. Eviscopus, will, according to French terminations, soon glide into Evisque, Evesque, Evecque, Eveque.

The most singular formation in our language is, undoubtedly, that the word *stranger* should come from the Latin preposition, E, out of, from. E, for the sake of euphony, often changes into Ex. It is further prolonged into Extra, familiar to every ear. Our English adjective now arises, Extraneous. It passes into the French, estranger, changing the x into s; and returns to us, as stranger, one who comes from without.

Certain forms of expression will be discovered in every language, for which we shall find it very difficult to account, but what can be done with them *elsewhere?* John Doe and Richard Roe are very troublesome persons we admit,—but how would they figure, occurring in one of Galignani's editions? We know that when a celebrated wit harangued the Parliament against some public peculators, and charged them with

being members of that house, Mr. John Robinson cried out, name them! No, rejoined the speaker, I will not, though I could do it as soon as I could say Jack Robinson! We all feel the repartee, though I have often wondered who this Robinson was, and what particular ease there is in the orthoepy of his name,—but what could the Leipsic booksellers make of it, or what flight of transcendentalism would the illuminati of Weimar esteem it?

Some words are formed, especially proper names, from different roots, all expressing one idea. Rotherham, Keighley, and Bousfield, seem to have little common between them. But Rother, is cattle; and ham, a field,—the field of cattle. Keig is from kye, cattle; ley or lea, is a field,—the field of cattle. Bous is cattle, field explains itself—the field of cattle. Campbell and Beauchamp appear sufficiently different. But Camp—is a plain, and bell, is beautiful: beau, is beautiful, and champ, is a plain.

Idioms often set the powers of translation at defiance. The strong healthy colloquial style of our language abounds with specimens. We indulge them, and forget that they are often the most metaphorical, florid, portions of our style. By idiom, of course, I do not mean the particular collocation or inflection of language which is its more scholarly use, but what is intended to be conveyed by its full, free, copiousness and vigour. We speak in tropes when least we suspect it. That man comes to us *under colour* of such an excuse. We will proceed in the *face of danger*. Conversation *takes a turn*. It is necessary we should *take steps* to complete it. We have *no stomach* for any thing of the kind. We leave every man to *follow his own way*. We *dwell* upon the subject. With this freedom of figure our authors of Elizabeth and Anne write,—and none are more characterised by it than Atterbury and Addison. In the provinces, and among a less enlightened class, this idiomatic phrase is very common; nor is it beneath our notice often to mark its racy strength and sturdy independence. It requires great skill and comprehensive knowledge when we would give all this to another people, whose conceptions and language are

quite different from our own. Those who have read Porson's Greek Version of the Nursery song, "Three children sliding," &c., will remember his happy play upon πίπτω, in the line, "It so *fell out* they all *fell in*."

There is a just idiom in French, "faire l'amiable." To do the amiable is now one of the fopperies of modern speaking. It is but a sample of a wide-spread affectation of foreign phrase. And there will be no end of this export and import trade of absurdity, until British good sense and right feeling shall demand the language of their fathers, which was diversified enough for the universal drama of Shakspeare, the magnificent epic of Milton, the philosophic cogitation of Bacon, the glowing beauty of Taylor, the exhaustless variety of Barrow, the dignified perspicuity of Blackstone; whose Commentaries perhaps exhibit our language with a justness of precision and a severity of grace it never received before.

Synonyms, *properly* speaking, if etymology be a rule, signify different things under one common name. But as used, and the conventional law is irresistible, synonyms signify different words having a common idea.

But the first signification, though not the agreed one, leads to remark—amusing and not uninstructive. The same word includes in it very different, and in some cases, absolutely extreme, senses. Of these a few examples may be selected, and their contrasts cannot fail to surprise us.

Ordinary. Two persons arose one morning very early, as was their *ordinary* habit. They moved in respectable life and had their *ordinaries* allowed them by the Heralds' College. Their means were, however, only *ordinary*. So far from being handsome they were exceedingly *ordinary*. They were much shocked at the spectacle of an execution which they were compelled to pass, just as the *ordinary* of the gaol was bidding farewell to the prisoners. The next scene was more pleasant, for they saw a review precisely as the regiments were marching past the General in *ordinary* time. They finished their walk at an excellent *ordinary*, where was a very sumptuous entertainment. The highest Archbishop is an *Ordinary* to his clergy.

Box. The foreign gentleman was very much surprised when standing at the binnacle of the vessel, to find, from the bye-standers on deck, that there the mariners *boxed* the compass. He heard all around him say that when he landed, if he did not take care, he would be in the wrong *box*. On being accosted by the officers of the Custom-House, he was asked for all his *boxes*. Having taken his place in the coach, he looked about him for room, when the coachman told him the *box*, the most open part of all, was at liberty. He asked of the outside passengers what that short underwood was which bordered the parterres of the gardens they passed,—and learnt that it was *box*. A beautiful villa pleased him greatly, and he was told it was Mr. Such-an-one's hunting-*box*. On alighting, he found himself in a tumultuous crowd, and learnt that they were hurrying to a *boxing* match. Very soon complaining of his heavy dress, his guide, whom he had hired to show him the way to an inn, offered to carry his *box* coat. In his way he was asked for a Christmas *box*. He went to the theatre, after having dressed, but found that all the *boxes* were engaged. He got home when the watchmen were returning to their *boxes* after calling twelve.

Bolt. That boy *bolts* his victuals. *Bolt* the door. That horse *bolted*. The thunder hurls its *bolt*. The cross-bow is too light for the *bolt*. Let the meal be *bolted*.

Rack is an engine of torture. Happily may it be applied to an ample rent. The frame-work is so called from which cattle feed. Bards thus describe the driven cloud of the tempest. It comes down to express an infusion in punch.

Suit. It may be a law *suit*, and love *suit*. Together with service it is what some clansmen owe their chieftain. A complete set of clothes. To agree and satisfy.

Post. It is immoveable. It all but flies.

Main is the sea, but thousands of worthy persons, in the main, still live on shore.

Draught is a supply of something which we drink, or it is the weight which animals draw: there may be a pull in both cases.

Charge is an accusation, an onset, a price, a trust, an admonition.

Devise is to contrive and to bequeath.

Policy is skill, statesmanly administration, an estate of land, and an instrument of insurance.

Attach is to endear, to imprison, to join a regiment, and to hold a muscle.

Matter. The substance which may be extended, thickness presenting the phænomenon of resistance. The viscid humour of a festered sore. Consequence or importance. The theme of a discourse. Ground of offence.

Hue. The tocsin of a police-runner,—the tincture and complexion of the skin: and by analogy of other surfaces.

Mail. Armour and letter-bag. It is derived from Μηλον, a sheep. Μηλωτη, sheep-skin,—because the sheep-skin, and afterwards the hides of stronger animals, were employed for defence; and for the safe-keeping of any despatch.

Toll. The passing knell, and the exaction of a turnpike, market, or bridge.

Score. Twenty. A long score, is a large debt: an account of a game's progress: we say on the score of acquaintance: the whole of a musical composition.

These are taken at a venture; others more apt and striking might be found. But it is more to the purpose to enquire how one word came to signify so many things? I observe that to the same word there is not always the same root. *Matter*, that issues from a wound, is probably Saxon; the other uses of matter are from a Latin source. This is a rule necessary to be borne in mind; if you find a foreign derivation for one meaning of the word, that is a distinct word,—while the other meaning, for which no etymology will account, is also a distinct word, but purely native. This I must suppose is the law respecting *Hue*. Υὶ, is a threatening cry, a strong interjection, in Greek,—I conclude that Hue, in the sense of colour, is ours, and original so far as our language has its standard of distinction. And I find that there was such a word in Saxon, Ƕiepe (Hiewe).

A common idea often runs through these different significations. We quoted *Box*. *Box*, a chest, was probably made out of *Box*, a tree, whose wood is peculiarly hard and ponderous. But how came the very different meaning of the word,—to box the ears, to box with the fists? Both in Rome and in Greece the prize fight was known. In the former, the champion was called Pugil, in the latter Πυκτης. Πυκτης is derived from Πυξ, the fist. Πυξ, with the initial labial turned into B, gives Bux,—the change is not violent to Box.

The Latins furnish us with several instances of *synonyms* in the original employment of the word—many meanings under one term. Some may be taken in a good or bad sense. *Tempestas* signifies primarily fine weather: tempus æstas, summer time: but the most violent storms occur at that season, and therefore tempestas soon was understood of a tempest, and figuratively of calamity. *Valetudo* may denote health or sickness. The first idea is that of vigorous robustness: the salutation was formed out of it: *Vale*, Be in health. But that soon became a *farewell* sound; hence the valetudinarian was taken leave of, he was left to seclusion and death; as still we say, in the same circumstances, Good bye, or good be with you; and the French, adieu,—that is, I commend you to God. *Facinus* has a worthy and an evil sense, but I have not had any satisfaction in endeavouring to account for this, except being taken from facio, to make or do, facinus points to action indifferently as such, leaving to circumstances to determine its quality. Grammarians have noticed Gratia as thus of opposite meanings,—but I can only recollect its use in the ablative, when it seems to take character as the mere instrument of another thing, that can justify this criticism. For the sake, for the purpose of, is then its intention.

Synonyms, in their common acceptation, express different words having a common meaning. Our language is supposed to be very rich in them; and many have no other impression than that these words may be interchanged at pleasure. They are supposed to be the convertible terms which custom or fashion may use according to discretion. This is a very mistaken notion,

and one which a very little investigation might disabuse. But a previous enquiry arises, What are the origin and intention of synonymous expression in general?

As things are distinct and individuated, it might seem only proper that each should be called by its right determinate name. Children are bewildered between looking-glasses and mirrors, between ink-stands and standishes, between ottomans and sofas, between newspapers and journals, between servants and domestics, between books and volumes. And yet persons conversant with these things will perceive the difference, though the differences are often to be found in the same thing. Servants need not be domestics—domestics need not be servants. Newspapers, at distant intervals, may tell us news; but journals are supposed to keep account of each day. The view of the thing or circumstance is different: a particular quality or attribute is dwelt upon, and hence springs the necessity of a manifold phraseology. And languages have probably arisen with much of the same process that marks the expansion of the infant mind.

Immigration has doubtless been a prolific source of multiplying similar words. The people thus intermixed would be obliged to resort to mutual explanation. Both would hear a double set of terms for the one thing, and yet both might only allude to different complexions and relations of that thing. The consequence would be an imperfect agreement and a partial misunderstanding. The human race has always been amalgamating itself through all its diversities of colour and climate.—I have the opinion that Poetry, that early art, has had much to do with the scheme of synonyms. Why one phrase is more poetic than another we cannot always decide abstractedly: but words have many ties with the imagination, and poetry is peculiarly within her empire. Phrases vary in their euphony, and the music of the expression is essential to the lay. All poets feel that there is such a thing as quantity, and that an attention must be paid, after all their inspiration, to the rules of measure. They must break in their Pegasus to its paces, and it is requisite that they look well to their feet. Why does Horace, for example, in one line of his Third Ode, in the First Book,

call the ship which is bearing Virgil,—the very half of his soul, —out of his sight, Navis, when he speaks a little farther on of Rates? I rather suspect, because he wanted a spondee in the one place, and a choriambus in the other. I am not about to repeat the old pun of one university on its rival, that its tutors were naves, its scholars puppes, and all nautæ together. But *rates* seems to intend a large ship, and from this we derive our word, a ship of a particular *rate*. Navis is derived from Ναυς, the Greek word for ship. From this is derived Ναυσια, the Ionic form of Ναυτια, signifying sickness. Could any conception be more happy than connecting sickness or nausea with a ship? And how gratifying will it be to the classical scholar, as he writhes in his berth at sea, to think that even the polished Greeks found it necessary to use a word expressive of squeamishness too! It is in the nice and delicate shades of meaning that the beauty and force of a language consist; and they who are at all acquainted with the properties of the Greek language, will not treat lightly nor pass ambiguously over its prepositions and particles; will not dismiss, as unmeaning expletives, words which, however minute, have a history connected with them, and which present a key to the noblest intricacies of that Master-Speech.

The ancients were much engaged in the study of synonyms. Several of the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius are devoted to it. He praises, in his Fourth Chapter of the First Book, with great ardour, Antonius Julianus for an examination and correction of a passage in Cicero. Varro, Ælius, Aurelius, have lent their names as sanctions to such discriminating research. And especially are we indebted to Cicero for a passage in his Tusculan Questions which forms quite a text for this intellectual labour. "Subjiciuntur Ægritudini. *Angor*, anguish, the idea of choking or suffocation—*Luctus*, the idea of mourning for the dead—*Mœror*, the idea of settled, heavy sadness—*Ærumna*, the idea of what cannot be sustained—*Dolor*, the idea of what cuts and wounds—*Lamentatio*, the idea of not brooking check or silence—*Solicitudo*, the idea of extreme anxiety—*Molestia*, the idea of immoveable disquiet—*Afflictatio*, the idea of break-

ing and wearing down—*Desperatio*, the frenzy arising from the destitution of hope."—I was so pleased with this passage, which I found quoted in the Encyclopédie Methodique, that I translated it fairly, with all the aids at hand, as I went along, ignorant that Cicero had translated it into other and easy Latinity himself. I only retain my translation in order to prove with what fidelity a language, extinct for ages as a colloquial one (with a partial exception as to Hungary) may be rendered still. —"*Angor*, est ægritudo *premens: Luctus*, ægritudo ex ejus, qui carus fuerit, interitu acerbo: *Mæror*, ægritudo flebilis: *Ærumna*, ægritudo laboriosa: *Dolor*, ægritudo crucians: *Lamentatio*, ægritudo cum ejulatu: *Solicitudo*, ægritudo cum cogitatione: *Molestia*, ægritudo permanens: *Afflictatio*, ægritudo cum vexatione corporis: *Desperatio*, ægritudo sine ullâ rerum expectatione meliorum." There is scarcely a discrepancy between the translation of one who affects nothing beyond a plodding examination of the words, and the translation of that great philosopher and orator, who not only spoke it natively, but evidently attended to every the least perceptible excellence and beauty. So great is our apparatus for seizing the very ideas of the old Latins, and holding them up with perfect truth to our observation.

A few English synonyms may be expected, but rather to suggest means of enquiry to the mind, than to present any perfect assortment of them. This would require a dictionary.

Determination and Resolution. They may sometimes be used indifferently, but not always,—determination being an act of mind, where there was a difficulty in deciding; resolution, an act of mind in respect of the dangers which may threaten that decision.

Oblige, compel. The first is improperly used of physical necessity, the latter of moral suasion.

Courage, constancy. They are applied to the manner in which dangers are resisted, or endured.

Thought, reflection. Thought is the more general exercise of the mind; reflection, fixed, entire, exercise of mind upon any particular object.

Trifling, trivial. Between equally beneficial arrangements it may be *trivial* to choose, but it cannot be *trifling.*

Satisfy, appease. The one supposes a natural appetite and legal demand,—the other an unnatural craving, and an inordinate disposition.

Continue, remain. You may continue or remain in a room, but a machine cannot *continue* standing still, nor can it *remain* going.

Certain, secure. The former implies that which is so *discerned* that we have ample evidence of it; the latter that about which, as perfectly settled, we need entertain no care. A Scottish preacher once commenting on the frequent passage which occurs in Scripture, a *certain* man, gravely remarked that whoever he was he must have been a married man, for no other man can be *certain.* But if *secure* involves the absence of care, you will readily grant that a man may be *certain* without being *secure.*

Favourable, propitious. We apply the earlier phrase to human kindness, while the other is referred to what is perfectly independent of us, as the weather and the seasons, or to the Divine regard towards us. Propitious is from *prope,* near,—built upon the natural idea that He who protects us must be near to us.

Holyday, vacation, recess. All may direct to one meaning, but they cannot be used promiscuously. Every holyday is not a vacation, nor every vacation a holyday. A *recess* is open to the same remarks;—a going back,—a returning, if so the school-boy will construe it, home.

From this rapid collation it will appear that our synonyms are not esteemed by us as very regular or true; and yet there is no reason to think them less so than in other languages. Indeed it was not to be expected that these should be numerous, save as men will speak unadvisedly. A few of the strictest order of such expression are mere translations:—Signify, mean: latent, hid: impel, urge: dilate, widen: incipient, beginning: oblivion, forgetfulness: timidity, fear: at the same time, contemporaneous, synchronous. Sometimes the synonym must be taken with-

out a very scrupulous attention to propriety. When Lord Nelson's ship was rolling into the action off Trafalgar, he gave orders that his memorable signal should be made to the fleet. The signal-book was hurriedly searched, but one word was wanting to complete the Hero's rallying cry: England confides that every man shall do his duty. The Lieutenant called aloud he could not do *confides*, but there was an *expects*. Be it so, was the Admiral's reply; and the signal instantly streamed on high to the wind,—a meteor-omen glaring upon the foe,—the motto of a fame, the pledge of a victory, never to be forgotten until the only triumphs shall belong to peace, and the only spoils shall be gathered by benevolence,—when men shall learn war no more!

The etymology of words will be often unimportant in determining their synonymous character. It would be extravagant to dwell upon the primitives, now that the uses of the derivatives are so greatly alienated. What have we to do with *folds* and *wax*, when we employ *simplicity* and *sincerity?* The meaning of *fossil* was once given as any thing dug out of the earth;—then a potatoe is a fossil, and the profaners of the grave are but fossil-collectors.—Though each of the following words has a beautiful original allusion, it is in vain to contend for it among circumstances in which it is lost:—*Observation*, *consideration*, *contemplation*, *meditation*, *investigation*, *musing*. *Observation*, waiting as a servant for the mandate: *consideration*, gazing as on a star: *contemplation*, solemnly affected, as in a temple: *meditation*, fixed in the middle of the subject: *investigation*, pursuing all the footmarks, as over a difficult track: *musing*, rapt as by the most engaging harmony. If a person were to decompose the word *atonement*, *at-one-ment*, (which is indubitably its formation) and were to reason upon it, we should all perceive that its common use was the only guide in dispute; and much controversy of all kinds would be avoided were we to follow out the common conventional import of words, and leave questions about original roots to the subordinate place which they only deserve.

No person who reads ancient and modern English can

forbear to observe how different is the style of different periods. *Elevate* once meant to diminish, now to *exalt*. *Prevent* was to go before. *Reduce* was to bring back. *Persecute* was to follow thoroughly. When we speak of *let* we have the idea of facility,—he lets us, we let him; but the old word *let* was to hinder.* I know not how to understand the common notice in unoccupied houses, to *let*: there *is* such a term, meaning to put to *hire*,—but whom would these houses put to hire? It should be, *to be* let.—It was no uncommon thing to honour the most eminent ministers of religion by the following eulogium, *That most painful preacher*; that is, pains-taking. I am aware that many might deem the epithet rather choice, especially when informed that these men often preached sermons three hours long. *Villain* meant one who belonged to the soil,—it now means an abandoned character. *Gentile*, *Heathen*, *Pagan*, once meant the Idolater. All but the Jews were ignorant of the true God, and these were the other nations, or Gentiles. Heathen is but the Greek, Εθνος, while Gentile is the Latin, Gens. Pagan was the villager, who continued an idolater after larger towns were converted to Christianity. And it is not a little curious that some words have come round from their analogical to their original meaning. *Phænomenon* is not nearly so much employed to denote a prodigy, which was the idea long forced upon it, as *appearances* and *indications* of matter or of mind.—*Apology* has long been employed in the sense of excuse, which is not proper to it,—we resume its true character, a defence and vindication.—*Material* was the common word for what was important, while that which was unimportant we said was immaterial,—now it is more generally confined, by the educated, to what is not within the range of mind.—*Sensible* was another name for sound judgment and information,—it is now made descriptive of whatever affects the senses, its natural signification,—as we distinguish sensible from moral evidence.—*Diversion* intended, in its ordinary connection, sport and glee,—it speaks its native meaning when, as at the present, we designate by it any thing through which the attention of a party is

* Isa. xliii. 13.

taken, turned from what had engaged it, into another direction. *Imposing* once brought but the single idea of extortion to the mind,—it is not inelegantly, nor unlawfully, applied to what greatly excites us,—an *imposing* spectacle, but exclusively one of art.

Every person of erudition and taste knows that the elegance and perspicuity of language depend upon the just selection of words,—and when such selection is exercised we suppose a variety of synonyms. There is scarcely a case in which the use of two words is really indifferent,—something will almost invariably point out a preference. The school-boy may imagine that every word is equally good and apposite that he may find huddled together in his Gradus ad Parnassum: but when his mind is formed to the noblest models, and disciplined by the grandest masters, he will perceive the distinctions, and the rules of those distinctions, which pervade and govern ancient lore. *Atque* and *et* certainly both mean *and;* but they are by no means always tantamount and interchangeable. *Diligo* and *amo* both mean *love*, but by no means the same intensity and purity of the passion. *Vir* and *homo* both mean man, but Virgil's proem, Arma, virumque, would be poorly replaced by Arma, hominemque cano, though the metre would not be destroyed. Nothing, perhaps, is more necessary to accuracy in the classical languages than a rigid attention to what some would treat as inferior and unimportant words: I will specifically mention the adverbs of Latin and the prepositions of Greek. In endeavouring to master the synonyms of a language it will be requisite to mark the manner in which they are employed by the best authors: we must then enquire why, and on what principles, this discrimination proceeds: we must not content ourselves with doing in composition only what we suppose these authors would have done (a tact we might almost blindly acquire after having accumulated a sufficiency of examples)—but we must emulate the taste which embued them, attune our ear to the harmony of their diction, refine our sensibility to the delicacy of their construction, and simplify our imagination to the chasteness of their thought.

The examination of the different powers and values of the words which seem most convertible, in different languages, will often possess us of important historical materials. When we are about to translate from one to the other, we shall ask ourselves why this translation is frequently impossible? The sound and connection of the word in both languages are the same,—but they by no means correspond. The classical use is sometimes the very reverse of the meaning we require. And the reason is plain,—that we may have conceptions of things which they never formed: what they thought vices may be our highest virtues. By this comparison we can enter, through the help of a few words, into the doctrines of their philosophy and the spirit of their ethics. *Virtus* would be very ill-rendered by the English virtue,—courage is far better; but then only because the Romans esteemed courage the capital of all the virtues. *Humilis* must generally be rendered mean, abject; but then only because the Romans considered a low self-estimate a proof of a grovelling and pusillanimous disposition.—In other cases the etymons are fuller in their meaning than the derivations. *Prudentia* implies much more than our prudence, as in our adopted word, jurisprudence;—*temperantia* than our temperance,—*honestum* than our honest. As in the former survey we witnessed their very defective morality, so in this we learn what were their peculiar notions. Prudentia and Temperantia allude to their whole philosophy,—the wisdom of the Porch, their proud, overweening, Stoicism. They who reflect upon the subject will perceive how little classical usage can serve to determine the meaning of words when used by writers, not only not in their popular and received sense, but with the purpose of absolutely subverting it.

A similar train of remark may be applied to the scions grafted on the stock of our language. We have contracted, it must be confessed, a considerable loan of foreign words. Certain nations assuredly preceded us in many of our arts. Naval terms we have very generally borrowed from the Dutch: our military phrases from the French. It was rather an ungrateful return we made for these obligations at Camperdown and Waterloo. We are much indebted to our Gallic neighbours for

sprightly colloquial expression,—and the more, that with the expression came the thing itself. But to object to our language because of these accessions is to forget its modest pretensions It has arisen out of the dialects of our conquerors. The Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, have successively invaded us, changing our institutions and varying our accents. If our language found happier terms than its own, it greatly adopted them,—and left what was more cumbrous and inapt, though native, to desuetude; if it wanted variety, it seized it; it levied general contributions to perfect its copiousness; and, like an instrument of music, it has undergone different improvements until the orator can strike it to all the countless combinations of power which agitate or soothe, which alarm or melt, the heart. The French language, and even the Italian, may be considered as more servilely indebted than ours,—and without that powerful and healthy root which, left as it were in the ground, still spreads its suckers and bears its buds. The sturdy speech of our ancestors, though not old as our rivers and hills, partially survives; no foreign polish nor courtly parlance will ever be able to subdue it. Its outline is so large that whatever it draws into itself cannot distort it: and its frame-work is so massive that nothing can overbalance it. Technical and artificial words it refuses not a place, though they are borne to it from the ends of the earth,—but it barters not its own staple in return. The gold-mine is within itself, though the more fanciful settings are given by others to the precious ore. Of such a speech we cannot be ashamed. In all the properties of language it is great. It is sonorous, arousing, pathetic, sweet; it is comprehensive, definite, precise, majestic. It has transfused through its tones the deepest and most dulcet harmonies: the metaphors interwoven with it, and forming its very substance, reflect all the hues and splendours of nature. In this, men have been accustomed to think with vigour and freedom, until the language* has grown rich and masculine too. It is a tongue which the world, when blessed with liberty, and sanctified by religion, shall gratefully adopt and universally speak.

The Saxon, which is the foundation of our language, often presented a great discrimination, and this is proved in the names which it gave to places. *Combe*, is a valley, or rather gorge, between two hills, and where there is a wood. *Clough*, is a wooded valley, or rather hollow, by a road side. *Slack*, is a valley stretching beneath a precipitous range. *Firth*, is a very retired, *Shaw* is a well-wooded, glen. *Den*, is a valley that is very deep. Here, with the appearances of synonyms, are real distinctions Once more: *Hope*, is a small stream; *Thwaite*, a rivulet; *Fleet*, an estuary; *Gool*, a canal; *Wath*, a ford; *Burn*, a runnel; *Hithe*, a landing-place; *Sike*, a waterfall; *Holm*, contiguity to water. Much circumlocution would be required to express these shades of meaning in any other tongue. A third series may be arranged. *Holt*, a hill; *Fell*, a wild upland; *Wold*, an undulating country; *Knoll*, a small but sudden rise; *Ness*, a head-land overhanging the sea, or a mountain near it.

But instead of translating the words of other languages into our own, and preserving the purest correlates, some of those words have lapsed into it untranslated, and make a corrupt appearance among us. *Quandary*, is Qu'en dirai? *Jerusalem Artichoke*, is Girasol Artichoke. *Helter Skelter*, is Hilariter et Celeriter. *Applepie*, as applied to order, is A Pol au Pied.

Enough has, however, been advanced to prove the great powers of our language; but one more illustration will elicit a singularity. This is the double force of its future tense. It is exclusively an English grace. The Scotch and the Irish do not understand it. Foreigners can seldom enter into its nicety. I have enquired of many from distant parts of the world, whether there was an analogy to this in their speech. They have declared that there was none. And this might have been inferred, for had it been a business of simple translation they would have easily mastered it: the difficulty was that nothing corresponded to it in their own native idioms. It was a peculiarity which they had all to learn. Je Viendrai only conveys the certain futurition of my coming: it denotes no shade of different causes impelling me to come. To express

this distinctness, there must be periphrasis. Il faut que je venir,—Jái dessein de venir. The verb *devoir* is also combined to give the futuritial *must*. The German *Werden*, which is made use of as an auxiliary even to itself, merely certifies what the party is in due time to *become*, or to *perform*. The Hebrew future is most indefinite, because it has to serve the purpose of a potential and subjunctive mood: and it may require the signs to be understood of may, can, might, would, should, could. Whatever may be the degrees of futurity intended by the Greek tenses,—the first implying an earlier, the second a later, action, to say nothing of the Paulo-post* future in the passive voice, which seems to point out the very next moment as its time,—still all three are silent, whether it is inducement of determination or necessity. Every school-boy in his Latin exercise has to utter the same alternative,—a perplexing licence when he commences translating,—I *shall* or *will*. The happy convenience, which is now adduced, is this: we can announce our future with an intelligible exposition of the certainty on which that future is founded: we can declare why, and how, it is to take place.

It will be best, at the outset, to examine these powers, *Shall*, and *will*. *Shall* has its primitive in Sceal (Sceal), a Saxon word, signifying to owe, any thing that is owed or *ought*: that is, what is due, or whatever we are bound to undertake. *Will* is the decision of our inclinations, the freedom of the affections with their bent. Though Ƿillan (Willan) is found in our Saxon lexicons and writings, it is rather a Latin word, *velle*; which it is curious to trace back to the Greek, βουλομαι, βουλη, turning the β into v. This prefix, of course, most generally denotes resolve. Literally, then, if we *shall* do a thing, we are compelled: if we *will*, we are determined. These auxiliaries, it is obvious, give rise to the conditionals of *should* and *would*. We must certainly allow that whatever conduces to the accuracy of any vehicle of thought,—which gives to the thought, so to speak, the most colourless medium and

* This tense only once occurs in the New Testament. Οἱ λίθοι κεκράξονται. Luke xix. 40.

clearest transparence, is a desirable thing. *Shall* does not serve the end of will, nor can *will* reflect the force of shall. By almost an intuition we so shift and alternate them, that sound and judgment alike assign their place, and dictate their difference.

Yet what is their *rule?* *Shall* is certainly something more than an index of the future. It is often peremptory—it is the sanction of command: You shall! Thus Coriolanus is represented by Shakspeare exclaiming, to the stern employment of this term by Sicinius Velutus, the Tribune:

> "*Shall* remain?
> Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
> His absolute *shall*."

In such a connection, we discover compulsion to be the idea, but then it is only the compulsory enforcement of right or duty. *Will* is the exponent of energetic vow. "I *will* do it at once. I *will* do it. I *will* secure it." But both are most properly made signs of the future. For, however *immediately* "*shall*" commands, and "*will*" decides, from that present there is an interval. It remains to be done.

It would be very difficult to set this matter right with our Caledonian fellow-countryman. He almost invariably offends against the rule, if rule there be. You ask him to dine with you. You receive his refusal, and observe his strange excuse, —"As I will be out of town." Where is the error? Is it not a determination, a volition? But it is not courteous so to put it. It seems to intimate a willingness to escape. Alter that part,—"As I shall be out of town." It breathes regret. This *shall* is *must*,—an inevitable occasion for declining the engagement. You request him to do you a favour. You obtain his consent. "I shall just do it." The very kindness of the favour evaporates with that dull formal *shall*, and the *will* was the only source and agent by which it could be graciously bestowed. He apprehends danger, "he will be drowned;" he deplores the want of succour, "no one shall help me." This old-established jest is scarcely stronger and

more stringent than what I have often heard. An unfortunate has said to me, "I will be ruined." A dying man, little reconciled to his approaching change, has told me, "I will die this time." Where it was meant that the person spoken of should be most *voluntary* in his movements, it has been imperiously asserted, "He shall go."

Sometimes it is difficult to discriminate between these auxiliaries, and especially when used interrogatively. "Shall you go? Will you go?" Neither form is improper, but they are not exactly equipollent. They might be thus varied. Do you feel obliged to go? Are you inclined to go? So in soliloquy: "What shall I do?" is a reasonable question. What course should I take? But when a man runs about in fright, crying, "What will I do?" it is a silly appeal, for he may be so complete a fool that no one could speculate upon his possible extravagance of absurdity.

I can scarcely venture to affirm that never can *shall* and *will* be spoken and written indifferently: that never may they be harmlessly interchanged: that never are they simple interpreters of futurition. "Will" is the more accommodating and pliant of the two. But then it is the feebler also. Where the emphasis is not direct upon it, it sometimes slides into this mere intimation. *Shall*, however, is rarely thus convertible. How well-strung is its pitch to the key of ardent aspiration and lofty prophecy! Then *shall* come to pass! Then *shall* the end be! Then *will* come to pass. Then *will* the end be. How tame! The contrast but leaves the word little more than a bare idea that such results would happen! Assurance falters into doubt, and exultation droops over a table of reckonings and summed-up issues.

To make these quantities, if we may speak of verbal quantities, more apparent, I will select a quotation or two from our popular writers. It will be seen how injurious would be their mutual substitution. I open, by chance, on the passage in the Vicar of Wakefield,* where the Father, already incarcerated,

* Goldsmith's English shows what an Irishman may do in *learning* our language: his is a very different mother-tongue.

replies to the remonstrance of George, who is just dragged to prison for challenging Thornhill: "And my son you *shall* find them. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties which held it down to earth, and *will* prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I *will* point out the way, and my soul *shall* guide yours in the ascent, for we *will* take our flight together. I now see, and am convinced, you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal, where we both *shall* shortly answer." The second is from Milton's "Reformation in England," in which is seen the first germ and pledge of his "Paradise Lost." There is, towards the close, a majesty in his frequent *shall:* "Then amidst the hymns and halleluiahs of saints, *some one* may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures,......... whereby this great and warlike nation may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou the Eternal and shortly-expected King, *shalt* open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, *shalt* put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth, where the pious great *shall* unquestionably receive above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones unto their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, *shall* clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasures for ever." Shakspeare furnishes many specimens of this care in his selections. Macbeth thus reasons with himself after his interview with the sibyl-crones:—

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears *shall* drown the wind."

So again he resolves:—

> "From this moment,
> The very firstlings of my heart *shall* be
> The firstlings of my hand.
> The castle of Macduff I *will* surprise.
> No boasting like a fool,
> This deed *I 'll* do before the purpose cool."

It may be noticed that a difference occurs in these terms with the person in which they are found. The person makes no difference with shall,—I shall, thou shalt, he shall, are equally potential:—so is, "I will," *as* determinate: but the second and third persons do not govern with the same force. The reason is plain. None can *will* for another. "Thou wilt, and he will," can then be only matters of *expectation*, notes of the future. For when we wish a friend to do us a favour, we neither say, you shall, nor you will,—save that confidently we may add, I know you will, or coaxingly, now you will! Who can ever forget the tone of the Maiden in her boat to Thalaba, repeated as it is,—"Thou wilt go on with me!"

I can lay down no rule or paradigm for this discrimination. An English education imparts the tact which hardly any study can supply. The best method is to ask ourselves, meditating future action or passiveness,—what depends upon us, and what does not depend upon us, what is inevitable and what is fortuitous? *Shall*, as transitive, is the mark of behest, or otherwise it stands for *must*. He shall obey, he shall be made to obey,—he shall die, he *must* die. I shall go to-morrow, understands engagement,—I will go, simple good pleasure.—*Will* is only determinate in the first person,—in the others it only indicates what our American brethren call *eventuation*. Good authors, and polished society, are the best teachers and exemplars we can study.

The doctrine of this potestas is this,—that in the English Future Tense we possess an elegant perspicuity which, it is supposed, is peculiar to our language. Taking that of other languages, living or dead, we have to thread out from the context, what meaning is to be understood. It may be of *resolve*,

or of mere *submission*. It may be something of choice, or of unresisting endurance. If our language were ever to pass into survival of actual use, the distant scholar in it would see at a glance what was in the writer's mind, and in what manner he must make his version. The biformed characteristic is his way-mark, and he who runs may read.

No one speaks our Tongue, or composes in our language, who cannot take this distinction, and admire this precision. It is a very grace of style. It is so natural, so easy, that its correct and apposite employment scarcely touches the ear: but most grating to that ear is every violation of it. The Scotch Highlander who has learnt English, not as his mother-tongue, but as an acquisition and an accomplishment, introduces *shall* and *will* as appropriately as ourselves. The Low-land language does not contain it, and the unfortunate prejudice of them who pass the border is, that they already know English: and therefore they never learn. We, however, must not surrender, to any invasion, our country or our language; and it would be, at least, polite to allow that such a distinction exists, even if it cannot be imitated. To assert that it is gratuitous, to maintain that it is unreasonable, is a poor excuse for the failure of overcoming it. We cannot surrender it among the "inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ." We must venture to remind them that this is an olden form, a noble philology, a just boast, of that speech which Chaucer accented, Milton enriched, Bacon strengthened, Shakspeare attuned, and Sidney sublimated.

To conclude: let our language be examined for its most opposite powers, and it will be found unrivalled. What of high sentiment and philosophy may not be expressed by it? What of elegant turn does it not admit, and what of mighty store has it not amassed? It is elastic for compression and expansion. It is equally capable of the curt and terse: of the copious and overflowing. Reasoning cannot find such a mine of thought, nor eloquence such a fulmen of impression. The German is quoted as more profound. It is a young language, full of compounds, bearing the marks of a strong national intellect recently bursting into utterance. But its compounds stand out; ours,

scarcely less numerous, are softened down and melted into a smaller mass. Its power is in coarse, vivid, strength. It is susceptible of higher destinies. Klopstock has shown how the sacred epic can march in it; while Goëthe has proved how the drama can speak and the lyric enchant. All is infancy about it yet; but it is an infancy precocious, a giant-birth.—The Italian is alleged to be more liquidly musical. Doubtless it is a better vehicle for song. But until any passage of Dante has been read along with a few lines of our Shakspeare, and his harmony of inflection shall be preferred, we will not confess our tongue to yield even to his in its modulations.—The French has its admirers. It is the most agreeable set of counters for conversation. By its polished insignificance it is the very style for compliment and diplomacy. Its best idioms, indeed, are borrowed from the Saxon. What has it enshrined but that which is far more noble when put into any other dialect? We need not envy an exotic: if it can live, let it live distinct from all that is indigenous,—in the conservatory it may have its place. But give it no root in your soil. You have gardens,—forests,—of your own. Your language is adequate for conception of every form, and for expression of every emphasis. Jurisprudence cannot find loftier sentences, Theology cannot desire clearer types, Poetry cannot sing in sweeter numbers!

"Τα Παθη ...... την τε του αλλου λογου και αυτου του Υψους μοιραν επεχοντα, ως ημιν δοκει."

LONGINUS.

"All
(And justly) Reason deem divine, I see,
I feel, a grandeur in the Passions too,
Which speaks their high descent and glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire."

YOUNG.

"Oh! 't is the Heart that magnifies the life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own."

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE PASSIONS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

WHEN we speak of *nature*, in general language, we convey the notion of the universal system; the heavens, with their fixed, rotatory, and eccentric luminaries; the earth, with its atmosphere, inhabitants, vegetable productions, and mineral treasures: in short, all the works of the obvious or the presumed creation. *Nature*, in the stricter definition of a philosophical terminology, is that set and series of qualities which have always appeared attached to, and have been always developed by, any known substance and being. Every animal is continued in its kind; each inorganic structure is cast according to the same law. An exactness in all elementary proportions has been most clearly proved to subsist. The very stratification of our globe, where we might suppose an undigested confusion would be found, follows a perfect scale of order. Genus and species remain what they were; they exhibit the same phænomena; their constitution is fixed and successive. When we say that it *has* always been, we borrow the testimony of history to the fact, or reason upon its silence respecting the contrary. When we say that it *shall* always be, we reason from analogy to probability, as well as from the inutility to the unlikelihood of any alteration. We are formed and compelled to act upon the assurance of such absolute arrangement. We, therefore, express the strongest certainty with reference to any event, that it is as inevitable as ocean's tide and to-morrow's sunrise. Now what warrants these predictions? That such states of things have hitherto recurred can establish no perpetuity. They cannot be necessary, for these operations had a beginning;—what had a beginning may, at least, have an end. The mind, consequently, proceeds upon this belief, that the great machine, so nicely balanced and adjusted in its parts, *shall be* equally consistent

and regular in its movements. Such is the permanent uniformity which we observe; such is the simple, the intuitive, credence which it obtains; and such is the practical use to which this credence is subservient.

These data will not be refused us in the intellectual enquiry. Mind is given to man. Though we cannot conceive of a point in time when mind, Causative and Essential, did not exist, it is alike impossible to conceive that *created* mind could have always existed. It is only with the mind of men that we are now concerned. Matter may unfold, to other intelligences, attributes of which we, who judge of it by particular senses, have no perception. Mind may possess, in incorporeal conditions, a life and might to us utterly unimaginable; but we have only witnessed it coupled with its grosser framework, and by no means independent of its control. It is not like matter, unchangeable in its result, for it is a thing of range, volition, and progression. But then these are its signs and laws; in other words, its *nature*. In its primary susceptibilities, it is in all of one character. "Ab uno, Disce omnes." The human intellect is incessantly impelled and affected by the same causes; it is seen acting in the same ways and directions.

It is remarked by Johnson—"Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure." And this is now more generally allowed than when he made this enlightened observation. The soul of man, long suspected to wait servilely upon what was most inferior to it, and to follow obsequiously in its train—as the sun was degraded to revolve round our planet and to be ruled by its attractions—now challenges its prerogative, asserts its supremacy; the central sun imparting a glory it could not borrow, and communicating an impulse it could not obey. A sort of Copernican revolution is achieved in the prejudices of mankind.

The *fidelity* of our mental impressions, the *certainty* of our mental activities, it is not my present purpose to confirm. We cannot prove them, indeed, by mathematical reasonings. This science can have no application to them. It has nothing to

do with things which exist by constitution, but with things which must have always been, and never could have been otherwise than they are. Mind is a contingent substance; a physic as truly as any form of matter,—a conditional existence. It cannot, therefore, admit of this kind of proof, and most preposterous is it to call for it. "It may seem," says Warburton, "perhaps, too much a paradox to say that long habit in this science incapacitates the mind for reasoning at large, and especially in the search of moral truth; and yet I believe that nothing is more certain. The object of geometry is demonstration; and its subject admits of it, and is almost the only one which doth. In this science, whatever is not demonstration is nothing, or at least below the sublime enquirer's regard. Probability, through its almost infinite degrees, from simple ignorance up to absolute certainty, is the terra incognita of the geometer. And yet here it is that the great business of the human mind is carried on, the search and discovery of all the important truths which concern us as reasonable beings."

Consciousness and intuition form the basis of this department of knowledge. I exist. I think. Nothing can be more certified than the convictions which every man possesses of these facts. These are our postulates, it is true; but they are also our axioms. They are resolveable into what Dr. Campbell styles "the common sense." And surely, if these be not allowed, our organs of sensation, history, mathematical truth, can have no existence to us. Consciousness gives me as full assurance of what falls under its cognizance as demonstrative certitude itself. It is no feeble guide; it is our first and best. The region of mind is its province. We thus can pursue our research, not into its nexus and essence, for the substrata of all qualities are by the very shape of our being necessarily concealed from us; but into its capabilities, its workings, its transitions, its excitements. This will require a habit of abstraction, a patience of investigation, which all may not find easy to exercise. We cannot contrive a glass-hive within which the mental operations shall be made visible; nor the solar microscope, under which its most delicate anatomy shall become transparent. But

a no intolerable share of attention is necessary; and whatever is in this way devoted will be munificently repaid. This, so far, may be considered only an internal process, *the knowledge by the individual of himself.* But we have to deal with the human mind as pertaining to all human beings—individuated, a monad, in *each.* Yet, while appearing so widely and similarly, we may discourse of it as separable from consciousness, a common and external thing. It may be subjected to ordinary tests. We may bring to bear upon it, *experiment, classification,* and *induction.* For what is education but a course of *experiments* upon the mind? I am afraid that this is so well known, that there are some who, with a wanton curiosity and an idle parade, vary to exhibit them. And we almost unwittingly *classify* minds. We lay them out in specimens and orders. We speak of them as *judicious, acute, strong, susceptible, poetic, argumentative, sentimental, figurative, chaste.* Nor can it be doubted that *induction* may here be as justly introduced. Our thoughts, feelings, elements of character, motives of conduct, are so many phænomena which may be ascertained, established, compared, systematised. The only theory that can live, is the plainest presentation and the closest copy of mental facts. The inductive principle must not be confined, then, to the limits of our own intellect; we must seek information in the self-sketched portraitures of other minds. We must scan those events which, as on a theatre, bring forth our nature in its undissembled reality. *Our* mind must be studied in its relation to *universal mind.* The one is only the alphabet, the other is the volume; but from the endless combinations of the one is the other filled.

The mind has been represented as consisting, or as possessed, of various powers; with eyes like Argus, with arms like Briareus. To descend from these classical marvels, it has been made to run as a centipede, and to open into countless instruments as a Sheffield knife. Others have conceived that these enumerations were too extensive; they have reinserted all these *powers* into far fewer, some even into one. They have given way respectively, conceding the sovereignty to survivors or

survivor, as the Curiatii and Horatii contended on the condition that the final victor should decide the right of Alba or Rome.

The most intelligible view which can be entertained of the intellectual operations is, that the mind, uncompounded, homogeneous, is found in certain states; that these may be confidently expected in certain circumstances and from particular excitements, answering to a known relation of what we call cause and effect. I am much inclined to think that our best writers meant no more when they spoke of *powers*. Reid and Stewart were not likely men to ascribe to the intellect any idea of muscular energies and organic instruments. It is, however, the merit of Brown, that he adopted a more precise phraseology, although Hume's hypothesis, substituting antecedence and sequence, the relation of time, for cause and effect, the relation of influence,—so intricately mixed up with it—is not essential to it, and, in my apprehension, tends to confound it.

A distinction has been frequently taken between the intellectual and active faculties. To such distinction we cannot subscribe. The passions are set down by it as the inferior principles of our nature; a sort of lower house, drawing the bills and voting the supplies which the upper one can only pass and expend; and but admissible, by a peculiar courtesy, into the Painted Chamber of the imagination, to conference with their noble and approved good masters.

Only let it be understood that our present discussion does not embrace the animal appetites, but the passions of the human mind. Those appetites are to be known by the uneasy sensations which precede their indulgence, by their inconstancy, by their being soon sated, by the interval necessary to their return. Such are hunger and thirst, and whatever we cravė in conjunction and sympathy with exclusively sentient beings. Higher instincts might be subjoined to these appetites; attachment to life, desire of pleasure, delight in feelings and displays of crescent power, parental love, the gregarious principle, the ambition of distinction, adherence to soil and locality, self-

defence. But these are not comprehended in the present plan; though it is but just to admit that these higher instincts may be so ennobled and refined, that they shall expand and heighten into the purest charities and most distinguished virtues.

When we feel and cherish a passion for any thing, our mind is in a particular state; the same is true when the passion is against any thing. We desire, or we deprecate, that object, because we judge it good or evil. It is an unmingled intellectual act. They are the most immediate and vivid of our judgments, but are they not judgments still? Are they not the choice of what seems best to us at the time? Are they not voluntary and independent? It may be answered, that they affect us differently from other judgments; that these powerful emotions are widely remote from the collected, and, in opposition to this opinion, from the *dispassionate*, exercise of the thinking principle. The reply I shall offer is threefold.

(1.) The difference arises from a dissimilarity in the exciting objects. Beauty in form, in excellence, in sentiment, affects us as the settlement of an abstract truth cannot do. A noble action, a splendid prize, will agitate the mind with a quick enjoyment which it cannot know in treating an indifferent and phlegmatic question. We have only to remember the disagreement between an aggravated insult and a mathematical position, to account for the disagreement between the feelings stimulated, the indignation aroused, at the one, and the imperturbable calmness with which we assent to the other. A stronger or weaker impression, a warmer or staider opinion, is due to reason which discriminates the diversity of things.

(2.) This inequality of judgment, proportioned as it is to the varied properties which it considers, has a special design and use. Our passions are intended to be prompt, decisive, influential;—they are the main-springs of conduct. Our fixed principles, speaking philosophically, would be too inert and unstirring. The bark needs the gale, and not alone the helm. But how deplorable would it be if these incentives were not of the reason, if the passions were not judgments, if our acts were stimulated by principles unworthy of comparison with the

masterdom of thought and reflection in which we may gratefully exult!

(3.) There will be no difficulty, the end and final cause of our passions being established, in tracing back their descriptive intensity and vigour to the constitution and original biasses of our mind. We are made to think after peculiar laws and methods. The evidence of general truth all minds receive in the same manner; the evidence is adapted to all minds. The same rule which directs us to judge of some things as indifferent, disposes us to regard others as most attractive and momentous. It is but a matter, at best, of curious speculation whether the quadrature of the circle can be accomplished; it is no very grave interest that most can take in the fact, that the asymptote of the hyperbola may eternally approach the curve of the hyperbola, and yet can never meet it. But bring me into circumstances of another kind, and my love is kindled, and my sensibility is thrilled, and my fear is raised, and my pity is wrung, and the genial current of my soul is swollen and accelerated. If it be the enquiry, Why these are stronger affections or states of the mind? It is a sufficient reply, that thus is it constituted.

No one can take a comprehensive view of the human intellect without investigating its passions. The word *passion* is conventionally used to denote anger, as *affection* is employed to describe love. But this must not be their meanings in our nomenclature. There may be a passion of complacency, and an affection of hatred. Nor must etymology be our guide. Passion would then signify suffering, passive susceptibility. We construe it as the more vehement conception and judgment of the soul. Cicero calls the passions, perturbationes.

Reid, perhaps, does not so greatly excel in his discussion of the passions as in the other portions of his masterly treatise. He seems to think that the term rather expresses a quality of ardency in the other particular affections which he has described, than any particular class of affections themselves. So far he is right in making *passion* an accident and adjunct; but then this accident and adjunct he considers as inconsistent with proper deliberation.

Kames distinguishes between emotion and passion. Emotion is an excitement without desire; passion, with it. Cogan employs emotion to express the re-action of a passion. Brown prefers emotion as a better word than passion, and on some grounds his preference may be justified. Yet I see no reason why these terms may not be applied indifferently and convertibly, especially since each new restriction in the vocabulary of science perplexes more than it explains. We shall exchange them at will.

To the intellection of the passions, it may be objected that we often speak of their blinding effect. But it is the determinativeness and strength of the judgment which refuses any reconsideration, which spurns any reversal. The successive operations of the mind are debarred by the obstinacy and violence of the first decision. When that decision once relents, we all know what is the force of the recoil. This is very notable when the passions rush to their opposite extremes. If I love a person whom I hated, it is an acknowledgment that I was too hasty in judging, that I was deceived. If I hate a person whom I loved, I rejoice that I understand his character at last.

I have seen many divisions and distributions of the passions; and some of these are very ingenious and prepossessing. The greatest importance does not attach to such synthetic arrangement. The order of facts is all that is worth a thought. Nature must engrave these tables; truth must codify these statutes. It is given to man at most to trace, but never to insert, the links of this mysterious chain. System is of little value, save as it implies a clearer accuracy of idea, and conduces to a happier explicitness of language.

Watts divaricates the passions into primitive and derivative. The primitive are of two kinds; first, admiration, love, hatred; second, the divers kinds of love and hatred, as esteem, &c. The derivative are desire, hope, &c.

Hartley, a very close thinker, and perhaps a very little appreciated author, would decompose them into five grateful passions, and into five ungrateful. Grateful and ungrateful here obviously signify pleasant and unpleasant.

The late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh gave time as their index, apportioning them as they are retrospective, immediate, and prospective. But this seems done to tally with his favourite doctrine of sequence, and the principle is often unmanageable. Cheerfulness is an immediate emotion; but it may simply originate in hope, which is prospective. Grief is an immediate emotion, but may only spring from remorse, which is retrospective.

It is plain that the passions, most properly speaking, do not directly regard *truth* and *knowledge*. Man has a natural avidity and greed for these. Nothing is more indicative of him. As he is indifferent to these acquisitions, he recedes from his proper nature. The ancient fable informs us that Ulysses asked his comrades, after Circe had transformed them into different sorts of beasts, the power of speech being retained by them, whether they would return to humanity. The hog grunted his refusal, and rolled over again in his stye. All declined but the elephant, who had, ere the metamorphosis, been a philosopher. He replied that he gladly would, for he knew the difference between a brutish and a rational life. There are, indeed, those who have *studied* with what seemed a *passion*. The spirit of emulation, the quest of fame, the hope of reward, the throb of self-valuation, have really formed and fostered that passion. It is not denied, also, that our best interests are connected with truth and knowledge, and that our highest emotions may be set vibrating when we perceive that connection.

Good and *evil*, in their multiform character, and in their immediate or remote, certain or uncertain, probable or improbable, influence, are the exciting causes which give birth to these fervours of the spirit, these glowing states of the mind. Good and evil must be both morally, materially, and sensuously, considered. My apprehension and judgment must differ as these complexions of good and evil differ; but, being *good* and *evil*, my apprehension and judgment of them cannot be neutral. By the necessity of the case I am excited as to the one and the other. Hence, according to the theory I now advocate, results the distinction of a passion.

The actual number of these passions, or, in more rigid propriety, the actual number of those excited states in which the mind may be found, will be very variously determined. Horace Walpole says of Jerome, in the Castle of Otranto, that "on his countenance a thousand anxious passions stood expressed." We promise you a smaller scale. Incessant subdivision bewilders; the attempt at meagre simplication is as confusing. The mariner who was only prepared for the four cardinal winds blowing directly from their points, would be ill-disciplined for the wildness of the tempest or the difficulties of the helm. Nor will it, perhaps, be always found that every passion has its opposite. We do not invariably obtain the extreme pole though we reverse the magnetic rod.

Good may be considered by us in *itself*, then there is *complacency;* or *evil* may be thus considered, then there is *hatred*. *Good* may be regarded as an object to be *possessed*, and then there is appetency or desire. Evil may be thus regarded, and then there is *aversion* or *disgust*. *Good* may be contemplated as something great and majestic, and then there is *admiration* or *awe*. *Evil* may be thus observed, and then there is *horror* or *indignation*. *Good* may be meditated as amiable and pleasing, and then there is *esteem*. *Evil* may assume similar characters, and then there is *scorn* or *contempt*. *Good* may be difficult of attainment, it then inspires *courage*. *Evil* may be formidable, it then begets *fear*. *Good* when realised awakens *joy*. *Evil*, present and endured, awakens *sadness*. *Good*, acquired by our own skill and enterprise, excites *elation*. *Evil*, when it befalls others, excites *pity*. *Good*, bestowed on us by others, raises *gratitude*. *Evil*, inflicted by others on us, raises *anger* and *resentment*. In the love of *good* consists our *benevolence*. In our love of *evil* lies our *enmity* and *cruelty*. When our share of *good* meets a particular temper, there is *contentment:* when our share of *evil* meets a particular temper, it is *repining*. *Good* may yearn towards *evil* in commiseration. *Evil* may scowl towards *good* with *envy*. *Good*, when perceived as a personal quality in ourselves, rarely or unequally exhibited by others, flatters our *pride*. *Evil*, perceived as a personal quality

peculiarly cleaving to us, makes way for our *humility*. *Good* anticipated, lends all its brightness to *hope*. *Evil* foreboded lends all its lurid darkness to *despair*. *Good*, as stable and permanent, wins our *confidence;* but as *evil* threatens it, *jealousy* distracts us. *Good* done by us elicits *self-estimation;* *evil* committed by us fills us with *shame* and *remorse*.

Such is the summary into which I venture to methodise the passions of the human mind. Many varieties will easily take their place among the bolder and elementary classes. These may be compared to the semitones of the chromatic scale, or to the gentle blending of the prismatic colours.

Upon these passions it will now be proper to offer some general comments.

Complacency towards ideal or absolute *good* is a noble passion. It has high commerce with all that is fair and lovely. It lingers amidst the visions and archetypes of moral beauty. It soars to gaze on the sun-beams of an infinite excellence. There is a delight in all the works of our common Creator, which only a mind so constituted and directed can indulge. I envy not the selfish who can behold the gambols of the lamb, who can watch the flowerings of the shrub, who can listen to the carols of the woodland, without a luxury of this complacential emotion. And when it can win back its way into any bosom, that bosom may yet be cleansed. It is true to all that we know of human feeling when the heart, so long seared and withered, of the "Ancient Mariner" first relents and softens at the spectacle of ocean's happy sportive tribes:—

"O happy living things! No tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!"*

Complacency may also rest upon what is abject and gross: it may long for that as its good which is unworthy of right taste and pursuit. It is possible for the miser tô make an idol of his gold! It is possible for the demon to cry, "Evil be thou my good!" *Hatred*, standing as its antipode, when it

* Coleridge.

fastens upon abstract or positive evil, may be not only innocent but laudable: it is virtuous to shun all that may vitiate, to abhor that which is evil, as it is natural to shrink from pain and physical harm. We may hate it with a perfect hatred. It is possible, nevertheless, that *hatred* may see in good its very provocation. It is thwarted and reproved by it. The light disturbs. The loveliness embitters.

The *desire* of particular acquisitions is the goad of general exertion. It awakens the husbandman to his toil: it harnesses the warrior for the fight. As *ambition*, it may strive to read its history in a grateful country's eye; or, like Hyder Aly, in the emphatic language of Burke, "blast it with one storm of fire." Milton thus excuses *desire* when it takes the shape of the love of distinction:—

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days."*

Disgust and *aversion*, the extreme of *desire*, are most proper emotions when deeds and principles of *evil* are presented before us: but too frequently they are intolerant and rankling prejudices.

Admiration is something more than crude astonishment: it relates to works of power, or qualities of conduct, which are elevated above our ordinary conceptions. When the emotion passes beyond this, it is sublimated into *awe*. There is nothing nobler, or more rapturous, in the mind, than this form of reverential admiration. It is the soul in its highest stretch, and yet sweetest calm. It is the *agony* and the *peace* of ecstasy. It is the trembling of delight. And the holier aspects of virtue have often claimed this profound impression. Profligacy has been abashed in the presence of these examples. Our great poet describes his fiend as penetrated with the sentiment, "He felt how awful goodness is." Perhaps as the closest opposite to *admiration*, we may adduce *horror*. Monstrous, prodigious, things of *evil* will create it. Crime has but to reach a pitch and turpitude, and the well-ordered mind is revolted and shocked.

* Lycidas.

We shudder at the recital. It is a tragedy that makes us shrink. A reduced emotion of the same excitement may be felt at some haggard scenery, the gloomy pass, the bleak precipice, the cataract torrent, the mountain scalp; we are affected by them somewhat in the same manner as the ancient heroes were moved when they descended to visit the shades. Another modification of this passion is when wickedness sends forth its defiance of retribution; we rush from the spot as though we dreaded that the reddest thunderbolt was about to fall. *Indignation* is kindred to *horror:* and while *horror* regards the deed itself, *it* rather marks the principles and sympathies in spite of which it is done. Had we been the first to gaze on the murdered Duncan:—

> "His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
> And his gash'd stabs like to a breach in nature,
> For ruin's wasteful entrance,"

we might have exclaimed with Macduff—

> "O, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
> Cannot conceive nor name thee!"

But when we remember that the monarch was welcomed into the castle of Macbeth,—was there "in double trust,"—that "the kinsman," "the subject," and "the host," were "strong against the deed,"—indignation supplants horror, and our hearts seethe up at the perfidy, as well as at the blood-thirstiness, of "his taking off."

> "Penetralia
> Sparsisse nocturno cruore
> Hospitis."*

Esteem is the appreciation of certain attributes which are pleasant and gently agreeable. It bears affinity to those kinds of excellence which are milder and more winning than the objects of *admiration.* And here it would be inexcusable to omit a reference to what is called "the tender passion." Esteem is its true source; and when suitors talk of their admiration, they should be peremptorily dismissed, and all the letters of such

* Hor: Lib. ii. 13.

deceiving knights ought to be forthwith returned. "Nil admirari," may well be resolved concerning the sequel of all these awe-struck attachments. The household goddess asks a more touching homage. The hearth is an altar for a more lambent flame. But it is generally supposed that the passion is itself extinct: that but for poets and painters it would be forgotten. It is said that the enquiries are now wholly devoted, not to the drawing of hearts, but of settlements. If the gallant observes of his betrothed that she has excellent properties, he means in stocks and in lands. Articles of faith are not intended when they speak of their articles of agreement. Poor woman is tariffed, and taken—ad valorem! Ancestors are nothing, hereditaments are—all! There would be no *estate* of wedlock, unless there was another *estate* somewhere besides! No *line* is of any consequence, except it be engrossed! *Views* are not to be thought of, unless they open in their grounds! Not a *conveyance* shall the postilion whirl to the shrine, until every other shall be impounded by the lawyer! *Hands* shall not be plighted, until they have signed, sealed, and delivered! Poor Cupid! Once he carried a *torch*, but it is now only a *match!* Venus once was drawn by billing doves, but pecking, quarrelsome, guinea-fowls are now her team! In this negociation there is no necessity for the school-boy escape from the difficulty of ellipsis, for the negotium is not only understood but always expressed! Who cares now for *hearts?* Only their *ace* has any chance, because that can pounce on all! The *knave* still remains! And if the *club* deal not the death-blow of long-continued domestic strife, secret dejection may complete the catastrophe, and only a little later deal the *spade!*—*Friendship* is built upon esteem: without this, men may be accomplices, they cannot be friends. Perhaps this has not fared much better than love. I have read of a gentleman who would always reckon a fixed complement. He invariably filled up the list. His expedient prevented the long continuance of any blank. No sooner did he hear of death having overtaken any of them, than he immediately took his hat and stick, walked down to St. James's coffee-house, and got another!

To *esteem*, *scorn* may be antagonised. This is often a paltry feeling. It is not unusually the accompaniment of gross ignorance. It mistakes small exceptions for great principles. And yet we often speak of a high and dignified scorn. Crooked policy, treacherous finesse, deserve its brand. A satire may be playful as the dancing of a sunbeam: a sarcasm may strike keenly as the lightning of heaven. *Disdain* need not be the coquette she is generally described to be, with whisking fan and tossing head. There is a danger we may disdain. We may disdain unworthy artifice. "Contempt," (says South) "is a noble and an innocent revenge, and silence the fullest expression of it. Except only storms and tempests, the great things of the world are seldom loud. Tumult and noise usually arise from the conflict of contrary things in a narrow passage; and just so does the loudness of wrath and reviling argue a contracted breast: such an one, as has not room enough to wield and manage its own actions with stillness and composure. What a noise and a buzz does the pitiful little gnat make, and how sharply does it sting: while the eagle passes the air in silence, and never descends but to a noble and an equal prey. He therefore that thinks he shows any nobleness, or height of mind, by a scurrilous reply to a scurrilous provocation, measures himself by a false standard, and acts not the spirit of a man but the spleen of the wasp." To this racy declamation the only objection that can be offered is, that such conscious superiority may be most false and arrogant; that the "alta silentia," may evince a dogged obstinacy, and betray a misgiving cause, as well as a sense of rectitude, and a reliance upon truth!

Courage is a very ambiguous feeling, and it is plain that it is commonly understood in its grossest acceptation. A brute force and hardihood spring from a firm texture and conformation of the bodily frame. The finer rudiments of mental strength are not needed for them who "in the trade of war slay men." But when *courage* is the temperament and dint of the *soul*, who but must revere the lofty spectacle? The resistance of oppression, the assertion of principle, the independence of

calamity, the endurance of reproach! The philanthropist exploring the countries of classic story and art, yet but attracted thither, and interested there, by the squalor of the lazaretto, and the rigours of the dungeon: the patriot lifting up his intrepid voice against the tyrant, and hurling defiance at his power, though surrounded by all his courtiers and guards, from the cell and the scaffold: the martyr, meek and unyielding, amid the flames, with not a nerve that shrinks, with not a feature that quivers! This is sublime heroism: daring that shall be celebrated when every sanguinary achievement is forgotten. *Fear*, in the sense of cowardice, is universally stigmatised. It, as a mental quality, varies little from pusillanimity and irresolution. But, nevertheless, *fear* may be associated with sensitive delicacy, with much innocence just awaking to the discovery of its danger; it may not only be Falstaff's "better part of valour," but there can be nothing irrational and despicable in keeping the opposite side of the road when a lion is taking its promenade, or in getting as fast as possible out of the way of an earthquake. *Fear* is only unworthy, when the jeopardy is small, or when the peril is the necessary condition of attempting the great and the good: the man is a fool who does not fear the danger which he cannot, by any combination of auxiliary circumstances, mate and vanquish.

Joy is an emotion which, happily, we have all tasted. When it is constant we call it *cheerfulness*. An author, whom I have already quoted, shows how it may be redeemed from any disparagement, by pourtraying what he conceives to be its original condition and use. "It was not that which now often usurps its name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. Joy was then a masculine and severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was refreshing but composed, like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age, or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation." *Sadness* is treated by some wayward sentimentalists as most pleasant; but we must keep to a more sober definition of the term. "The Anatomy of Melancholy"

is certainly very intricate. In the beautiful dialogue of Ulysses with his mother, Anticleia, in Hades, he asks her flitting shade,

> "Αμφοτερω κρυεροιο τεταρπωμεσθα γοοιο;"*

Andromache is described by the same bard,

> "Δακρυοεν γελασασα."†

Ossian, too, sings the joy of grief. There is an easing of the mind in all communication. A self-satisfaction is not uncommonly felt in dwelling upon unmerited sorrows.—The whole range of affliction and vexation must be included under this head. But *sadness* is often nothing more than the depression of thick blood and broken nerve; and because the patient cannot well resist it, he is accounted pensive, poetic, and, all epithets in one, *most interesting*. He is said to indulge his woe. He "chews the cud of bitter fancy."

> "In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
> It wearies me: you say it wearies you:
> But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
> What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
> I am to learn."

Then how pale he is! Such a downcast eye! What soft snatches of rhyme has he for Albums and Bazaars! How deep be the sources of his tears! He is a very Werter! A most *interesting* man!! But there is a settled sadness which none can mock. It does not feign. It cannot act. It is a wreck, stranded beyond its native element, not even fretted by a billow, but mouldering by internal decay into pieces. The soul preys upon its own vitals, and is self-consumed.

Elation is a common sentiment of the mind, nearly allied to joy, and constituting its exultation. Such is triumph: "I have found it, I have found it!" "Alone I did it!" And the converse to this, though not its perfect, is *pity*,—not far estranged from *sadness*. We, in this passion, make another's woes our own, and, by the force of a sympathetic imagination, enter into his state, and reciprocate his grief. They who have drank most deeply of that cup will most keenly commiserate the

* Odyss: xi. 211. † Il: vi. 484.

unhappy; and melancholy has a softening influence upon the mind which renders it congenial to pensive images, and susceptible of bland sensibilities.

Gratitude disclaims any sympathy with a servile and obsequious temper; but while some, from a misapprehension of the social life and its thousand dependencies, appear to think that obligation is intolerable, and the acknowledgment of it degrading,—the truly noble mind never feels a more fervid glow of pleasure than when numbering up the benefits it has received, and the friends to whom it is bound. *Gratus*, therefore, among the Romans, signified at once thankful and pleasant. How sweet the eye-beam which rests on parent or deliverer! How blessed the fixed rapture of that look on heaven!

Anger is the sudden feeling which is connected with a sense of wrong. It may have nothing more of resentment and ill-will in it than the motion of a muscle or a nerve quivering beneath a stroke. To be angry need not be to sin; yet it, perhaps, will admit of doubt whether anger, however momentary, does not, as we are now affected, involve a wish to retaliate, whether it be not at least the involuntary shooting out of the sting. *Anger* sustained grows into *revenge*. When man can call this sweet, not only a single fury possesses him—his name is Legion.

Benevolence clearly advances on the assumption that we are social creatures. Kind thoughts, kind acts, compose it. It were cold and useless as the spring imprisoned in the rock, had it not fellow-men for its objects. Sympathy with inanimate and unreasoning nature is very pretty; but the bulbul, enamoured of the rose and serenading it, far exceeds any thing that we can do to the same purpose. There is an anti-social ruthlessness which has been brought into fashion by some disappointed men, though no mean poets. They attempt to write down their species. Theirs is a cold and poisonous smile, like an adder uncoiling itself. Unfit by affectation, or moody scorn of all, for the intercommunity of whatever is noble and generous in feeling, they whine that their attachment to woods and mountains and stars is too intense to leave room for human fellowship and love. I yield to no man in admiration of Byron; but I sicken when I

see him "the wandering outlaw of his own dark mind," deriding his own nature and race, breathing a misanthropy the most unprovoked, quarrelling with the image his Maker had stamped upon him though the copy of His own. Yet he wishes, in one place, to become the part of a hill; and in another, to mix with "the stars' eternal ray." Surely it is an outrage, not only on the fresh, warm, vigorous feelings of our nature, but on the plainest dictates of reason, when a man of his mighty mind, with its enchanted world of imagination and sweet poesy,—when a man of the rarest gifts that can fall to the share of the earthly creature—can employ such a strain as this:

> "O that I were
> The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
> A living voice, a breathing harmony,
> A bodiless enjoyment,—born and dying
> With the blest tone that made me."

How far more dignified the man who lives for usefulness, whose gratitude to his Creator-Father is as an ever-warbling song, who displays a "daily beauty in his life;" who is beloved as parent, friend, neighbour, and citizen; who studies the plan of human improvement; whose luxury is in doing good; who asks no other epitaph but the benedictions of his kind. "Goodness and he fill up one monument." *Enmity* and *cruelty* are twin-dragons, and differ from *anger* and *revenge*, simply as being more gratuitous,—the latter passions supposing an occasion of offence,—the former being not only the negations of *benevolence*, but seeking to find a pretext for their ravin.

Commiseration and *congratulation*, moving in such different spheres, belong to the same state and temper of mind. The first is more influential than the second, because it is more immediately necessary and beneficial to relieve suffering than to hail pleasure. Withal it is easier to sympathise in another's sorrow than really to rejoice in another's joy. I do believe (whatever it says against our nature) that we are more ready to weep with them who weep than to rejoice with them who rejoice. In the one case, there is scope for ostentatious condescension: in the other, envy may find room. Notwithstanding, true compassion

is not a stranger to our earth. Thus Thomson, in his Castle of Indolence, describes the effort of the knight:—

> "This said, his powerful wand he waved anew;
> Instant a glorious angel-train descends,
> The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue,
> Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
> And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
> At once delighted to their charge they fly!
> . . . .
> It was a worthy edifying sight,
> And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
> To see kind hands attending day and night,
> With tender ministry, from place to place."

Contentment is little sung by poets, or lauded by romancers, but it is a sentiment that can never be extolled too highly. Some may call her a common-place character, a close housewife, a milk-maid beauty: yet who can but love her unaffected manner and her never-failing smile? *Submission* and *resignation* are worthy of distinction in this calendar; for while *contentment* respects the possession of good, however moderate the portion,—these unmurmuringly endure the visitations of trouble. This is true equanimity. Nor must *patience* be cashiered. It is an invaluable drudge. It may seem to be related more to evil than to good: but it is the consciousness that its good preponderates over its evil, which forms its disposition. Sterne makes a droll remark about patience, viewed as bearing delays: "In waiting for any thing, *curiosity* governs the first moment; and the second moment is all œconomy to justify the expense of the first; and for the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and so on to the end, 't is a point of honour." *Envy* is the contrary of *contentment*,—it repines at another's welfare. Its evil eye is very baleful. It has many familiars,—distrust, insinuation, detraction. It drags a reptile length, and spits a serpent poison.

Pride may boast many defenders: and Pope entitles it, "The glorious fault of angels and of gods." The contrast is too commonly described as mean. But no affection of the mind is more sweetly beautiful. It consults and feels all high and

hallowed standards. Its eye is more raised than downcast. It is not proud of its confession: it does not grovel in its prostrations. True *humility* consists not in disclaiming what we possess, or in denying what we are. It is the impression of our actual case.

Hope is the survivor of all comfort, the most steadfast cheer of the human soul. But for it, the gloomy seed-time would augur no harvest; the storm would lour without a bow. *Despondency* tells of broken promises and unsubstantial visions. *Despair*, like Cibber's matchless statues, now droops in sullen grief, then raves with demoniac phrenzy.

Confidence gives up the key of the breast where it resides: welcomes scrutiny, but seeks none: despises the mystery of things. How quickly does *suspicion* displace it! Each ward of the heart is presently turned, each bolt is inexorably driven,—and Timon is the man-hater! *Jealousy* is vertical to *confidence*. It shows that we may value highly that on which we cannot repose as trustworthy. The pulsations of its anguish are proportioned to the estimate we have set upon the treasure, and the tenacity with which we have retained it. We must recollect that "dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons." We must recall the tragical histories of them who "loved not wisely, but too well."

Self-estimation explains its own meaning. Conscious integrity is requisite to the health and peace of the mind. A man lost to this, is lost to every thing. And, probably, *modesty* should have a mention here. I am not now alluding to a hoyden, or an accomplished, bashfulness. A reverend Lecturer on a time observed, that modesty and merit were no further connected than that both began with a *m*. But I should not wish to encounter self-estimation without it. I should expect it to behave very much as the gentleman who enjoyed so large a share of self-esteem, that, whenever he spoke of himself, or had to use the first person of the pronoun, he, with the most reverential grace, always pulled off his hat. *Shame*, so far as it goes, may be well; "where there is shame," says our Moralist, "there may yet be virtue." But it is too generally a variety of

fear, an alarm of detection. "The thief doth fear each bush an officer." It is also practicable to feel that we are sunk, without any effort to retrieve ourselves. *Remorse* is the antithesis to *self-approval*. And *one* who has founded a most poetic drama upon this passion, has laid open its equivocal character in a light the most philosophical, and with an imagery the most descriptive :—

> "Remorse is as the heart in which it grows ;
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance : but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison-tree, that, pierced to the inmost,
> Weeps only tears of poison."*

There are other feelings which, it may be alleged, do not rank themselves in this epitome: a species of heteroclites. I dare not, indeed, erect my system as the Caudine Forks under which all must submissively pass: still these do not appear to me anomalies or exceptions. The impression of beauty resolves itself more nearly into an innate idea than any other. It is essentially agreeable. Every one feels that it answers to a type or mould pre-existing in his mind. It is equally difficult to determine why we are pleased. There are harmonious proportions which all admire. There are combinations of colours in which all delight. There never were two opinions as to the effect of a sweeping colonnade. There never were two feelings as to the picturesque of a childish group in their freest attitudes. But as it is the mind which perceives such beauty, it is impossible that the mere things themselves please ; they are related to all the intellectual associations and exquisite emotions which the mind indulges, and must indulge, in these contemplations. Yet it is *good*, of which *beauty* is an imperfect *emblem* and but *another* name, which inspires this feeling ; is not this *complacency* ?

The influence of *particular sentiment* is just as certain and unerring. It tells, in the instant, to the heart. It is moral beauty. When I speak of sentiment, I do not intend the counterpart of Kotzebue's mawkishness, or Rousseau's raving :

* Coleridge.

but conception and feeling which the man of the woods would utter as finely, seize as truly, and cherish as gratefully, as the man of polished cities,—sentiment new-born from the heart,—selecting for itself a style of expression always inartificial, but as invariably terse, vigorous, majestic; embodying itself in actions which can never need interpreters nor want panegyrists. Of this order, are the sayings of the illustrious and the great; they transmit to us the authority of their speakers, and still anoint them as the masters and law-givers of mankind. And there may be *sentiment*, an ethereal impulse, in an act. A noble narrative may expound the principle. When Conrad the Third besieged Guelph Duke of Bavaria, he would only allow to the famishing garrison the terms that the women might go forth with whatever they could carry. The gates were thrown open: and these heroines appeared, carrying their husbands and children, and last of all, their Prince. The army fell back in admiration,—and the Conqueror wept for joy! Was there ever heart, until seared by vice, that would not have sympathised? But this impression of fine and just sentiment is but that *esteem* and *approbation of goodness* which has been repeatedly enforced.

All have a notion of *obligation*. We very easily decide what is fit and useful. Justice and benevolence are really cognate ideas, and compose the sum of the social duties. Now a desire of happiness, or good, is a law of our nature. Self-love is inseparable from all intellectual existence. It must govern natures however pure and radiant: it inspheres the angel in his joy, wafts his obedient flight, and modulates his endless anthem. To love our neighbour as ourself, whether the law of revelation or the dictate of reason, supposes that self-love is the standard. I cannot understand, too, the force of any warning or admonition, any sanction of reward or punishment, but as an appeal to self-love. There is no more inconsistency of this self-love with the universal good, than of the daily rotation of our earth on its axis with its annual revolution around the sun.

Against the doctrine, however, of the resolution of all duty,

and all virtue, into this principle, there is denounced many an indignant protest. It is branded as repulsively unamiable. Do we, it is asked, in relieving the distress of others, meditate our own gratification? Do we, in the walks of benevolence, propose our own happiness? The enquiries appear fair and conclusive. But let them be met by others. Did you in those philanthropic deeds forget that you were the creature laid under *obligations*? Or could you forget that you were accountable for your obedience or disobedience to the great rule of social love and fraternity? Were all hope and fear banished from your mind? Was there no reference to the *nature* of which you participate, in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry? Were you not yourself reflected in that nature? Did no imagination involuntarily put you into the mendicant's condition and lot? Did you not see yourself suffering and entreating? If any precise wording of authority occurred to you, was it not to do unto others as you would they should do unto you? I confess that in my judgment it is impossible for any reasonable creature to act without a regard to what he calls, what he thinks, *good*; and that the highest orders of intelligences are distinguished from us by their more enlarged conception, and by their more ardent pursuit, of *well-being!* Should we seek a guide, an enactment, from the conviction that we were not always competent judges of what our *good is*, we must only seek it of that Infinite Benignity who would unquestionably "show us what is good."

Selfishness, or *selfism*, must be distinguished from self-love. This always selects an end which is perverse: and, as perverse, it is incompatible with the general happiness. The gratification of a momentary desire is the only sacrifice which the selfish man offers; his pigmy vanity the only idol he adores. All that even he can account enjoyment is *immediate*, and most *intermittent*; he has no prospective good; he has no birth-right in the future. And while *self-love* is but the centre whose circumference is the universe, selfism is a point unrelated, unattached; while the one is the river-head, the other is the putrid marsh; the first is the sky-lark trilling its sweet hymn

at heaven's gate, and gladdening the dwellers upon earth,—a winged song,—the second is the reptile, rayless, companionless, imbedded in the rock!

Upon the philosophy of the passions the various schemes of Ethical Science have been generally established. Some emotions are found to be *pleasant*, impelling acts which are convenient; others are *torturing*, inducing acts which are injurious. A love of truth, a love of falsehood, are as different in their conscious feeelings as in their own consequences. Benevolence is the very talisman of happiness, humility the secret of peace. Envy is a gnawing canker, revenge a hell-blast! The more malignant passions, if in this way we must describe them, fret and exacerbate the mind, subjecting it to fitful changes, and appalling it with hideous apparitions. In such hypothesis there is much *truth*, but it must prove practically defective. We may be called to extremely painful duties and sacrifices: we may suffer a great loss of quiet, and encounter a great risk of danger, in obeying the call: we may offend our dearest connections, and lacerate our tenderest sensibilities. The *reward* of that duty was not in immediate quietude and joy; nor must its *reason* be sought in these emotions. We deny not that this is *rewarded*, and is most *reasonable*: from the consciousness of discharging a duty opposed to immediate happiness springs up a far superior happiness; but the *idea* of that duty must be then independent of any mere suggestion of feeling, for it may be that the sobs of inward and convulsive grief prove, that while the duty is discharged, at what a cost it is performed, and after what a struggle!

The passions have often been dramatised: but no one has made so bold an attempt as our contemporary Joanna Baillie. She has drawn many, and her design embraced them all. There was exquisite simplicity in the plan: but dramatic action supposes passion begetting passion,—not one mighty wave rolling along as in an ocean-swell, but billow upheaving billow, the dash of foam, the din of uproar. De Montfort, Orra, and others, are often replete with beauty, and even sublimity: but the *one* passion being made to stand out by itself, its place

becomes not infrequently unnatural, and its violence seems to be over-wrought.

The passions are indispensable to every design of human existence. The Peripatetics allowed that the passions were good; the Stoics on the other hand affirmed that they clouded the rational mind. They who, however, contend against them, contend against their own nature. These are as much parts of it,—are as essential to it,—as the other faculties,—and will endure as long. They are the wings of the soul; they give dignity to sentiment, energy to resolve, earnestness to action. A passionless human being is but a puppet of humanity: his is a poor mimicry of the reality: the soul is wanting: he is a monster: he has no fellow: he walks alone. There may be a state in which every feeling is blunted, and every spark has fled the ashes of the heart; but such can be only found in the solitaries of the desert and the recluses of the cell. Even there a Basil may vent his moroseness, and Eloise sigh her love.

It is difficult to conceive the lassitude and monotony of a scene whence these commanding principles were expelled. There would be no mental ascendancy,—no master-spirits,—no grand actions,—no inspiring models. These relieve the tame, dull, uniformity of the scene; these are the catches of light and the wavings of shadow which diversify the ordinary landscape. These keep our hearts in unison with the finest strings which were ever chorded to virtue and truth. Nor do we cite deeds of an equivocal character: our appeal is to those mild and beneficent triumphs concerning which our suffrages cannot be divided, nor our admiration be deceived. The philanthropy, that is seen in great efforts at great intervals, is more the subject of curiosity than of pleasure, as we gaze on the opening clusters of the centennial Aloe; but the warm, the tender assiduities of kindness and friendship, growing up from the heart, and faithful to its innermost core, these cheer and vary life, as the perpetual Rose only scatters its leaves in renewing its flowers.

The medium is to be preserved between their unrelenting

check and their unbridled licence; the *excising* knife must not be employed, but the *pruning* knife should not be neglected. They should be felt without being too obvious, the secret spring directing the external movement, the root buried in the earth but sending its life through every spray and spire. Certain Quietists would have us negative these importunities altogether; certain demoralising writers, with Hume at their head, would have us obey them unresistingly. Be it ours to shun these extremes, to denounce such perversities: to leave equally remote, on either hand, the tub of Diogenes, and the stye of Epicurus!

The passions may be considered as in themselves neither virtuous nor vicious. Their excellency and demerit will prove to consist in their direction and degree. They are the stems on which are engrafted the noblest scions, and which bear a noble fruit of their own; they are the strong-holds of whatever is base and devastating. It is not denied that, in our present degeneracy of nature, certain passions exist in an only evil form. Envy and revenge may be alleged. But these are excesses and distortions of what might be honourable and beneficial feelings. Nor is there any influence compelling them but a moral cause. There may be as great a distinction between the one and the other, as between the healthy glow of vital heat and the burning pulsations of the fever. What passion may not be good? Hope may exist without credulity, emulation without envy, anger without hate, self-valuation without pride, humility without shame, caution without suspicion. What passion may not be evil? Complacency may be prejudice; appetency, covetousness; courage, brutality; esteem, adulation; gratitude, sycophancy; pity, weakness; confidence, rashness. Like dews they silently bead and refresh the landscape: like whirlwinds they uproot the forest. There may be blight in the dew: the whirlwind may rid the pest. The passions can be incongruous, fitful, multiform: now as the Graces, amiable; then as the Furies, frightful; and next as the Parcæ, stern. It is Religion which alone can rule and engage them. It requires and enables us to "love the Lord our God with all the heart, and with all the

understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength; and to love our neighbour as ourselves."

It is deeply to be lamented that the aids and decorations of Poetry, Eloquence, Painting, Sculpture, Music, have been given to the celebration of the passions in their fiercer mood. The rage of Achilles, the romance of Alexander, the eagle-flight of Cæsar, too often inspire emulation rather than instil, by contrast and warning, into the youthful mind better counsels and purer feelings. The Bard loves the heavings of the darker emotion, the lay thus grows stirring, the song swells more mightily upon the heart. He is surrounded with an atmosphere of excitement; and this is what he wants. He is most bold when the heaven and the earth seem mingled in strife and tempest, his courage and mastery rise when the storm is loudest, he seizes the pine-branch new-kindled by the lightning to thread his way,—his lyre rings with each blast,—and he strides the genius of the uproar he has wooed and created! Yet, were the poet permitted to read his future fame, he would foresee that it was not the terrible which ensured it, but the sylvan painting and the domestic hymn. The natural lives, because nature lives. The tender affects, because nature is tender. So many an episode survives, when the surrounding poem perishes.

All of our happiness and usefulness (for the influence of contingent circumstances is comparatively slender) must depend upon our accurate judgment of things. This must be our protection. It is only by guaging the objects and interests around us, that we can learn to feel properly towards them. I do not think it is just to say, if we must distinguish between judgment and passion, that our passion affects our judgment, but that our judgment regulates our passion. It is this illusory view, this false estimate, which stimulates us to grasp the shadow and embrace the air!

It is a fearful speculation with which we regard the outset of the course which man is formed to run. Upon the discipline of these affections how much depends! They shall lift him to greatness, or hurl him to shame! Who has not felt delight in watching the gentle current when newly welling

from its little and almost hidden source? How clear and undisturbed it flows! Its sound cannot reach the ear. It but just glances to meet the eye. Not a sedge delays it. Not a pebble chafes it. The track begins to wind. The stream quickly augments. The gliding waters brighten with sunbeams, and play among margins of sweet flowers. But it is now too large not to be resisted. It foams upon the shelving rock. It thunders from the sudden precipice. It whirls into eddy. It sweeps into rapid. It is soon darkened and defiled by taint. It rolls a mud-tide. Its pellucid aspect and healthy crystal are destroyed. It is hurried amidst bars of sand and banks of ooze into the breakers of the ocean. It may be, however, that the gentle current shall steal more quietly, shall run more smoothly, shall retain its purity, shall glass each landscape at its side, shall spread a verdure and fertility whithersoever it strays, shall at last form the lake of peace and beauty, shall lave the lovely islet, shall fill the bays of the indented strand, shall reflect the fair woodlands and gardens which overhang it, shall waft the fragrance of the herbs which fringe it, shall expand into a surface glittering under perpetual radiance and pulsing with perpetual music and reposing in perpetual calm!

Go to! I cry you mercy! The figure is extravagantly lengthened out!—It is not a figure! It is an Allegory,—an Allegory of the passions! An Allegory has a meaning,—may each of us understand it!—and also a moral,—may each of us apply it!

"Ille ego qui quondam"—

VIRGIL.

"He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

HUDIBRAS.

"Sure it is myself that did it,"—"It's myself which does not like it."

IRISH PHILOSOPHY.

ON PERSONAL IDENTITY.

Personal Identity constitutes a problem to the thinking: to the unreflecting it is arrant truism. Circumstances form the detached leaves of our history: this stamps the narrative consistent and unique. Some feel, however, that the tale is broken and incoherent as the Sibylline Books. What distaff can wind a thread of such continuity? What hand, bending first the mighty bow, can aim the arrow through the disparted rings?

Certain identities belong to constituted nature. Genera and species retain their arrangement. Processes are multiplied with an uniformity which gives them improperly the name of *laws*, though they are but the *operations* of unknown laws. "Nature's copy is eterne." Human conduct presents the same counterparts,—and the vicissitudes of our history, however striking, the alternations of our character, however violent, obey some great assimilating rule. The pendulum, though agitated, describes but a given arc!

> "There is a history in all men's lives
> Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
> The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim, of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
> And weak beginnings, lie intreasured."*

How any kind of identity can be preserved in a world of incessant change is, indeed, a curious enquiry. If we look into the vegetable kingdom, we may feel it difficult to show how the tree, forming its new barks, its enlarging roots, its widening branches, is in any sense the same with its seed-plant If we look into the animal kingdom, we may feel it difficult to show how the butterfly is, in any manner, the same with the nymph

* Shakspeare.—Henry IV.

and the caterpillar. Yet that tree has never been another, a certain oneness has from the first stage of its life belonged to it, *it* has been *itself* throughout its growth. Yet the winged and the beautiful insect, though unlike the original reptile, has, throughout its metamorphosis, maintained a continuous being,—the chrysalis constituting a part of it as necessarily as the creeping and the fluttering form.

The thesis evidently confines itself to the identity of man,—his identity through all variety of scene and course. I cannot define what is meant by *self*. I can say what it is not. Each man *is*, what no other man *can* be. We involuntarily conceive the distinction. No man can ask a question upon it for the sake of information.

"Heus tu
Ignoras te?"* . . . . . .

In the case of Joseph, the subject of the most charming history ever written, this fact is happily illustrated; addressing his brethren, he breaks into this touching appeal: "And behold your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you." And I would allude to the confession of the blind man who had washed in Siloam: "The neighbours said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; *but he* said, I *am* he."

All existence seems to involve, of necessity, the idea of unity. At least what we call the living self is indivisible. Leibnitz in this connection employs his favourite term with good effect: the word *monad* is most appropriate to the human mind. When we use the term *unity* in the *abstract*, we may divide it,—as we speak of fractional numbers. Of *one*, we may conceive ten thousand parts. But when referred to mental substance, unity implies the *inalienable*, the *inseparable*; without any thought of parts, or possible division of elements. We, therefore, call man an *individual*; whatever is composed of parts *may* be divided, but man is *individual*: absolute unity is therefore *his*. We intend it in the strictest sense. Not as

* Hor: Lib. i. Sat. 3.

when we say in certain computations that such or such shall *stand for* unity: we believe that nothing so rigidly receives or conveys the idea of unity as *human being.* The personal pronouns of every language demonstrate that there is a something which *I* cannot communicate to *Thee*, which *Thou* canst not exchange with *Me*, which *We* cannot part with to *Him*, nor *He* to either of *Us*. The son of Philip might most safely exclaim, Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes. Each man is a unit, an integer,—indivisible and incommunicable. And let these units be however conformable, contiguous, and multiplied, like a thousand or ten thousand parallel lines drawn with the least possible variety and least possible interval, they can never sink into one another. The possessive pronouns connect what is *proper* with each,—and the meum and tuum are not only *good law*, but sound philosophy. Even the *suum* is not far behind.

Individuality is not our exclusive attribute: there is no atom but to which it must ultimately and hypothetically attach. Compounds suppose simples. The infinite divisibility of matter, though axiomatic, is inconceivable. But we contend that no unity is strictly analogous to the *propriety* of the mind. Infinitesimal fractions are but words. These disintegrations are mere signs or sounds. Chemical experiments may be pushed until there is only a nominal and an inappreciable residuum. Mathematical figures, or rather ideas, may be equally refined away,—solids may be converted into surfaces, surfaces into lines, lines into points, and points, some will say, have position without magnitude, and others, that they are nothing. There is more than this supposititious *original* in man. And in speaking of the ultimate referee in any act or thing, we say *some one*; or of the *possible* agent we speak,—*one* does or says so, *one* is apt to this, or liable to that. To call ourselves Οὖτις, no one, or nobody, is a most excellent stratagem when we wish to escape from an infuriated Cyclops; it is quite Ulyssean; but it is scarcely a worthy experiment to be practised in familiar society, or every-day life. There is an "on dit" for every tale.

Having explained that real unity, which any notion of ONE'S-SELF necessitates, it is proper to examine the signification

of *person* in this enquiry. It is, in common language, used of the human appearance and figure. We speak of a good person, of improvement in person, of personal requisites or disadvantages. Yet this is but metonymy,—the body, the volumen of the self, being substituted for the self. That appearance and figure do not receive personal ascriptions properly is evident, from their universal refusal to animals. We could not call an animal a person. "Now that," says Paley, "which can contrive, which can design, must be a person. These capacities constitute personality; for they imply consciousness and thought. They require that which can perceive an end, or purpose, as well as the power of providing means, and of directing them to their end. They require a centre in which perceptions unite, and from which volitions flow, which is mind. The *acts* of a mind prove the existence of a mind; and in whatever a mind resides, is a person." The word *persona* seems to have a dramatic allusion. It was the subject of debate between Salmasius and Milton. Though not strictly rendered by our term, *person*,—it might admit such a translation. Johnson cites Juvenal for this purpose. The merit of the controversy, perhaps, is this: *Persona*, in our sense, is admissible, but not elegant, Latin. With its original acceptation it is still used, when we speak of "Dramatis Personæ."

Whatever are the *essentials* of humanity, therefore, constitute the *person*. The *part* of a person cannot be conceived. Personality cannot be predicated of any nature inferior to our own. We must not suppose that our body occasions our personal *diversities*. There *is* as great a variety of feature, and distinction of form, indeed, as of the real persons:—

> "The Almighty has throughout
> Discriminated each from each, by strokes
> And touches of his hand, with so much art
> Diversified, that two were never found
> Twins at all points."*

These varieties, however, are mere accidents, and the difference of person (we do not say of character,) would subsist though

* Cowper.

the human form were cast in one mould. I cannot explain how *personage* became to notify illustrious, in contradistinction to inferior, individuals; but I am perfectly edified when I remember that no man can be called a *parson* without a full recognition of his personality, and of his personality as elevated above ordinary persons! He is, ex officio—a person!

Identity requires but little simplifying. Personal unity demands the identity of its essence, and identity is but another mode of putting the case. This enters into whatever notion we can entertain of Το εν. The Latin word, Idem, seems formed of the roots: Is, Demum: *He only.* And when we speak of man as identical, we mean not with his species, but with himself. His is the evolution of one continuous being. If the derivation be from the Greek,—ιδιος, *proper* or *own*, and εις *one*,—the amount of the term will be the same. But this is more fanciful than just.

Our corporeal identity we abandon as untenable. We must abandon it with the greater reluctance, since we are, in this instance, compelled to differ from the profound Hudibras:

> "The beard 's the identique beard you knew,
> The same numerically true;
> Nor is it worn by friend or elf,
> But its proprietor himself."

Like other material substances, our bodies are built of parts. Leibnitz's theory, that each monad through all its changes is but fulfilling its own laws and powers, cannot, even if intelligible, disprove the fact of a change. Many would exhibit in disproof, the fixedness of features, the scars of wounds; but though there be a constant change of parts, nature, in her renovations, bears respect to all the peculiarities of individual structure, and even of structural injury. Others would plead that bodies were the same, from their growth, maturity, and decay; but this only attests the greater strength or weakness of the corporeal functions. A third party would reason from the slowness of the change; but if there be a change, it is as *real* at the end of ten years as of ten seconds. A fourth class will assert that there must be some rallying principle, some

seminal core, some unchanging nucleus, which, notwithstanding these varied transformations, will justify the idea of corporeal unity and identity.

But is it conceivable that there is some part of our bodies independent of the laws which affect all other parts of our bodies? Can we suppose the atom, or, if you please, the *corpuscle*, which is outlawed from the great vascular and nervous systems? If organised, it must have its own system,—if not, it must be inert and dead flesh,—and then, by what conservative principle is it held back from corruption? Comparative anatomy has shown that the bony structure of our frame is subject to the same law of mutation with the more subtile and attenuated parts. The Epicurean dance of atoms is performed, with the greatest precision of movement and rapidity of figure, in this "too solid flesh." All who have made physiology their study, and all thinking persons who have not, will at once perceive that their bodies cannot retain a particle which they formerly possessed. As well might a man, who has obtained a new nose from Taliacotius or Carpue, swear that he was born with it, and that his nurse pinched it. And I may here observe, though I by no means am now going into the controversy, that if there be any truth in personal unity and identity, it is at eternal war with materialism and with homogeneousness.

"Man is a self-survivor every year."*

Mental is, therefore, the proper exclusive identity for which I contend,—satisfied that corporeal individuality is absolute absurdity. Grave men have indeed avowed, and attempted to vindicate, it. Who can forget the Communications of the Society of Free-thinkers to that great philosopher Martinus Scriblerus? "The parts (say they who oppose us) of an animal are perpetually changed, and the fluids, which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another,

* Young.

whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before."—"We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than the maxim of the English law, that the king never dies. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor: who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, and still preserves the unity of the whole system.............Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before."*

If aught may be added to so profound an illustration, the classical scholar may recall the ship of Theseus, which was so continually repaired in his honour, that at last it contained not a piece of its original timber.

For identity, therefore, of mind alone, we contend, for personal and intellectual identity; as we should say of Proteus in the grasp of Hercules, that the shapes are endlessly diversified, but it is Proteus still.

I might be contented to put identity on a parallel with the vital principle. The secret of both mocks detection. Identity is not more incomprehensible than being. But this belongs to the mere *animal*, and I see no reason to doubt that the animal is, in some measure, aware of its identity. "The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass its master's crib." At least, so far as animals approach us in *reason*, they may share our self-identifying convictions. Simple animal being most probably possesses

* Pope's Works, Vol. iii.

these convictions, or rather impressions similar in intensity and influence. What else can render life so dear to all? to the most desolate, who have been placed far beyond the power of reflection and the hope of enjoyment? The instinctive love of life and fear of death prove that each one feels the vital principle to be his: not different at successive moments but identical through successive years. This impulse is powerfully described by Joanna Baillie. Drawing the picture of a siege, and the deep torpor of its victims, who recklessly awaited death, she says:—

> "But when the voice of grace was heard aloud,
> So strongly stirred within their roused souls
> The love of life, that even amidst those horrors,
> A joy was seen—joy hateful and unlovely.
> I saw an aged man rise from an heap
> Of grizzly dead, whereon, new murder'd, lay
> His sons and grandson, yea, the very babe
> Whose cradle he had rock'd with palsied hands,
> And shake his grey locks at the sound of life
> With animation wild and horrible.
> I saw a mother, with her murder'd infant
> Still in her arms fast lock'd, spring from the ground."*

It may here be asked, Can we conceive of identity itself, of its *principle* and *subsistence?* It is conceived by all, though it can be explained by none. All know what is life, though never did language contain that knowledge: and all know what is the sameness of our intellectual nature, though definition is impossible. It must, however, be remembered here, that we plead for the identity of the very mind, not of its qualities or dispositions; for this identity as a *truth* independent of any perception of it: for this identity as inherent in the very substance of mind. The phrase, intellectual substance, is just as correct as material, both being the merely assumed subject of certain properties, their supporter or substratum. Of such a nexus and essence we can know nothing.

Fearing to be tedious, yet anxious to proceed with caution, we must enquire in what manner we allow and realise our personal identity?

* Constantine Paleologus.

It must be confessed that we are all governed by principles of intuitive belief. The doubt which Des Cartes would have us entertain, ab initio, in all investigations, is impracticable. Mind, as well as common being, admits of proof. I do this, I must of consequence exist. I think, therefore I am capable of thought. But no man ever yet reasoned in this way, nor *originally* could. He *assumes* both mind and being in these very conclusions. Some such laws of involuntary assent do operate in the mind of man. What no man ever doubted or found it possible to doubt, he could never be created to doubt. Those convictions which are *immediate*, *universal*, and *irresistible*, our minds must have been intended to obey. It is of little importance whether these be classed under the heads of intuitive belief, or common sense. We cannot reason upon them, for they must be taken for granted before we *reason at all*. If we reflect upon them after we have long held them, we are convinced of their truth and satisfied of their justness by this one circumstance,—the impossibility and the absurdity of supposing the contrary. No reasoning can prove an external world of matter, and I must be an Idealist, but that I am compelled by this innate suggestion to presuppose its existence. The primary qualities of matter, as well as its secondary, cannot be *argued* as separate from our sensations.—No *demonstration* can substantiate the records of history, but by every probability they are defended, and he must appear *unreasonable* to himself who discredits them.—In mathematics we have postulates, and a theorem can be established by some alternative, which makes its appeal to our first notions, as false or absurd.—In Logic an argument is frequently self-destroyed by going too far and proving too much, and the ex-absurdo method is most available. In all these questions, a something is assumed, and necessarily so, for all reasoning must have premises and data, and however carried back, depends upon original gratuities or concessions. And thus we distinguish between *direct* and *indirect* belief: the first being our assent to some proposition which we never heard before, which is unconnected with any previous train of enquiry, naked and detached,—the second yields to propositions which, so

far from self-evident, depend upon previous demonstrations. But the most *indirect* soon reverts to what is most *direct*, and the child holds those primary truths which support the highest deductions. The pyramid is turned upon its point when these elementary impressions are discarded. It has, therefore, been sometimes said, that men are most rational when they think least of reason;—because they then proceed on admissions rather than inferences. Now does personal identity fall under such first principles? Perhaps no one truth has so strong a claim. No man ever doubted that he was the *self-same*. Whatever difficulties he has seen in granting it, he has found the most insuperable ones in denying it. It may be *said* to be doubted by some,—such scepticism gives point to the wit of a Shaftesbury and effect to the paradox of a Hume. If theirs be superior illumination, it brings its own punishment; as Cassandra was not only gifted by one deity with the knowledge of fate, but was doomed by another to be always disbelieved by both Trojan and Greek.

The enquiry then stands in this situation. We are made to be affected in a certain manner by certain principles,—we must believe them, all do believe them, none can hesitate concerning them. But is it supposeable that these assents, which spring from the very constitution of our nature, perfectly invariable and inevitable, agree to no truth, and answer to no fact? Are we thus formed to be deceived? If it be the law or inalterable course of the species for each individual to think he is the same, —then it is impossible, without ascribing unrighteousness to our Maker, that we can be otherwise than the same.

To this implication it may be demurred that our sensible impressions are originally incorrect. "Does the error of the child in sight and touch recoil upon the Author of its being? Was it not natural for it to err?" The nature of the child is not fully developed: it is furnished by that nature with a quickly-unfolding capacity of discrimination: and it soon is enabled to exercise the most accurate perceptions. Yet even this is unlike the conception of identity which is enforced by the earliest reason, and certified by the enlarging experience.

But it may be remarked that our adult impressions of sense are fallacious: that each object casts an inverted reflection on the retina of the eye. This would be valid objection could it be shown that a similar idea is presented to the mind, but of the *communication* we know nothing. Supposing that the idea of the mind coincided with the image of the eye, still all things beside would be in the same position. The inversion would be general. Lord Mansfield has decided that there is no law in this happy country against walking in the air with the feet upwards.

We are told that our senses are not worthy of implicit credit: that their misinformations are frequent. We are reminded that, when we gaze on the setting sun, we see not the orb itself, because a limb of our earth is interposed between it and our eye. But though the horizon is unreal, by the laws of refraction it is the same to us as if the sun were actually upon it,—and the light falls with as true an impact on our sense of vision. If I see a man from a height, he appears diminutive: if I place a stick in water, it seems to bend from the point of immersion. But the impressions are just and real: the varied angle of vision causes the one, and the refraction of the rays of the light from the surface explains the other.*

Having endeavoured to show that the belief in our identity is *necessary*, and that, as *necessary*, it is agreeable to fact, this may be the place to illustrate those instruments of mind by which this intuitive conviction operates. Only in this investigation we must guard against the opinion that *one* power of mind can *produce another*. The mind is affected in a common order of succession,—that order amounts to a law,—but what are called *powers* must obey it, for they cannot enforce it.

There is what is called, Consciousness. We cannot imagine what intellection could be without it. It is our mental feeling. It is not something which stands between us and what is

* "Invenies primis ab sensibus esse creatam
Notitiam veri, neque sensus posse refelli:
Quid majore fide porro quam sensus haberi
Debet?"—*Lucretius.*

regarded, for then the mind would be in two states at once. Consciousness has to do with mind alone. It cannot include any thing we call external matter, though it may our perceptions of it. It knows nothing of our sentient nature, and we should not know that we possessed *it*, but from our senses. It comprehends nothing of the nature of mind, but only its exercises, and even nothing of their mode. In plainer language, the mind feels its *thinking*, but not its *substance*.

How necessary this *state* of mind is to all we conceive of mind, is demonstrable when we attempt to imagine any condition devoid of it, and requiring its absence. The condition of the body in the grave is always connected in our thoughts with cold, and imprisonment, and dissolution. The condition is thought of as conscious still. It has to do with the *present only*, and we cannot therefore say that we are *conscious* that we did not do such a thing, though from the knowledge we have of our present character we may be conscious we could not do it. That admirable essay published by Bishop Butler on this subject, fails, though it is a single exception, in this precision of ideas. Consciousness is, then, the feeling of our present self. It does not *constitute* that self, as many have thought. It might as well be maintained that sight constitutes colour, and hearing, sound. Its necessity to identity has, however, been overstated. For identity is relative and retrospective, but consciousness is only of the present moment and thought. Consciousness is therefore individual. Even in soliloquy we are obliged to personify a second party to address ourselves. And the sentiment is not less philosophic because of the source whence it is derived: "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" Nor is the figure less just,—"the hidden man of the heart." Consciousness being always current, its impressions would be very fugitive, were there no other state of mind. Memory gives permanence to them. It is not always easy to distinguish their functions. Who can sever the present and the past? There is a kind of paulo-post future which all must feel. When a luminous point is rapidly whirled round, distinct sensations are generated

by that point at each part of the round. But the new are so fleet, and the former so recent, that consciousness merges in memory, and memory is scarcely less vivid than consciousness: the result is, that, instead of a luminous point, the one object of perception, we seem to behold a luminous circle. In complex ideas we are indebted to memory; for the horse, which has various qualities of speed, size, animation, restiveness, colour, can only be understood by me as each quality is *remembered* after being consciously perceived. But *who* remembers? *myself*:—

> "Ah! why in age
> Do we revert so fondly to the walks
> Of childhood, but that there the soul discerns
> The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
> Of her own native vigour—but for this
> That it is given her thence in age to hear
> Reverberations?"*

As the Association of ideas is another state the mind is often found in, it may be proper to mention it; since it involves a law which unites separate recollections, and establishes a pleasing and useful relation between them. How, in obedience to this law of mind, do former scenes revive,—as when the landscape, hid by gloom, and lost in distance, starts into view, and glows with beauty, beneath a sudden catch and shoot of the declining sun!

> "There is no thought doth ever cross the mind
> Till some preceding kindred sentiment
> Hath made a pathway for it."†

Our sense of identity is, then, impressed upon us through the mediums of consciousness, memory, and association. Without consciousness, memory would be useless, for there could be nothing *which* remembered: without memory, consciousness would be unmeaning, for it could be nothing but evanescent feeling: without association, some of the most powerful ties of our nature and tissues of our history, would be torn asunder. How we formerly felt is recalled and conjoined, and

* Wordsworth. † Joanna Baillie.

our identity flashes upon us from our remembered and associated consciousness. As far back as we can trace, we know that we felt what we now do, and recognised ourselves as we now are. "Integer vitæ." But of our infancy we cannot recall a trace. We must of necessity receive some information from the testimony of others,—yet most probably the infant felt and remembered from the first that it was itself: many of these feelings and remembrances vanished, but only to make room for others of the same purport and of greater steadiness: and these again were succeeded by those firm and lasting impressions which we can now, though far removed, freely examine and must unequivocally obey. And from these failures of memory we have no more reason to doubt our identity, than the traveller can find to suspect the continued progress of his journey, because he recollects not a few circumstances of the outset, or a few way-marks of the road.

We need not be surprised at Hume's opinion that identity depends on a certain prejudice more beneficial than just. But it is surprising that Locke should suspend such a fact on memory, and mix up together the memory which remembers with the thing remembered. To draw the line between those who treat it as capricious and notional, and those who deem it legitimate and necessary, we may suppose the following familiar illustration. Let a beggar divide his life between waking and sleep: awake, surrounded with all the tattered gear and harsh privations of poverty; asleep, dreaming himself a monarch, inhabiting a palace instead of a hovel, revelling among dainties instead of eating a crust, and reclining beneath canopies instead of pressing a pallet of straw. Let a monarch thus equally divide his time,—awake, encircled by pomp and splendour; asleep, enduring all the thick-coming fancies of squalid penury and want. We, who believe identity to be conformable to truth, believe the one to be a beggar, the other to be a monarch, still. Their imaginings could not reverse the nature and reality of things. But they who suppose it gratuitous, or confound it with any state of mind which simply apprehends it, must be perplexed to the extreme

in determining whether each be more of the beggar or of the monarch, and on whose side the advantage lies.

Suppose our minds were made up of mere passing sensations, unlinked together, or unrelated to a permanent substance of mind; these present and eccentric sensations could give no idea of personal identity. Hume says, "an object may exist and be no where; and this is not only possible, but the greatest part of beings do and must exist after this manner."* But what does this writer intend by *beings?* He seriously informs us,—"ideas and impressions." Surely it would baffle even his acuteness, and exceed his sophistry, to convince any that ideas and impressions are beings at all: they are but the particular effects or relations which beings experience. A *conscious* mind is an intelligible *idea,* far *more* than that of an *unconscious,*—but a *conscious idea* or *impression* is a manifest solecism. According to this great Sceptic (and I only mean it now in a philosophical sense) there can be nothing to agree with fixed personality,—the mind is a set of *ideas,* those ideas are beings, those beings have no fixed reference nor centre,—personal and mental character are therefore nonentities. Not only is identity denied, but the tablet of memory is shivered, the bond of association is snapped, and the light of consciousness is extinguished! It would not be difficult to show that the Berkleian theory does *not* warrant the use which the Scotch philosopher makes of it: that it is most disingenuously perverted by him: but a reference to the respective authorities will amply satisfy all how feeble an antagonist he is proved in the lists with that Giant Reasoner and Amiable Sage.

There will come no help to the above assertion from the just views of the human mind. We should not hesitate to say in reply to the question, Where is it? that it is *no where.* For the question is but a materialistic trap to inveigle into an admission that mind is a thing of *extension.* The ϖου ςω is a question of matter. Deny the *where,* the *extension,* the material predicament, to mind. But allow all that the objector can demand or you need wish,—that mind is a *related*

* Essays.

thing,—to the individuated body, to the general system. It admits of numerous relations, to matter, to space. What is the nature of those relations, beyond their practical working, none can divine.

Were any induction of facts necessary to confirm our impressions of identity, it might be easily pursued.

On any other principle, how could we *compare* our ideas and impressions? We are conscious of what *now* occurs as repugnant to what *has* occurred; *this* is pleasant, *that* is distasteful; one elicits complacency, the other rouses aversion. What, then, is this great comparing and distinguishing power? And what but that which is individual and durable could attach variety, agreement, dissimilitude, pleasantness, or pain to its emotions?

The intellectual economy proceeds upon this principle. Not only are comparison and contrast the principal foundations of all our judgments,—but what are memory, reflection, hope, and fear, except when connected with a being of whom these are properties? except when understood as his operations? We remember, we think, for ourselves: we hope and fear for ourselves.

And as self is affined to an organised structure which is determined to a particular space, we are affected by circumstances of proximity and distance. *It* forms the centre, and objects influence it as they approach it or recede from it. Hence our cares,—but were we the shadows of instants, having nothing in common between each idea, ceasing to be ourselves with each moment,—we might feel

> "As broad and general as the casing air."

But how soon will the individual rejoin,

> "But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
> To saucy doubts and fears!"

It is worthy of notice that, if *we assume* our identity, they who deny it more than rival the assumption. What do they *assume* who take for granted that they exist, that they can

reason, and, more inconsistently than all, *beg* their *own* identity, to dispute it! They cannot debate it without supposing that they are themselves, that they are now thinking themselves, that in meeting objections they must defend themselves: in short, as a perfect specimen of arguing in a circle and of self-confutation, they must believe that they are themselves to be convinced that they are not themselves.

In the same manner of contradiction, some have maintained that consciousness and memory are imperfect pledges of identity,—that they may distort and betray. Such persons give their opinions and adduce their arguments against identity, as by no means satisfactorily attested. But in this very demur do they not rely on their own consciousness and memory? do they not calculate on the correct state in which these exist? Each present assent of mind is dependent on consciousness: each previous step of reasoning, or fact of observation, depends on memory. Therefore they confess the accuracy of *their* consciousness and the infallibility of *their* memory in resisting identity, while they denounce them both as *vague* and *treacherous* when believers in identity appeal to them as the mediums of *their* conviction.

Identity is a relation,—it has respect to time. That which was momentary could not be the *same*. The same with what? Itself? It *did* not, it *does* not, exist. The greater part of our perceptions is relative. What is space? we cannot conceive of its abstract and infinite,—but we may conceive a relation of distance from body to body. What is motion? It is inconceivable in itself, but we can conceive of it when it takes place between opposite points. What is time? Our conception of it is in relation to succession. So is number; so is magnitude. Upon the nature of *time* we might reasonably descant as intimately bearing upon personal identity; but, as says old Polonius,

> "To expostulate
> Why, time is time,
> Were nothing but to waste time."

A graver authority, Augustine, says—" I know what time is,

when I am not asked; when I am asked, I know not what it is." Our best idea of it is only analogous. *Duration*, *long*, *course*, *distance*, *space*, *range*, *interval*, are not unusually applied to it. We judge of its continuance by those events without, and emotions within, which succeed one another. Pleasure renders time more sensibly short because we are less attentive to succession:—pain, more sensibly long, because anxious for transition. The following lines of Byron, taken from different parts of his works, may illustrate the idea:—

"The mind then hath capacity of time,
And measures it by that which it beholds,—
Pleasing or painful."

. . . .

"Their hourglass was the sea sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw the moments glide;
Their clock the sun in his unbounded tower,
They reckoned not, whose day was but an hour;
The nightingale, their only vesper bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell."

. . . .

"But yet, *what* minutes! minutes like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities."

But it is not in such succession that *time* can *consist*. Let the events and ideas of a life be crowded into one more brief, or distributed over one more extended, is the time the same? Could those events and ideas curtail or enlarge it? Time must answer to *truth*, on the same first principles as have been resorted to in vindication of our identity: principles which contain the essence of reason, the very axioms of mind; without which the mind could not embrace a theorem or proposition: principles that consolidate the foundations of all sensible and demonstrative knowledge: and that will dispel those wild incoherences which we must stimulate our fancy to conceive, and torture our understanding to defend.

The embarrassments to which personal identity has been reduced by some are specious and amusing. Knowing the hospitalities of this town, I tremble to announce an objection, which, if valid, will cashier them for ever. With horrible temerity Epicharmus was wont to say, "he who is invited by any one

over night to come the next day to dinner, comes that day uninvited, considering that they are no more the same men, but have become others." Nor is it uncommon in our opponents to argue with their own understanding of terms after their explanation has been settled between us, and to raise exceptions which only derive plausibility from their wordy war. Were I to say of some antique mansion with a modern front, it is the old house, I might be pointed to the part that is new: or, were I to say it is a new house, I might be pointed to what is old. I should be speaking of different things, but both in my sense of them would be true. I should still be open to captious objection.

"Let us suppose," says Berkeley, "several men together, all endued with the same faculties, and consequently affected in like sort by the senses, and who have never yet known the use of language; they would without question agree with the perceptions. Though, perhaps, when they came to the use of speech, some regarding the uniformness of what was perceived, might call it the *same* thing: others, especially regarding the diversity of persons who perceived, might choose the denomination of *different* things. But who sees not that all the dispute is about a word? viz. whether what is perceived by different persons may yet have the term, *same*, applied to it?......... If you should say we differ in our notions, for that you superadded to your idea the simple abstracted idea of identity, whereas I did not; I would tell you, I know not what you mean by that abstracted idea of identity; and should desire you to look into your own thoughts, and be sure you understood yourself."*

Esteeming identity as necessary to the sentient and thinking principle, we are not unwilling to concede that that principle may assume various casts and determinations, be seen in diversified states and conditions. It is the subject of pleasures and pains, of sympathies and antipathies, and all new acquisitions of knowledge give it a new modification. These *exercises* cannot be *identical* though they pertain to

* Third Dial. of Hylas and Philonous.

the identical substance. What new trains of thought do we pursue, what additional habits of enquiry do we adopt, what clashing motives of conduct do we entertain! We often hurry from one extreme to another. We often contradict in future life all the pledges of our earlier years! These concessions form the amount of the capital objections to the doctrine of our identity.

Now, then, the objectors must have some more *perfect* notion of identity than mind can authorise, else why deny to it identity in the absolute sense? They must be capable of conceiving, or accustomed to observe, something *more* identical. That something cannot be in their minds, for that would give up the dispute,—it must therefore be in the external universe. In what is then designated, nature, is something which is immutable: something which gives the idea of identity more strictly than can the human soul. To such a supposition, I answer in the following way. That the phænomena by which we ascertain matter are so distinct from those which characterise mind, that a perfect comparison cannot be instituted between them; what would be perfectly identical in matter would not be analogous to that which was perfectly identical in mind. But I still further remark, that there is no such perfect identity in the physical universe; the relations of atoms and of worlds are continually varied; whether those of the scattered dust or the fixed star. There is not only casual change, but a law of change in all; constant production, decomposition, and re-production. And again: diversity and identity impress themselves on all things, and there is not a particle but of which we may say, that it is at once another and the same. Moreover, diversity is quite as hypothetical as identity, for though we know that all things change, yet the change is not rarely imperceptible. Identity is, in such cases, the more obvious, though not the more necessary. And the objection weighs no more against our opinion than against itself: for if diversity destroys identity, identity may be as unsparing to diversity.

It may now be asked how we learn that *others* are the same with *themselves?* Some would refer to their materiality,

and answer, that they are known because each man has, at any given time, more of an old body than a new: because the transformation is not so palpable to sense as the consistency. But the conclusion we come to is more probably drawn from ourselves. Ourself is surrounded with its determinate physical accidents: wherever we see those, and the person acting by them, we infer the interior person and self. We cannot conceive of *another's self*. And hence the curiosity we feel to examine the privacies of men's lives: hence the avidity with which we seize on diaries and autobiographies. We have thus more of the *consciousness* of others than we otherwise could obtain. A person's self is thus suggested by his appearance; but when his language, expression, sentiments, are different from what they were, we are staggered as to his identity notwithstanding the corporeal resemblance;—we say he is not himself, he is not like himself, he is absent. The appearance of man changes,—in consulting that appearance at remote periods the *self* could not be identified. If Æneas in his dream could recognise Hector, though "quantum mutatus ab illo," yet Laura knew not Beppo!

Thus, in jurisprudence, it is possible that the guilty self may escape, and the innocent be implicated: that the Comedy of Errors, not uncommon in ordinary life, may be converted into a tragedy under the purest administrations of justice. An alibi has been proved after conscientious oaths have been sworn to inculpate the person. Yet on the other hand few have the consummate self-control to maintain they are not themselves. The eye confesses what the tongue denies. The incognito is a somewhat difficult part to play: but no inferior tact can sustain it in defiance of criminal evidence.

It is no mean illustration of the wisdom which shines in all the arrangements of nature, that a sensible index points to that which could not be the object of sense. A character as various as individuality is stamped on the human frame, certainly not capable of leaving an infallible impression, but sufficiently obvious for all the purposes of recognition required by intercourse and friendship. The dumb animal can read it: often

exercises a quicker instinct than ourselves: and the fawning caresses of the old dog Argus upon his remembered master, though Penelope has forgotten him, is not more touching in incident than true to nature.

Insanity is supposed to affect identity in a degree to render it most questionable. It may remain, however, though the knowledge of it may be disturbed. Consciousness, memory, association, may be vitiated, as may bodily senses. Yet the substance of mind may be the same, though it is misjudged,—as is each scene of nature though diseased vision has distorted it. The question is of mind in its healthy state: the loss of this *knowledge*, in perfect insanity, is rather a presumption that it is an attribute of undiseased mind. But should we repair to those abodes in which this dread malady presents its hideous forms,—

> "Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
> Nor words a language, nor e'en men mankind,"—*

we shall see much favourable evidence of our doctrine. When relatives and friends deplore the sudden change of madness upon the language and temper of a patient, they should reflect that those passions, the ebullitions of which are so affrighting, may have lurked and may have been fostered long. Their ignorance of the fact, is the most probable thing in the world, for not only would it be studiously concealed from them, but their very circumstances would blind them to it. Even in the wildest hallucination, the maniac observes a method, and should he announce himself the monarch or the Deity, he will trace the events of his life, though with shadowy dimness, as the steps by which he reached those elevations. In the cases in which the intellect seems quite prostrated and lost, (and I will not say it is impossible, though I do not credit Simon Brown) scarcely any operation of mind may be seen: but in all others there is at least an image of the remembered self, a trace of conscious identity.

This enquiry is not without its practical applications. In the philosophy of mind, identity holds a first consideration. It

* Byron.—Lament of Tasso.

is the office of this philosophy to analyse the motions, to observe the states, of the intellect; to ascertain in what succession they arise, and by what connection they are associated. But it is a cheat if there be no mind, but only a rout of lawless vagrants.

In the philosophy of education, it is assumed. "Arduous task!" might each pædagogue sigh, instead of what he *must* now feel "*delightful*," were the tyro's identity as often rubbed out as his slate. The word education implies a *drawing out*, and it is the pupil's self which is educed.

In the philosophy of character this is a first principle. It is in all respects the self-evolved. It has its inconsistencies. "Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." A character may present the impostor and the dupe, may compound the tyrannical and the abject,—but all this may be in the modification of the mind. It is so distinct that two characters were never seen so much alike as sometimes are found two faces. To borrow medical phrase, it is idiosyncrasous. In the child we prognosticate the man, and see "big passions strutting on a petty stage." The "ruling passion is strong in death." "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." The character we have worn still invests us, and to the last we fold it around us, as the dying Cæsar his robe.

In the philosophy of motive, this cannot be disregarded. Congeniality must exist between all motive and the mind it impels. Liberty supposes a *law* of action as much as necessity itself. We may, therefore, surmise, from a knowledge of the self-same mind, what, in particular circumstances, and under particular inducements, will be its course.

The philosophy of habit pre-supposes it. An act on repetition becomes easy, and then all but involuntary. Explain the process as you will, the repetition must be understood of one and the self-same agent.

The philosophy of experimental, inductive, observation implies it. All we chiefly know, of that which we denominate cause and effect, is a series of notices we have taken of certain things, some occurring according to a priority of time to others. But such knowledge, surely, depends for its arrangement and comparison upon the identity of the observer.

The philosophy of self-love is redeemed by it. It is not low or mean. A wretched selfism may pass under its name, but self-love is essential to conscious being. Its own interests can never clash with those of others: its interests cannot but promote the general welfare. Such is the construction of the universe, and such is the harmony of its arrangements! "Self-love and social is the same"!* Far from us the philosophy of those,

> "Who when the human soul
> Is of a thousand faculties composed,
> And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
> This soul and the transcendent Universe
> No more than as a mirror which reflects
> To proud self-love her own intelligence:
> That one, poor, finite object in the abyss
> Of infinite being, twinkling restlessly."†

Moral philosophy is founded upon it. The quality of every action depends on the disposition of the agent. An action cannot be considered apart. Its *effect* may, but *it* cannot be withdrawn from its moral relations. If man be always a new being, upon what agents can his actions be devolved? Still this identity is not at variance with a penitent disposition or a reformed life. Such questions, this is not the time nor place to agitate. Self may admit of different exercises under different impressions. As the wretched immortals in Vathek, the hand pressed upon the heart shows that with the new feelings may be mingled uneffaced recollections. And only in the boldest poetry can any say with our Fifth Henry—

> "For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
> That I have turned away my former self!"

It is in the forgetfulness of this invincible, inevitable, identity, that sin principally consists. The thought of such continuity is shunned. We are held by it to the past and to the future. For the one we are accountable: we are hastening to "receive the things done in our bodies, according to that we have done, whether it be good or bad." The transgressor

* Pope —Essay on Man. Epis: 3. † Wordsworth.

would rush into *dissipation*, a word most expressive of his fond attempt. But he shall recognise his every act, he shall trace out his entire being, and find that in all the mysterious chain not a joint is wanting. The soul is a solitary essence, and its relation is with One who is only more alone! Its passage for Judgment is

"Φυγη μονου προς Μονον."*

Happy are they who, on this necessary identity, graft an uniformity of virtuous and benevolent excellence, whose character, thus pure and good, is as sustained. Happy are they who can review the stages of their earthly course with an unshrinking glance, who can blend the sweet visions of youth with the more chastened aspirations of maturity; and who, whilst they see that

> "The child is Father to the man,
> Can wish their days to be
> Bound each to each in natural piety."

But most happy they (o terque quaterque beati!) who can calmly await, while they confidently believe, the immortal future, who can realise it as a condition of conscious identity with their present history and being without dismay, and who can hail the evolutions of their destiny without wishing the stupor of a Metempsychosis, or the oblivion of a Lethe!

* Plotinus.—6 Enneas.—Lib: ix. cap: 11.

"Ποτερα δη κερτομων λεγεις ταδε;
Ει κερτομησις εςι τάληθῆ λεγειν."

SOPHOCLES.—Philoct: lin: 1274.

"Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoscas: *capiti* sint precor illa *meo*."

TIBULLUS.—Lib: i. Eleg: 2.

"Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects."

MENENIUS, IN CORIOLANUS.

ON CRANIOLOGY.

If it had so pleased the Almighty Power which has formed us, our mind might have been associated with a material substance most unfitted for its external indications. It might have been fettered with conditions most restrictive and enslaving. No proof can be shown that it might not have been connected with inorganic and inanimate envelopment. Suppose the rock had been its accompaniment,—or "the cloven pine,"—or "the knotty entrails of the oak." It might have been bound to a very inferior animal form,—masked by an elephant's face, or trailed in a serpent's chain. But there *is* in the human body a most wondrous contrivance, a most exact vehicle, for the thinking principle, evidently joined together by a Common Creator, for their mutual convenience and their respective ends. The Head chiefly, as primarily, impresses us in our survey of the human structure. Its form is rather elliptical, than duly spherical. The brow is piled up until it attains a certain vertex. Here are the features and the principal organs. The symbols of intellectual power and dignity are arrayed around this vault.

A system of Cranioscopy has, within a few recent years, been much discussed. We propose a slight consideration of it. Some think it so firmly proved that, like the Family of the Primroses, they "still resolve to hold up their heads." Others regard it as so unreasonable, that they could "brain it with a lady's fan."

There exists a general opinion that Craniology is an anatomical study; that it must be left for the scalpel to decide, and be referred to the dissector to adjudge, the truth of the case. The surgical and medical professions are naturally regarded as the best qualified to examine the conflicting evidence. They have constituted the principal circle, hitherto, through which

the modern enquiry has ranged,—and the school which has furnished the foremost disputants of the controversy. Whether the members of these professions be the only, or the best qualified, parties to engage in these lists, may, without any depreciation of the healing art, or of the respected class occupied in it, admit of a reasonable doubt. That the disciples of the serpent-twined rod are the most fitly accomplished for the *practical* research and *scientific* examen, is most cheerfully allowed. Such Peripatetics are within their own walk amidst these discussions. The descriptions of the head and the brain are familiar in their mouths as household words. Their prehensile extremities, as Helvetius would denominate them, have already acquired a most delicate tact and sensibility; and the rude handling of sculls by an inadept and unprofessional grasp is quite a different thing from their well-practiced manipulations. "Cuique in arte suâ perito credendum est." But *their* enquiries, it is probable, will be biassed in favour of a system, which asserts the dignity of a particular corporeal substance and structure; which reflects an honour over their own pursuits, which, on this hypothesis, associate them with the highest elements, and most secret springs, of human nature; and which not only agrees and strikes in with their favourite subject of enquiry, but is calculated to flatter them that their own field comprehends the very ultimate of all the knowledge that can be attained respecting man. It is simply natural that every professor should seek the credit and the enlargement of his own sphere: it is only just that he should entertain an enthusiasm for it. And if the spirit reside in certain material formations topically described, characteristically developed, I wonder not that some ardent youths should feel exalted by so near an approach to its presence, be confident that soon they shall feel the soul as accurately as they now do the pulse, and seize the trephine as the very key which shall lay open the last recesses of the thinking being. Anatomy is denied, by those who are called phrenologists, to be either the source or the test of their science. Yet, they who have devoted themselves to the dissecting-room, have not infrequently declared their approbation

of it, and the physical impossibility they felt of arriving at any other conclusion.

"Εισι γαρ πολλοι φρεναπαται, μαλιστα δι εκ περιτομης."

These observations will, perhaps, acquit me of arrogance in attempting a sketch of the general controversy, as it relates to the popular theory of the cerebral organization and physiology,—though I can pretend to little technical, and to no professional, knowledge. If I should unfortunately differ from any, I hope, as Bacon said, it is *in melius*, and not *in aliud*: with a view to benefit, and for no purpose of dissension.

That the mind expresses itself through some external sensible manifestations and conditions, is an opinion that has been very commonly received. The particular development has been variously represented. Cheiromancy, or the inference of the character from the shape of the hand, once possessed a most exalted reputation; and long before the tricks of palmistry were played off by the impostor, grey-beard-philosophers sifted intellects by shaking hands. And our contemporary, Dr. Haslam, thinks that idiots have a peculiar construction of hand, "the sentient extremities being less pulpy and expanded."—But the adjustment of the problem, in what part of the interior the soul resides, and on what part of the superficial volumen it is indicated, has not been remarkably successful,—of course, with the exception of our day! Montaigne gave little hope of reaching certainty, or acquiring satisfaction, in these studies; he has left the following pointed advice: "'T is not in the sphere of the maturest understanding to judge of us simply by our external actions, it must fathom the very soul, and find out the springs which give it motion; but as this is a dangerous and sublime undertaking, I wish that fewer persons would attempt it."

There has been, it must be confessed, a common disposition to elect the human head to this rank and influence: and as it holds an extensive correspondence with its constituents, answering all their applications with the greatest despatch, using its franking privilege with the kindest liberality, and withal hav-

ing the tongue in its possession, (whereof the memory of man showeth not to the contrary), perhaps the *body* will show itself *politic* in ensuring its return !

No observer of the human figure can remain unimpressed with the abrupt majesty, the commanding contour, of the head. It is not horizontal, as in some animal forms: it is not prone, as in others: but it towers with a mysterious elation. The line of Horace, "Insignem tenui fronte," will, however, show a difference of opinion here. Drawing the facial line, we mark the obtuse angle that is formed with the one which is carried from the floor and alæ of the nose to the passages of the ear. It is sometimes all but rectangular, and even the brow occasionally impends over the face. Well might the ancient poet sing of "the sublime countenance which man uplifts to the stars:" and our own bard assigns to this front,—

> "A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on some heaven-kissing hill."

General consent has associated with that rounded mass of matter, —the actual seat of four senses,—the reflecting medium of all emotions—something indefinably ascendant. Its very wreck is terrific. Look at its hollow globe! the eyeless sockets, the grinning jaws, the ghastly nostrils, the cheek hollow, the scalp, —all proclaim a desertion and abandonment of the curious apparatus by a power which must have been great itself to have employed and wielded it. And in that sensitive and majestic orb a substance existed more delicately attenuated, more singularly configured, than any known form which corporeal matter wears. Its susceptibility ensured its decay. It is the skull which, of all the relics of our frame, gives its horror of expression to the charnel-house. The musings of Hamlet are perfectly natural. "How abhorred in our imagination it is! .... To what base uses may we return!" And Byron, with deep power of language and feeling, masters the similar strain:

> "Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
> Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
> Why e'en the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell.

"Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

Our common idiomatic parlance conveys the same prepossession. A person of slow and narrow faculties is called a blockhead and a numskull; he who is quick in acquiring, has brains and a good long head. When we resolve on any measure, we take it into our heads. We often count heads, taking for granted that they own a body each. A tax cannot be more universally styled than a poll-tax. The classical scholar will recollect the frequent use and peculiar meaning of the word Caput among the Romans. It is not seldom found in Virgil and Horace: and Homer employs Κιφαλη in the same acceptation. In the same manner and after the same analogy, Φως is used by him to express a man.

There have not been wanting in past ages men of genius, who have endeavoured to reduce craniological phænomena to a system. Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century, in prosecuting his mechanical studies, formed a wooden image of man, fitting it with springs and contrivances for motion and sound. It will not surprise us to be informed, that the worthy Dominican was suspected of harbouring a familiar. Having thus wrought his curious imitation of the human shape and its functions, he began to reflect on our nature itself. It is said that he proceeded to map out, upon the head, the various dispositions and faculties of the mind,—regarding the head as its seat, and those divisions as its manifestations.

Jean de Ketham, who lived between the fourteenth and fifteenth century, wrote a book in which he anticipated many modern opinions on the organology of the brain. He particularly insists on the partition of the brain into a twofold set of energies and convolutions. The work is included in a collection

of Medical Tracts published by Petrus de Montagnana. It is in Latin, printed by the Gregories at Venice, in Black Letter, March 28th, 1500. The title is "Incipit fasciculus medicinæ compositus per excellentissimum artium ac medicinæ Doctorem, Dominum Joannem de Ketham Alamanum; tractans de anathomia et diversis infirmitatibus corporis humani." And that the *modern discovery* is about three hundred years too late is evident, from the contents of this Tractate. The terms in both are the same, generally ending in *iva*.—The local seats of the mind are as determinately indicated in each. The ancient German speaks of the cellula imaginativa, cellula communis sensus, cellula estimativa seu cogitativa et rationalis, cellula memorativa, &c. The theory is, consequently, venerable; and presents but the "ORGANIC REMAINS" of a Craniology expounded more than three centuries ago. As well might any star-gazer of our time maintain that he discovered Orion, because he witnessed some variety in its constellation,—the ancients having only attributed seventeen stars to it, the moderns have enlarged it to the Babylonish number of our Craniologists, thirty-three, and Herschell having given it the small addition of one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven. So that by a singular law, very different from that which Blackstone tells us "abhors perpetuities," this conjecture is resuscitated age after age. The anatomy, which this system pretends to have originated, was demonstrated by Vesalius, the nomenclature in which it triumphs was assigned by Ketham, long before the Reformation! The induction, however, is due to the moderns; the praise is all their own. Who can dispute their claims to originality? As Wilkes once admitted, that a song was very good, with the exception of the words and the music,—so is this theory most novel, with the trifling reserve of having been discovered with its local knobs and euphonic names at so distant an epoch that three centenaries might have been celebrated since its founders slept in the dust! But as Puff remarks of his plagiarism. —"All that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought,—And Shakspeare made use of it first, that 's all!"

In the fourth book of "Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man," published by John Godfrey Herder, at Weimar, in 1784, I have found the following remarks, which certainly very curiously anticipate some recent speculations: "Even what may be termed a good or bad shape of the human head itself, appears determinable by this general and simple law of its adaptation to the erect posture. For as this shape of the head, this expansion of the brain into beautiful wide hemispheres, with its internal formation to rationality and freedom, were consistent only with the erect form;—as the proportion and gravitation of the parts themselves, the degree of warmth they possess, and the manner in which the blood circulates through them, clearly show;—no other than the superior human form could result from this internal proportion. Why does the crown of the Grecian head incline so pleasingly forward? Because it contains the amplest space for an unconfined brain, and indicates fine sound concavities in the frontal bone, so that it may be considered as the temple of clear and youthfully beautiful thought. The hind part, on the contrary, is small, that the animal cerebellum might not preponderate. I am persuaded that on the agreement of these parts will be erected a valuable science, to which physiognomy, proceeding on conjecture, would not easily attain. The grounds of the external form lie within; for every skull has been fashioned by the organic powers operating from within to without."

These speculations have never been altogether abandoned. The correspondents of Martinus Sriblerus, who met at the Grecian coffee-house, thus enunciate the result of their enquiries: "We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal: when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they

make what we call a proposition: and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain. Some people think wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals: in others that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities: in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded,—and so of the rest."

And Emanuel Swedenborg is another name which may be added to the proud catalogue of those who have ventured on these grave discussions. "There is in the brain an eminent sensorium, and in it are the inmost recesses, to which, and no further, the sensual rays of the body ascend: in those recesses the soul resides, ornamented with the most distinguished organical clothing, and in this abode, as it were, meets the ideas which emerge so far, and receives them as her guests."

A more modern work than any has lately appeared, entitled "Encephalogy, by Dr. Hirnschadel," though people say, ill-naturedly, that it is a satire, and that this is merely a nom de guerre.—Still the system is ingenious. The head is divided into sixty-eight organs or ratios. There is a complete division of labour. One even enables a man to die, called Expiratio. The inventor describes his travels; at length he arrives in Dublin. He is surprised to hear, in quite common conversation, of a new ratio, making a sixty-ninth, of which he had never before read nor heard. He immediately notes it down, and, as he wrote in Latin, he enters it by the denomination—"organum Botheratio, sive ambarum rationum mistura fortuita, effervescens, bullas gignens." But as this may not be a serious work, it would be inconsistent to introduce any more quotations from it in so *serious* a dissertation as these pages profess. Let us not, too, forget, among the abettors, a no mean authority, the ogre Caliban. He of all things dreads a conversion into the form of apes, "With foreheads villainous low."

Gall, a native of Swabia, and a student of Strasburg, has, within these few past years, claimed a monopoly of these dis-

coveries. Like an Ovid Redivivus, he feels himself strongly impelled to sing not of bodies, but of minds, changed into new forms. He appears to be a man of inquisitive spirit, respectable education,—ingenious and candid,—patient and inoffensive;—if prejudiced in favour of his system, only warped as every founder of a theory must be:—if ever out of temper, asking no other revenge upon his foes than that he may survive them, to flesh his knife with their brains, and fill his museum with their skulls. He established himself at Vienna,—and, having conceived his plan and rule when yet a school-boy, now had ample opportunity to apply it in the hospitals of that metropolis. But whether incautious or not, he gauged the crowns of subjects so well and so mercilessly, that another crown was considered in danger. The Capital was in little less alarm than when another Gaul thundered at its gate. Nor was the panic unreasonable. Since when that enlightened and paternal government interposed, it was only consistent with itself. For it claims the prerogative of making gentlemen, notaries, and poets: and has declared, by imperial edict, that it does not desire profound scholars but submissive subjects. Such a science might have elicited knowledge, fostered genius, excited emulation; and thus the jewel of the imperial prerogative might have been dimmed or shivered. But Magnates and Ecclesiastics were perfectly reconciled, by a royal assurance that the professor's hands and callipers should be restricted to the *foreign* heads which might bend themselves to his examinations. The issue might be expected; Austria was saved, and heads go on there as usual, alike unexamining and unexamined, unknowing and unknown. The "distracted globe" of thought and research soon becomes elliptical and misshaped: curves change into angles, and waving flexures into zigzag asperities. This innovation upon the standard-measure of the human skull has been prevented there; and in one happy country at least man raises a head, which can "perplex" no "monarchs with the fear of change." Such proportions banish political disquietude, all persons and all heads necessarily keeping in their *sphere*. Yet even Round-heads have proved troublesome, and made free with others beside their own. Whether Croppies

had worthy heads or not, they did not attempt to conceal them. —It was still only consistent in the boasted descendant of the Cæsars to seek to

> "Have men about him, that are fat;
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
> Not men who have a lean and hungry look;
> They think too much: such men are dangerous."

Berlin and Dresden, however, welcomed our philosopher, the one with the favour of the court, the other with the enthusiasm of the people. About this time Spurzheim became a warm admirer of the theory, associated himself with the traveller, rose to be a sort of demonstrator to his lectures, and perhaps at the present time, and certainly in this country, more than shares his fame. The German illuminati took up the cause with singular ardour; though it was doubtlessly in Great Britain that some of its staunchest adherents were found. We are proverbially candid and credulous: and while the exotic philosophy buzzed in every converzationè, and adorned every boudoir, of fashionable life; while it acquired favour with the quidnunc and the bas-bleu; it ranked among its supporters some of the truly learned: and the very multitude (probably because the "many headed") paused ere they condemned. Scarcely have we a city, containing an university, or a town boasting a lunatic asylum, but it has added the beneficial institution of a Phrenological Society!

It may be proper to state the originality and amount of the discoveries assumed to be made by this Human Naturalist. I speak not of his physiognomy, for this is not justly a part of his system. Obscure authors, by the names of Theophrastus and Aristotle, thought of this before. It is unfairly mixed up with a system which is too well calculated to discredit and deform it. We are made to be affected with a fine head; the chisseled brow, the speaking eye! But who ever thought of cerebral convolution amidst this admiration? The love of *proportion* strikes us. The pride of our nature is stirred, when, notwithstanding frequent degeneracies of size and expression, the grandeur of the first model is renewed. An association of

intellect is felt. We yield to a spell of moral authority.—The "large and arched front sublime" is a very different spectacle when exhibited by a Lavater and by a Gall. In the one, what magnificent mood; in the other, what artificial detail! The one is a field left rich and luxuriant in its own growth; the other the same field staked into building lots. The one is a noble palace; the other the same palace leased by sundry agents, and broken into divers offices. The claims of Craniology, be they true or false, must be viewed quite apart from Physiognomy: upon the latter, this system cannot, in legal phrase, found.—Nor will I now speak of those scientific deductions which it pretends to have infallibly established. I leave to others whether the white or medullary matter be strictly and uniformly fibrous: whether it originate in the grey or cineritious matter as its matrix, and be supported by it as its pabulum: whether the first be nervous, and the latter a surrounding ganglion, which connects these fibrils: whether these filaments be all excurrent and diverging or recurrent and converging: whether the spinal marrow be their universal source or their termination: whether it can dignify the thinking faculties to unite them with that cord which is common to all vertebrated animals. I leave to others whether we should begin with the surface of the brain, or unwind it from what this system considers its origin; whether we ought to content ourselves with horizontal sections, as we slice a Dutch cheese; or commence with the root, as we eat our Celery with it.

Gall maintains that the substance we call brain is not, as some have thought, the *one* organ of thought, but a concatenation of organs: that these are the seats and mediums of all our faculties and affections: that their strength rests principally in their size, though partly in their activity, which again is determined by temperament: that the bony case or shell we call the head, has protuberances and depressions corresponding to the organs, whether fully or feebly developed, on the brain: and that these indications will readily confess themselves to the experienced eye and hand. Thus, like the skilful rhabdomantist, he has placed his divining rod on the surface of the skull; it has

given signs that precious ores of cogitation and passion are buried within it; if we cannot find this to be the case, his crucible proves it true; and so accurate have his observations become, that, resigning the wand of the enchanter for the humble task of the surveyor, he can at once decide from the soil,—the nature, bed, and dip of the intellectual strata, where the truest level can be driven, or the most eligible shaft be sunk. And, therefore, though man has nominally but one head, it is so happily multiplied into itself, that he may claim the virtual possession of many. He is eleven times richer than Cerberus. And, as new organs discover themselves, he may hereafter acquire the faculty of Hydra itself. His head is a Divan and Senate: there are various parties and different tribunes: oftentimes there are opinions without votes: a *standing* order defeats a *session*: and a *subsequent* motion, instead of being taken on its merits, frequently goes off on a *previous* question:

> "The genius, and the mortal instruments,
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection."

Let us not suppose, however, that the brain has yet done its best,—that it will not, at any future time, work up new elevations,—that man has reached his last eminence! The acmè is not attained. It is to be hoped, from a recollection of the past, that the cranium will soon be more fully studded, that it will tower high, and that some great tunnel-undertaking will facilitate the intercourse between the external and subterraneous region of the skull. The Projector set up with only twenty-six organs,—they now bear a premium of seven. The head has still much vacant space and terra incognita: and if, at any distant period, it should be quite built up, no one can believe that the author of this improvement-act has obtained a clause to prevent another architect raising an additional and equally well-propped—*story!*

Gall's first division of these organs embraced those which enable man to enter into the external world; his second, those

by which we acquire a more familiar knowledge of objects that are known to us by means of the external senses; his third, those that are strictly intellectual. Spurzheim divides them into two genera,—feelings and intellect: the feelings into the species of propensities and sentiments; the intellect into the species of knowing and reflecting faculties.

> "This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
> And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
> Of human dealings."—

Had I ventured on this discussion a little time ago, there would have been an awkward necessity of laying out of this classification two important organs,—the one was admitted to belong to the family, but was treated as a non-descript,—the second was confessedly posthumous, but has of late been very cordially recognised. The powers and dispositions are feeble at first: their nidi are consequently small. For, by a singular law, this callow brood must shape their several tenements, as well as break their own eggs. The mind is oviparous, but having buried its deposits, it leaves them to be hatched as they can, without the trouble and weariness of incubation.

A brief enumeration of these organic developments may be expected,—a nice analysis it would be foreign to my purpose to attempt. Perhaps, indeed, my purpose is favourable to my reputation,—as, when Cromwell found that there was not a loaf among his army, he most prudently issued orders from his head-quarters for a solemn fast. I pass over the *first two* with the remark, that were their names unknown, or their sites undiscovered, the winged boy would probably have taken as sure an aim, and our offspring would have been as dear to our hearts. Still, should we find a Romeo, we might entertain hope of relieving him, a knowledge of the disease being half the cure,—and Cornelia, by a reduction of her occipital projection, might have been spared her solicitude for the Gracchi.

> "Ignis mollibus ardet in medullus."*

* Catullus.—Carm: xliii.

Inhabitiveness.—Lying just above the affection we have for our offspring, the locality itself impresses the useful moral, that those who have families should keep much at home. It is said to be found in animals of various kinds: and Dr. Spurzheim, in his recent course of lectures, still maintains that, under this influence, English rats live in garrets, while Norwegian ones prefer down-stairs. Mr. Combe thinks it might be called concentrativeness; but it is still the same with the other; only, instead of impelling man simply to obtain a settlement, it equally assists him to connect his arguments, and generalise his ideas. A recent advocate imputes to the fulness of inhabitiveness the extraordinary faculty which Pitt exhibited, of coming to the point! So that inhabitiveness, though always in doors, has no very easy life of it!

Adhesiveness.—This being situated larboard and starboard of inhabitiveness, intimates the propriety of keeping well with our neighbours, and of sometimes visiting them. Under this development lies all the stock of friendship the brain may boast. It gives rise to every penchant and liaison of mankind. It is very boon and social. The Symposian wreath is always tied above it. When it swells up inordinately, it becomes an United Service Club-house. It is necessary to give integrity to firms and companies of trade; and ought always to be well looked to ere articles of partnership are signed. On lending money, we cannot be too scrupulous in inspecting the adhesive organ; and should always require a note of head, in addition to a note of hand!

Combativeness.—This organ takes a very good-natured station near to Adhesiveness, probably with a view of resenting any wrong or indignity offered to compact or friendship. It does not equally well support its own credit. Why does it not rush forward to the van? Why does it shrink behind, to borrow the term of fortification, the *curtain* of the ear? Some men have this pugnacious quality in a very large degree. It forms the school of warriors, and shows that, amongst the benevolent designs of nature, the mortal strife is not to be forgotten. Perhaps Alexander was very Great here; and, in a modern hero,

it is understood that the organ is a high pressure one, and of forty lion power. Surely the torch of Alecto must have struck this part of Turnus, and not have fixed itself in his bosom; for it was then the Combative-organ beat to arms,—though, to be sure, if the organ were not agitated at all, a lighted brand in the breast would somewhat alter the temperament, and powerfully excite, by consequence, the functionary activity! Nor could this disposition be better illustrated and confirmed:

> "Arma amens fremit; arma toro tectisque requirit:
> Sævit amor ferri, et scelerata insania belli."*

It is supposed that Combativeness reaches an unsightly eminence in some of legal celebrity; but, if so, it is dexterously capuched. The correspondence of Thomas Sudden, Esq., of the Inner Temple, with the Spectator, has probably given rise to the insinuation. His memorial showeth "That he stayed behind in Westminster Hall when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down: that he cannot for his life consent to any thing."

Destructiveness.—This is very properly fixed *near* the former organ; they "are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations." It would be very comfortable could we have war without bloodshed and death,—but as we are organised to fight, it was at least honest to post an adjoining notice of what would be the consequence.

> "For things like that you know must be
> After a famous victory."

No development is more accurately made out by Gall and Spurzheim than this; though here the men of models and craniums, the Castor and Pollux, seem not quite agreed. The latter has so clearly defined it, that mistake is impossible. "It gives the propensity to pinch, scratch, bite, cut, break, pierce, devastate, demolish, ravage, burn, massacre, struggle, butcher, suffocate, drown, kill, poison, murder, and assassinate." This

* Virgil.—Æneid, lib: vii, lin: 460.

amiable feature of the skull rises about half behind and half above the ear.

Secretiveness juts out above this formidable next-door companion, the skull resembling an Edinburgh house, laid out into flats; though there the comparison may fail, for it is very fond of bows, a thing which it is said the inhabitants will not suffer their dwellings to do, reserving the privilege wholly for themselves. Now this organ is very serviceable in diplomacy; is useful in letter-carriers; and indispensable in the tylers of free-mason lodges. It gives an air of shrewdness, it contains the principle of cunning, it makes its possessor speak knowingly, mysteriously; "he could, but he will not: the man must be dexterous to get any thing out of him: he can be fast." Thus we are more or less worthy of *confidence;* or more or less guilty of *duplicity*. It is to be lamented that this bony index was not known to Ulysses, or he must have been saved the most painful anxiety about Telemachus. For Fenelon thus describes him when he confided his child to the nobles of Ithaca: "If you ever loved the father, show it in your care towards the son: but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret."

Acquisitiveness.—This organ, which rises in nearly the same line with the last, but approaching the eye, is the Amor habendi, and that disposing cause to which *some* yield, of making as much their own as they can. Its locality may explain the meaning of the common expression, having an *eye* to this or that. It loves encroachments, chuckles over gains; would come by any desideratum honestly, but will have it at all events. It makes misers and oppressors; now an Elwes, anon an Overreach. Thieves are influenced by it, and owe to it their unfortunate inclinations. It is found in various countries, but is supposed to have some magnetic property; its polarization being greatly excited as we travel North. These sympathies of things I do not pretend to discuss.

Constructiveness is discovered in drawing the same line down to nearly the external angle of the eye. In savage life we may suppose that this part was very depressed, but after the

tower of Babel, the brain would be determined not to fall behind man in architecture. It had only a narrow area on which it could build, and that not a plane but a precipice. The same area was on opposite sides; but what did the brain do, but threw out two lateral projections, and there they stand as the transepts of the head's temple. A Wren need not point to the pile which he has reared; a cupola would take the place of the ordinary constructiveness, fixed against the side, I admit, like a cupping-glass, and not swelling into air; but sufficiently majestic for his monumental "circumspice."—It was in obedience to this faculty that the pyramids of Egypt and the colonnades of Palmyra were produced. It is this which will not let man keep his hand out of stone and bitumen, brick and mortar. With such protuberances of constructiveness you cannot wonder that he is incessantly talking of *elevations*. The increasing breadth of some people's heads, in a certain town, has attracted general notice: hatters and peruquiers are at fault: nay, the building-convexities of common skulls are said to have assumed the most singular forms in the instances of many: in the case of some to hang over like terraces, and of others to run out into squares. Its citizens will soon acquire the *mural* crown. It is this propensity, our craniological guides inform us, which gives the mechanical turn, unsuccessful as it oftentimes may prove. Thus Hajji Baba, speaking of his inventions, says, "I contrived a wheel for perpetual motion, which only wants one little addition to make it go round for ever."—They also assure us that milliners and dress-makers require a large constructiveness to excel in their art. They also warn us that the organ is occasionally mischievous; one man builds a castle by it, and adds to his name Ville; another by it coins money, and gets the name of villain. It may, however, be doubted, whether criminals should suffer, on such *constructive* evidence.

This completes the synthesis of human *propensities*. And a superficial inspection will convince us that they have only skirted the basement of the skull; we shall now ascend to the suite of apartments on the second floor. Here the *sentiments* live; and of course this is a better kind of neighbourhood.

The first we come at is *Self-esteem*, though *Pride* occupies the higher part of the room as a sort of chum. They dwell together on excellent terms, which is, perhaps, to be accounted for by the fact that they are never out of humour with themselves. Some say that they have too much pretension in their style, that they exceed their income, that they show themselves too often at their window. This they impute to the envy of their neighbours, because their habitation is more lofty, reaching to the vertex of the back of the head, even to the best situations on the *walls*,—but they constantly say that they must know their own business best.

Love of Approbation is contiguous, and being partial to spacious accommodation, and not finding any one mansion sufficiently large, it occupies two on the right and left of Self-esteem. It is probable, however, that both have secret passages into the centre one. Or at least there is some communication:

"Fissus erat tenui rima."*

Its character is variously reported; sometimes it is considered right in seeking "golden opinions," sometimes servile and venal in collecting the "most sweet voices:" some would wish it to take a nobler name, Emulation; some would say its present is not its own, for that of its parents is Vanity.

Cautiousness has raised two watch-towers for itself, though sadly out of the perpendicular, on the higher sides of the head; thus it is ever at the post of observation, commands a large horizon, and keeps a sharp look out. To a honest temperament, this inmate is by no means an agreeable being. He looks with a feverish suspicion around him; never speaks when he can listen; is a shameless eaves-dropper; only, in answering a question, can stammer out yes,—but—if—will think—cannot decide—is always faithful, for he never promises; and true to his engagements, for he never commits himself.

We now reach another ascent, and find ourselves on a species of table-land. And consulting the last directory we can

* Ovid.—Metam: lib. iv.

scarcely lose our way. But for such gazetteers, the deaths, removals, and new erections, would puzzle Ariadne herself.

Having climbed the height, the weary traveller finds a kind of St. Bernard's Hospice, offering him the kindest reception. Here is the seat of *Benevolence.* We can only enrol our names in its album, and wish, as we depart, that, if it be so as the door-plate informs us, its mansion may be enlarged, and its strength be confirmed; that when it deceases, its fine expanse of dwelling may long survive as its tomb; that "goodness and it may fill up one monument."

Veneration most properly surmounts the whole skull; and when we recollect the quarrelsome and ill-favoured rabble, "the fierce democracy," of organs beneath it, we may say, with the Eighth Henry,

> "Is this the honour they do one another?
> 'T is well, there 's one above them yet."

Or its position may remind us of Michael Angelo's boast, that he would lift the dome of the Pantheon into the sky. Now, when we recollect the utility of this development, that in the memorable words of Gall, "the feeling of religion is attached to it," we cannot but regret its recent discovery. And when we recollect, too, the name by which he first announced it, Theosophy, our regret is embittered. From what perplexity might philosophers and sages have been preserved, had this oracle been consulted more early; strange that any other *steep* should be preferred to the one of the Phrenological Ridge! Clarke might have raised his matchless demonstration without his prodigious cost of mental exertion, had he but known that there was a portion of brain which could be spun into arguments on all moral subjects, surmounted by an imperfect cylinder, which somehow or other assisted the interior manufacture. And pity it is, that Socrates, though often obliged to wipe his head from the *overwhelming* missiles of Xantippe, never fastened on that boss, which would have enabled him to withstand all the charges of the Areopagus, respecting new deities, by proclaiming the First and Only Cause. And it might greatly assist the

despatch of all moral litigations, and religious controversies, if we would ever recollect that they are within this jurisdiction; that the venue must be laid, and the parties be bound in recognizances to appear, in this particular district. This is, indeed, the very pole of the head, and the circles are the parallels of latitude. We can easily do what the sailor in the Arctic expedition said he would, could he find the one of which he was in quest, "Hang his hat on it; for the say-so of the thing." These latter two are really respectable members of the commonwealth of the organs, but in their *morality* they stand alone. Benevolence and Veneration are the only Graces which ever pass the Caput.

Decision, or *Firmness* demands, and keeps with characteristic energy, the next rank. The idea of the brain, entertained by the Craniologists, is more favourable to the genius of this organ than to the last. They compare the spinal marrow to a tree having its roots in the brain; and "this," says Villers, "is to remind man of his immortality." Now this is a curious, a bow-pot, vegetation indeed; and a downward growth does not seem the best fitted emblem to remind us of our *paramount* destiny. But in the case of *Decision*, it ought to be *radical*, and here I would not strike at the *root*.

It is said by the poet that "*Conscience* does make cowards of us all:" we must therefore admire the stand which *Firmness* makes, though the organs of *Conscientiousness* are always at its elbows. This word is used sometimes as equivalent with righteousness, and is supposed to form the basis of all legislation and jurisprudence. We often speak of conscience; now we know where to find it. We often speak of making conscience of such a *thing*, now we see what a *thing* we can make of conscience! "I hold it very stuff of the conscience!"

Hope is also to be found in the regions anterior to conscientiousness. It seems scarcely to answer our ideas of justice to put this fine sentiment into osseous confinement;—yet recollecting how narrow a chance there was formerly of its taking flight through an open lid, it may have been a necessary, though rigid, measure, to hermetically seal it, or, as despots

have treated criminals, to build it up. A ne exeat regno is the slightest restraint such a subject can expect.

And now we come to a new sentiment, and recollecting the Horatian rule, Nil admirari, we refer to what was originally termed, in French, supernaturalitè and sens des marveilleux. Its "local habitation and name" are not precisely decided. It is, however, imagined to lie somewhat anterior to *Hope*, and contiguous to the corners of *veneration*. It is now called Marvellousness. It is a "most miraculous organ." It is a common feeling, and produces the rage for novel-reading. It induces men also to brave the most terrific sublime of nature. Thus, the stranger who haunted the Mall, informed the great satirist of his adventures: "It has been my good fortune to have seen all the phænomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica for that benefit!"

Ideality presents itself on the temples, and is the instrument of Imagination. It is fully developed on some heads which affect to see farther into those of their neighbours than it is commonly deemed possible to do. It gives birth to the empiricism of speculation, and to each vagary of the day. In the brain, below this surface, lie the glands which secrete such works as the Iliad, the Inferno, Paradise Lost, and Childe Harold. Here is formed and preserved the humour of genius. Here are—

> "Such seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends."

No longer do we ask,

> "Where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart or in the head?"

Yet some may not have any high notion of the birth-place, and be prepared to hear that

> "Fancy dies
> In the cradle where it lies."

All those ethereal aspirations which genius kindles, all those

witching strains which poetry chants, the creating power, the imaginative world, dwell in this narrow nook. Idola specus! we may well sigh! It has not an elf's ring about which to sport! Even Mab could not put up her hazel-nut waggon in it! "Let us all ring fancy's knell!"

Wit sweeps from the course of the last organ, and just makes a small curve with the forehead. As brevity is the soul of wit, and they who lack it only attempt to define it, one remark shall suffice. We do not doubt that there is such a faculty,—that its sallies are many and forcible,—all our surprise is about the sally-port. We do not deny that there are such treasures—

> "'T is true the things are costly, rich, and rare,
> But how in wonder's name did they come there?"
> . . . .
> "Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
> And had no other play-place for his wit."

No wonder that so many quickly are at their "wit's end"!

Imitativeness is (mirabile dictu!) a *sentiment;* and stretches away above wit, and alongside benevolence. But these Cicerones, over the skull, here indeed prove their *own* imitative organ large, while they assert their *originality*. I fearlessly maintain a grosser plagiarism was never committed. It is due to those observing monkeys which went forth to see the world, and seized immediately on this mimic peculiarity of the human character:

> "For how fantastic is the sight,
> To meet men always bolt upright,
> Because we sometimes walk on two!
> I hate the imitating crew."

This completes the topography of the lateral, superior, and posterior portions of the head; and here we reach the os frontis on which the intellectual operations are most distinctly characterised! *Individuality*, or *Curiosity*, is the first, and by it we acquire our knowledge of the distinct properties of beings and things. The man who frequently speaks of genus

and species, botanical tribes and geological diversities, will always show a high rotundity in the centre of the forehead, and be almost cornuted by it. *Form* stands next in order, and is indicated by breadth between the eyes. It makes great sculptors, and spoils fine gentlemen. *Size* is a new addition, and henceforth, by aid of a small eminence above *form*, we may speak out very positively about things being large and small; which, until lately, would have been the height of imprudence. Immediately above the eye, but verging towards the internal canthus, is the organ of *Colour*, and constitutes, of necessity, the Drawing-room of the soul. Then protrudes *Order;* and it is an antiquarian trick to refer to ancient times, "When order in the land commenced," it being quite a modern discovery. It particularly assists all arrangements of natural history; and in choosing its Curator, each Philosophical Society should regulate its suffrages by the actual experiment of the rise on the candidate's outer eye-brow. *Locality* is honoured, as is very proper, with a larger *space* than can be afforded to the other organs of this region; and enables us, by a parallax, to tell the diameter of a planet, or, by striding across a room, it 's so much by so much dimensions. *Number* informs us, in a moment, "how many fingers we hold up!"—perhaps the origin of decimals—helps us to keep birth-days; and is sometimes made use of in working logarithms. "Forsooth, a great arithmetician." And thus far the knowing faculties are very fortunate for Craniologists; for their system is the evolution of curiosity respecting *individuality*, the symmetry of *form*, the guage of *size*, the knighthood of *order*, the continent of *locality*, the magic of *number*, and the perfection of *colouring!*

But, pursuing this analysis, we find that the head once more presents other objects of notice. There is the organ of *time*, and there never was a more steady chronometer. Then *tune* arranges itself on both sides of the brow, as all prepared for a double chorus. *Language* most appropriately disdains a cranioscopy, and proves it true that eyes can speak. Gall must have forgotten this part of his organology, when he uttered his well-known witticism on Porson's skull, which was said to be

very thick—"How the ideas got into such a skull, is the business of others, not mine: I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in, that is all I want—once in, I will defy them ever to get out again." Now he should have remembered, that his system absolutely pointed out the seat of these ideas, and their cause; and gave them a seat and cause as nearly as he could to the easiest outlet of the whole cranium!

Poor *Weight* and *Resistance* have somehow been overlooked of late; though I have little doubt that they are entitled to share with Newton the discovery of the centripetal and centrifugal forces: Sic vos non vobis! *Weight* may have fallen through! *Resistance* may have given in!

The two remaining faculties are denominated reflecting. They are *Comparison*, which, being a *degree* in its *own right*, occupies a high latitude. While *Causativeness*, ranged on both sides, intimates the propriety of examining the foundations on which the entire system rests. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

And now I might easily take up the Specimen Head, and say:—

> "Here......how could I explain
> The various labyrinths of the brain!
> I could demonstrate every pore
> Where memory lays up her store,
> And to an inch compute the station
> 'Twixt judgment and imagination.
> The brain contains ten thousand cells,
> In each some active fancy dwells;—
> Which always is at work and framing,
> The several follies I was naming."*

It may be premised that there are many objections to this system, whose force I am unable to perceive. I cannot consent to join in the senseless clamour of men who have never examined it. I cannot cringe to men who will admit no opinion and theory but those which they may plead are generally allowed, and sanctioned by immemorial prescription. I may not honour the supercilious race who dare not think for themselves, and

* Prior's Alma.

sneer at all who cannot drift down the tide with equal smoothness and confidence. An honest mind will risk any chance of singularity and disfavour in the pursuit and assertion of truth. "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." They who talk of their contented and happy ignorance, and of their determination to abide by the opinions of prescription and antiquity, may be reminded that the brute enjoys its ignorance in a much higher degree, and adheres to the usages of its ancestors with a much stricter fidelity.

If the cause of liberal and useful knowledge have an ardent well-wisher and sincere admirer, I would claim to be he. I never knew what it was to fear that man could grow too wise, or that the world might become too enlightened. Superstition and tyranny may court refuge in ignorance, may love to shroud themselves in artifice and delusion, and may require a darkened stage to act their parts. It is their interest to extinguish intellect and stifle enquiry. They are birds of the night; and they clamour at each streak of the dawn. They are guardians of the sepulchre; and they grudge the faint quivering lamp which hangs in it, lest it should disturb the dead. I hail the progress of research, and the triumph of mind. I would beckon forward the outstretched curiosity of the age. Am I afraid that Craniology will unveil too many secrets? Do I fear it may throw too broad and piercing a beam over prudent concealments? My religion not only mounts up with wings as the eagle, but like it seeks the sun! Did I suppose that this system had any relation to truth, I would honour it; that it was the meanest fragment or particle of truth, I would collect it. Isis raised her monuments to each limb of Osiris. Truth, in the sense of physical fact, cannot be known without dispensing some advantage. "Truth and goodness," says Bacon, "are one, differing but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness." The greater multitude of anti-craniologists are they who have made it their vaunt that they have never, not they!—given the subject any thought or enquiry. "I candidly told Dr. Spurzheim," says Abernethy, "that though I admitted his opinions might be true, yet I would never enquire whether

they were so or not." "Shocking," "silly," "contemptible," "puerile," go very little way with observant, independent, minds.

The system is frequently impugned for meddling with the relations which exist between mind and body. But mind and body are never seen apart in the present state of things. I never think of asking myself where is my mind, it being no subject of my senses, or my consciousness; and locality, so far as I know, seems no law of mind. Now the Craniologist is by no means *obliged* to have an opinion upon the *manner* of the connexion between the two,—all he is bound to say is, that the mind must act by certain sensible mediums, and be affected by particular material conditions.

A mechanical action is supposed, on the part of some of its opponents, to be attributed by it to the mind. The body *is* a machine. The types of almost all such contrivance are contained in it. There are the pulley, the lever, the hydraulic engine, the stringed instrument, the pendulum. Now the mind does impel its cerebral apparatus. I will to open mine eye, it opens,—there is the power, and the instrument obeys. But no mechanical action need be attributed to the mind, even though the various parts of the brain be appropriated to its functions—the question how a particular nerve, or mass of medullary substance, is moved by the volitions of the mind, not forming a necessary branch of the investigation.

It is useless to discard the system because it represents so many propensities and dispositions to be common to man and animals; and makes so frequent an appeal to comparative anatomy. We are animals, whether we like to be told so or not. If they sometimes rise to us, how often do we grovel with them! We are "links, though reluctant, in a fleshly chain." I fully agree in these just ideas of Pascal; "It is dangerous to inform man how near he stands to the beasts, without showing him, at the same time, how infinitely he shines above them." And again, he writes, "Nature, which is stronger than all the reason of those who depreciate human nature, convinces them more powerfully of man's greatness, than reason can persuade them

of his meanness." Physical conformity does not preclude great intellectual differences. Brains are at least possessed by both. And both exhibit an astonishing coincidence in eating and drinking. A craniologist may hold in equal horror with others the philosophy of animal stems and origins; and recognise, what I cannot suppose any doubt, the natural, essential pre-eminence of man.

Fatalism, with some show of reason, has been charged upon this system; but it scarcely seems *inevitably* to belong to it. It certainly assumes an original distinction of intellectual capability. I have no doubt of the same fact; I only doubt this organic mode of explaining it. It is surely not mere poetry to speak of heaven-born genius, of mental originality, of those precious specimens of character which are "just shown to the earth, but are not suffered to abide." Are there no native germs which spring up in spontaneous luxuriance? Of all my antipathies, the opposite doctrine creates the strongest: that man is a mere creature of circumstances,—that he, without a plastic energy of soul, is moulded by the most foreign influences,—that he has no determining impulse,—that "he is a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please." He, forsooth, is the sport of every passing event! He is the puppet played by every pulling of its strings! His will is but the susceptibility which never stirs itself, a centre which only vibrates to that which is without, a spring on which outward touches alone can act! We are no more accountable for the adoption of any habit, or the bias of any course, than the stream for its impregnation with the mineral over which it rolls, or the conversion of the insect into the colour of the leaf on which it feeds. It is forgotten that we create our circumstances. We form our own world. Society but represents and shapes out our hearts. Its temptations but obey our suggestions and propensities. Its paths are but our froward ways. We preside at the distaff and wind the tissue. Commend me to the schools in which skull-meters teach the maxims of intellectual inequality, illustrated by unequal conformation, rather than to those parallelograms in which men are cooped to be blended

and assimilated; where, as on the bed of Procreustes, all characters are racked or lopped to a standard.

Materialism has in some cases been maintained in connection with Craniology,—but hundreds who hold the latter, contend most religiously and unequivocally for the necessary distinctness of mind from all modifications of matter,—and candour must allow that the very idea of organs implies a superior, independent, power which can use them. The very objectors speak of the eye which sees; and what grosser materialism can there be than this? *They* have no hesitation in calling the brain the instrument of thought, and yet would denounce in the same breath those who imagine it the many instruments of diversified thoughts!

It is quite fashionable to deride innate ideas, and, therefore, the opponents of Craniology have rather adroitly essayed to prove that it was favourable to that exploded opinion. Now, had they attended to the most bungling advocate, they must have perceived the futility of the charge. The question is of faculties,—ideas are the results of faculties employed. Though I do not admit the existence of innate ideas, I believe that man was made to be affected in particular ways, and is originally endowed with the capacity of particular notions and impressions. The student of this science need not contend for more. But indeed many have little clearer notion of what is meant by innate ideas than Dogberry: "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature."

A flippant remark is often made, that the dissection of the portions of brain, lying under the several developments, exhibit no peculiarity of structure, and no fitness to their corresponding ends. But this proves too much; for let the optic, or any, nerve be traced from its thalamus to its termination and expansion; and there is no operator, however keen his tact, however microscopic his eye, who could show why the one assists in vision, another in hearing, and a third in taste. Till nervous structure and influence be better understood, it seems indecent to allege *our ignorance* of the appropriateness of the brain to these pretended uses, in disproof of the system that assigns

them. The onus is sufficiently heavy on the system to prove the affirmative.

Craniology is often mis-stated, and it is appealed to for the discovery of *character*. It need pretend to nothing of this kind. It can only decide on the tendency and disposition. It says nothing of what man is; simply of his leading and master inclinations. Like Brown it only fills its mouth with *capability*. It is not the *inducement* which constitutes character; it may be that the character is made up of *self-control*. And should it be said, that, upon any revolution of sentiment and conduct, these organs mislead,—it may be replied, No, for this revolution supposes the most counter qualities, and, according to this system, a change will be wrought on the head,—the brain altering, and the bone recruiting, according to the vital œconomy.

Other extenuations are fairly admissible. Many of the organs are named, not from their common but extreme action. Combativeness has a dreadful sound, but courage is a virtue. Secretiveness implies a hateful reserve, but fidelity we admire. Many dispositions are virtuous or evil simply according to their direction. Their qualities, too, depend upon the degrees of their exercise. We may be angry and sin not; we may be angry, and "and do that we shall be sorry for." Character is seen in trial; Cæsar is proved by the Rubicon. And a foreigner may be pardoned for some abuse of our language, and for an anxiety to retain some words of the language in which he is accustomed to write and think. For if the phrases be uncouth, we have the scholia of the author; or else we might be reminded of the manner in which Aristotle, after the publication of his Acroatics, or more difficult parts of his philosophy, replied to Alexander, who reproached him for it, "Though published, none can understand it without my explanations." We must sometimes, indeed, admit, with Dangle, that "the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two." Or that, to quote the lines of Milton,—

> "Chaos umpire sits,
> And by decision more embroils the fray."

Should it be reflected on this theory, that, instead of proving particular organization and structure to be the *cause* of mind, it contents itself with the mere *coincidents*, we must remember that a thousand things are believed by us to be related without being able to exhibit the link: that our conclusions are more generally determined by the *post hoc*, than the *propter hoc*. Few men can separate between compound ideas and sequent events, like Sir R. de Coverley. "Among other pieces of news which he brought from his country seat," says the Spectator, "he informed me that Moll White was dead; and in about a month after her death, the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But, for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

Nor is the absence of consciousness respecting these functions and processes of the brain, at all decisive against their reality, for there are many things in the brain little dreamt of in common philosophy. People live and die without any apprehension that there are bays, conduits, bridges, vaults, pillars, horns, bed-chambers, harps, shanks, hedges, roads, pine-apples, nay, even the hippocampus, inside their heads. But all those things are, though no subjects of our consciousness!

And if the system be founded in fact, a great convenience will be supplied by it. Think how business may be despatched and intercourse facilitated, by this juxta-position and police of the organs. The soul has not to be running about to look for its lacqueys and servants: they all stand thick together in files and clusters. It has not to send for them all over the grounds: they are always within sight, or at least, hearing. The cranium thus becomes an exchange in which the intellectual nations may assemble, a bazaar where all mental businesses may be negociated; an "officina gentium;" perhaps, even Soane constructed the courts of Westminster on this commodious principle, so that it is easy to practice in all. Nor is it improbable; there being a close resemblance in the things. What is the organ of secretiveness or cunning but a Court of Common Pleas?

What the organ of conscientiousness but a Court of Equity? What the organ of causativeness but a Court of King's Bench? What the organ of acquisitiveness but a Court of Exchequer? Marvellousness and Veneration hold their jurisdictions apart: marvellousness sits in the Admiralty, and veneration in the Spiritual, court.

And willing, as I am, to state all in my power that can favour this system, it is only *just* to remark on the cast of popular language. Is not the whole founded upon a recognition of it? What was the ancient cry, O Tempora, O Mores,—that is, O the state of the human brows! O the degeneracy of the moral sentiments which ought to be ensconced above them! And even the most modern and vulgar idioms convey the same opinion, that the skull is variously mounted by organs,—for what is more common, or, according to this system, more proper, than to say of a person who has fallen or tumbled, He came *bump* down, or down *bump*? And may not the other exclamation, so frequent when any thing alarming occurs, O Gemini! arise from the universal belief in the two hemispheres of the brain?

And this fact is unaccountably forgotten by many anti-craniologists. They speak of the brain as of one undistinguished mass, overlooking the partition which must strike every eye. Their arguments, drawn from any injury of its parts, are therefore apparently inconclusive, unless they can prove the injury to affect the two corresponding parts. Sir Knight rode only with one spur, finding that if one side of his horse went well, the other side managed to keep up with it; but it seems possible, according to the form of the brain, to have a healthy side with a side ill-conditioned.

In adducing the objections which I entertain to the system, I shall explain my reasons for not employing the term PHRENOLOGY. Φρὴν signifies properly the membranes of the heart, but especially the diaphragm. The term has no relation whatever to the substance of the brain, or to the skull which encloses it. Were I to enquire of any anatomist for the phrenitic nerve, I feel certain he would not look above my shoulders for

it. Now the diaphragm was originally thought to be the seat of mind. It was a happy idea to locate it so centrally, that no jealousy could be felt by the mountaineers or low-landers.—Hence the term, analogically, and not properly, came to be used to signify mind.—For us, therefore, who doubt the manifestation of intellection by the cerebral apparatus, to call this theory phrenology, would be a foolish *misnomer*, for there is no reference to such apparatus in this title,—and a gratuitous *concession*, for we do not discover in this science the *philosophy* of *mind*. It is most true, that disordered intellect is expressed by a similar word, but what can *phrenology* have to do with *phrenzy?*

And what is the first assumption of this theory? That the brain is the instrument of mind. Upon what is this assumption founded? We feel conscious, it is replied, that we think by the brain. Being accustomed to speak in popular language of the head as the seat of our thoughts, this is pleaded to decide the fact. But is not the heart the seat of the affections as truly? do we not feel conscious that we love and hate in our hearts? Now our passions are as intellectual as our ideas. From custom, it may be, we rub our heads when we think; we also press our hearts when we feel. All we know of the subserviency of brain to mind, is this: we can open our eyes at pleasure, but that is a muscular act, and the impressions on them are involuntary. We must see, hear, taste, smell, feel,—whether we approve or not. The mind has little power over the brain even as a *sensorium*. Not a single proof has ever been furnished that a *mental* operation is connected with the head or its interior parts. Shakspeare speaks of "The liver, brain, and heart, those sovereign thrones." If mind have a locality, it may divide itself between these organs, as a monarch goes from one palace to another: or it may be a republican power invested in three consuls. Were I compelled to draw the bounds of its habitation, I should fix on the spleen. It is unfair to let that be idle and useless (and physiologists can neither give it employment nor assign its scope) and to lay the burden of thinking on liver, brain, and heart, already over-worked. Besides, I feel conscious of my soul being

in my *spleen* whenever I contend with certain debasing sophistries and frivolous conceits.

Independently of the absence of all proof that the brain is the ministering office of thought, there is reasonable doubt, whether it be so essential to the nervous system. It is rather strange that the same substance should stand, as various anatomists assert, in relation to this system of origin, termination, and centre: "its first, its last, its midst!" When nervous influence is explained, it will be time enough to attempt to conceive it. Dr. Baillie has shown, in his Morbid Anatomy, that in the case of original monstrous formation, there may be wanting a great part of the cerebrum, the cerebellum, and the medulla spinalis; even a total want of the brain, without any appearance of the spinal cord. In this case he observes, "one should expect a want of nerves through the whole body. It is, however, not so; nerves are found distributed in the common way through the limbs, and the dorsal nerves can be seen arising from a membrane somewhat resembling the dura mater in the canal behind the vertebræ."—The inference is, that the nerves may be as necessary to the brain as the brain is to the nerves. I do not wish to depreciate the brain, convinced as I am, that there remain innumerable phænomena of its structure and physiology to be explored. I wish to rescue it from a perversion which threatens to retard and discredit its study. I would leave its "book and volume unmixed with baser matter!" I would, with Lord Bacon, allow it to be "cathedra et universitas," provided there be neither craniological prebend, nor chair!

That the intellect may be unimpaired, nothwithstanding the destruction of large quantities of cerebral substance, has long since received anatomical demonstration. From a paper in the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, communicated by Dr. Ferrier, I transcribe the following quotations. "A girl died very lately with evident symptoms of an oppressed brain, but in perfect possession of her intellectual powers When the upper part of the skull was removed, before opening the dura mater, I was surprised at the flaccid appearance of the brain: it did not seem to fill its membranes, and it moved under the

fingers with a very trifling resistance, so as to feel almost like a poultice. We found the ventricles quite full of water, and an effusion of blood upon the tentorium, on the right side. But the principal disease seemed to be a total change in the consistence and colour of the brain throughout. It would scarcely bear either handling or cutting, and the parts were uncommonly indistinct.—Bonnetus found the whole substance of the brain watery, and so soft that it would hardly bear a knife, in a patient who died after an illness of twelve years, without having any alienation of mind. The spinal marrow was equally tender, and shrunk to half its natural size.—Dr. Hunter was in possession of a skull, in which the bones of the cranium, on the right side, were every where corroded. And the whole of the right hemisphere was found to be destroyed by suppuration. Yet the man retained his faculties perfectly till the instant of his death.—La Peyronie quotes the following case. A child, six years old, received a pistol shot in the head: a suppuration followed, during which he lost a great quantity of the brain at every dressing. At the end of eighteen days he died, having retained his faculties to the last. When the head was opened, the portion of brain remaining in the skull did not exceed the size of a small egg." To these cases many others might be added,—instances of hydrocephalus, in which the mind suffered no decay, and hernia, in which, though "the brains were out, the man would not die."

If for a moment we think of that disorganization which must be occasioned by large bodies of fluid occupying the cavities of the cranium, we shall be still more disposed to suspect this singular organology. During a healthy state they could not be made to hold more than two or three ounces. In hydrocephalic cases several pounds have been effused. In their internal and chronic form the ventricles of the brain have been greatly enlarged by such contents. Now there must be a great alteration, under such circumstances, in the relative position of the parts, even where there is no derangement of structure. But the convolutions of the brain become broader, until at length the form of convolution disappears, and there remains

only, as a wall to the enlarged ventricles, a layer of white matter, not thicker perhaps than the eighth-part of an inch, with a stratum of brown substance superposed. Yet all the thinking faculty whatever, or wherever, it is, is unimpaired amid this devastation. In vain will it be said that there is no disorganization, and that the fluid acts by so regular a force on the convolutions of the ventricles, that their duplicatures are regularly unfolded. The fact is, the brain is converted into a sort of membranous expansion. And the substance is demonstrably less; besides, the brain is incapable of such distension without the injury of its finer vessels. Sometimes the ventricles are enlarged without any enlargement of the superficial brain. So destitute is this system, notwithstanding its overweening pretensions, of sound anatomical and physiological data!

To all this, it is objected, that these injuries only affect a half of the brain, which is constituted of two series of organs; that as we can see with one eye, and hear with one ear, so we can think with one of the two sections of the brain. Now some diseases are generally distributed through both. But these objectors appear to defeat themselves by some other positions. They contend that the several organs, though rising on the superficies of the cerebral mass, really descend to the base of the skull; that each is freehold through its respective substratum as far as it may choose to penetrate; and that an action would lie against any which would presume to undermine the rest. Let the anatomist say how far this partition is traced? how low the falx reaches? The brain becomes common, and the separation indistinguishable, perhaps before the mid-way descent. It may be compared to the span of a bridge, thinner at the cope and broader at the abutments. Towards the floor any affection will be general. This, I must think, does away with the main shift of the theory,—the duplex state of the organs. Yet this bipartite form of the brain is the cordial which the advocates of the theory quaff in every discomfiture. It quite intoxicates them. They see all things double. Janus is their god. The natural division of cerebrum and cerebellum never occurs to them, because it is thought of by every other

person besides. Like the philosopher of Ferney, they have built the wings of the house on two different national boundaries, and, in cases of arrests, or lettres de cachet, the mind, by exchanging rooms, can secure the protection of kingdoms. They are the avowed

> "Patrons of all those luckless brains,
> That to the wrong side lean!"

The proportion of the human brain to the human face and figure, is commonly urged as the cause of our intellectual superiority. But there are subjects, which natural history and comparative anatomy discover to us, of equal and larger proportions. The brain of a seal six feet long is fully as large as a man's. Who can any longer wonder at the exploit of the Phoca in overthrowing Hector, and scrambling off with Monkbarn's stick? The brain of a canary-bird is said to be twice as large, in proportion to its body, as man's is to his. Can so much be wanting for its one quality of song, its one organ of tune? With this double store we might expect it to be not only "cantare par," but "respondere parata." The Wenzels affirm that the human brain has reached the perfection of its parts and dimensions when the child is seven years old. If so, *should* he "creep like snail unwillingly to school?" But it may be answered, that the greater mass of brain in some unreasoning animals is to be explained on the fact that their nervous cords are larger than in man. I hail the answer! For it brings back the true idea and use of brain, that it is no seat and instrument of thought, but the matrix and pabulum of nervous fibre. And as man seems to possess a universal sensorium,—having neither scale, shell, nor coated hair,—may he not stand in want of this cerebral volume for sentient purposes? Is there any proved connection between it and his mind, save as necessary for organic sensation and vital energy? The brain is adduced with too much confidence in these questions. The living brain has, of course, never been dissected; and though when portions of the calvarium have been removed, the action of its blood-vessels has been perceptible, yet its appropriate functions have never been brought to light. In an exanimated brain, the very organ-

ization *may* be deranged: the modus operandi *must* be sought in vain.

The principal argument employed to prove that the brain is made up of many organs, is, the sense of relief we gain, after application to one subject, by attention to another. When wearied by studying language, we are still refreshed by painting and music. The mind can be continuously occupied, but its occupations must be varied. *Therefore*, though it is a conclusion per saltum, the brain must consist of many parts,—which, like the eyes of Argus, take it by turns to wake and sleep. This statement goes on the naked, unprotected, assertion, that brain is the instrument of thought. It also attributes a muscular idea to mental fatigue, most gratuitous, most uncongenial. The same *sensible* organ may be uninterruptedly exercised, and yet be relieved by diverting that exercise. My eye is all along employed in gazing upon the most vivid colours, and then upon the green of earth: but it is refreshed by the change, though there is no cessation of its attention. And why may not intellect require varied excitement in conformity to its own laws, and yet find its relief in its change of employments? Has the eye two organs, one of which exchanges with the other, when by a new effort on a new object it is invigorated? Nor is it more reasonable to infer that the mind is in need of many mediums, and that these are alternately in action or at rest,—because a little poetry comes in very opportunely after hours devoted to conic sections.

In laying open the brain, we see a generally equal surface, no high eminences, no sudden depressions; and as it is averred that the *organs* are in the brain, and only their developments on the skull, we have a right to demand a proof of their existence at this stage of the enquiry. All the brain presents the same appearance, grey and white: there is no sign of distinct compartments: no variety to indicate final causes: no *fitness* which we naturally associate with organic structure; no *muscle* which seems wanted for the execution of its purposes. Analysis of the brain has been most successfully conducted by the ablest anatomists of the age: but their dissections go for nothing in

the estimation of those who could confound Sphinx herself! It is most true that Haller, Hunter, Blumenbach, Gordon, Bell, have discovered various distinct parts in the mass and have defined them; so that little knowledge can be required to declare their position, their order, their interesting character, their general resemblance. If there be organs, they might be expected to consist of the corpus callosum, the fornix, the pons varolii, the commissures, the pituitary and pineal glands. These are too unimportant parts! Besides, every one knows about them! It is the property of all organs, such as eyes, nostrils, and ears, to be unseen—therefore the instruments of thought shall lie on the surface of the brain, to put our confidence in Gall and Spurzheim to the ordeal! Sense is not to be consulted! Faith is to be unhesitating! How much more proper is it to speak of parts which have never been seen, instead of those which at any time may! Ipsi dixerunt, and let all with Pythagorean docility unmurmuringly submit!

As no science can have any chance of patronage in our day, which does not eulogise Bacon, and shout Induction, we are informed by Craniologists that their system is conducted on the most rigid principles of scientific enquiry. "We never," says Spurzheim, "venture beyond experience; we never deny nor affirm any thing that cannot be verified by experiment. We never make researches on the dead body alone, nor upon the soul alone, but upon man as he appears in life." Be it remembered that induction must have facts to collate: what are the facts of this investigation? It maintains that every brain has certain organs, and that these are expressed by the superficial skull. And the facts are these. They can multiply busts at pleasure,—see the ideality of Homer, the form of Phidias, the causality of Aristotle! No rational doubt can exist that each is true to its prototype!

"Caput argutæ præbeat historiæ."

And it is very probable that they may have a hundred skulls out of the *few* millions which, at one time or other, have appeared on the earth! The result must be most satisfactory!

The research must be most complete! Who can resist the inference that the brain has thirty-three divisions; and the external cranium as much raised and indented work as may correspond! Proud generalization! Man has certain dispositions; if not in the brain, where can they be? Therefore they are in the brain. But of what use can they be, if only in the brain? Therefore they have an ostensible revelation. But if not ostensibly revealed on the cranium, where else are they? Therefore they are revealed on the cranium. Triumphant induction! Never had theorem a more victorious right to claim its Quod erat demonstrandum; never had statute stronger claim to its Be it enacted, and it is *hereby* enacted.

To maintain that man has certain eminences on his skull is to little purpose; that is not litigated; but the craniologist is bound to show that they are occasioned by the encephalon. For my own part I neither care whether they be so or not, believing the encephalon to have as much connection with mind and character, as the marrow of the leg-bone. But surely *they* should demonstrate that the external formation depends upon an "internal sculpture:" that, in short, the brain moulds the skull. I have handled many skulls, but have always been struck with their disagreement in respect of interior and exterior formation. Every convex point of the formation without, ought to be marked by a concavity within: so every outward depression should cause an inverted rotundity within. Take the internal plate of the skull; you will find it channeled and fretted with a variety of involutions. Suppose these be produced by the sulci of the brain, though every one knows they are owing to the meningeal veins,—was the external bone ever thus found configured? There is often as great a difference as between the outside and inside of a peach-stone, only just inverting the arrangement. As the cranium consists of an upper and under plate, it behoves the craniologist to establish their perfect parallelism. But he would be hardy indeed who would undertake the proof.

It has been hardily asserted, in the spirit of the foregoing statements, that the eminences which stand forward from above

the orbits of the eyes, strictly correspond with the anterior extremities of the lobes of the brain. Now, what really are they? Mere processes of bone of the mastoid kind, required by the principal muscle of that region!

Sometimes the thickness of one part of the skull is nearly double that of another. Hence large protuberances arise under the touch, but in reality the brain is equidistant from them and the levels of the skull.—That cellular attachment called the *diploe* is not unhappily named; for it not only may be explained to indicate a duplicity of the external and vitreous plates, but the *deception* of inferring the peculiarities of one from the other. A remarkable instance of the error committed by those who suppose that a perfect equality subsists in these plates is furnished by the frontal sinus. Here a separation, even a chasm, is produced. It is an absolute cell in most persons. It only closes up with age. Now, beshrew it, this unseemly yawn is just under the organ of *Locality*. But the entire system of Craniology depends upon *Locality*. It is this which fixes the position of all the developments. If deceived in this, none can be trustworthy. This is the unkindest cut of all. So *Locality*, to which all the remainder are so much indebted, to which they owe house and home, is pushed out from the brain, is disclaimed by the diploe, and has no place for the sole of its foot.—Whatever, too, are the exertions of the brain to round out the temporal bones, they are most invidiously counteracted by a muscle which flattens them, sometimes to a semi-transparency. —The reason why the eye, the mirror of expression, "that most pure spirit of sense," should be converted into a development of the organ of language, is not the least surprising part of the theory. The optic nerve passes through a deep foramen! and no pressure of the brain on the orbital plates seems likely to affect a substance such as the eye. Surely its own connection with the brain is enough, without linking it to another. Should it be denied that the eye is the development, except as the index to the bones behind it, the wrong will only be aggravated by making it not the development of an organ, but a development of a development!

The bone of the skull, like all bony substance, is subject to disease. Eminences are sometimes found upon it from the peculiarity of the sutures. Cornelius Celsus* (I note the quotation from Gideon Harvey's Vanities of Philosophy and Physic,) has left this passage. "A suturis se deceptum esse Hippocrates memoriæ tradidit, more scilicet magnorum virorum, et fiduciam magnarum rerum habentium." And in his recent lectures Spurzheim treats this matter very lightly, though these inequalities, together with some bony processes, might lead the uninitiated into great mistakes.—"We are often asked," he is pleased to say, "by persons who have not studied the subject, about the import of the trifling sprouts of bone on the skull, and little projections and depressions of bone.—They mean nothing, they are irregularities of the bone only, we pay no attention to them, but to the greater development of different parts in various directions." Alas, some of his organs are so crowded that there *can* only be a little sprout of bone; and he cannot be offended at us when we say that all are nothing more than irregularities of the bone, that they mean nothing, that we pay no attention to them, for *we* only apply to the *great* what *he* applies to the *small*.—I will here propose two questions, which may, perhaps, place the theory in a correct point of view. Would any craniologist stake the credit of his system upon a guess of the outer from the inner, or of the inner from the outer, tables of the skull? Would he stake the credit of his system upon a guess of the peculiar cranium, after the closest inspection of the brain which once filled it, but which he shall now inspect by itself? Methinks, like Stanley, he would shrink from this "Well, as you guess?" No one, however versed in this particular anatomy, could point out the organic diversity between the brightest genius, and the most stupid dunce.

It is rather difficult to know whether we should follow Gall or Spurzheim; it is no longer possible to follow both. The names which they employ in their organology are so very different that it is scarcely possible to apply them to the same

* Lib: viii. cap: 4.

things. Gall makes the love of offspring to include love to parents: Spurzheim confines it. The former speaks of the organ of good nature; this, certes, cannot be the same with the benevolence of the latter. The master speaks of the organ of rhetorical acuteness; the disciple styles it comparison. The ambiguity has misled no small number of half-fledged orators. The founder speaks of the organ of learning things; the retainer describes it as locality and space. Nor does the topography of their charts always agree. Let the combativeness and destructiveness of the two be compared. Covetiveness is allowed a greater range by the one than the other. The confusion becomes rather embarrassing on the frontal bone. Few things are more perplexing to a stranger than for the same street to pass under two different names; though a native is sometimes as much bewildered by the alteration of a well known street, during his temporary absence!

The vicinity of these organs is frequently so repulsive and heterogeneous, that we need more than an assertion that this huddled state of things is unavoidable. Even a modern party is scarcely worse sorted. Without any line of demarcation in the brain to answer to the trellis-work of the craniological specimen, we enter the most alien-domains. "Mingle you that may." From *pugnacity* we enter *friendship*, without a turnpike between. The readiest transition lies from *prudence* to *confidence*. Conscientiousness soon turns to pride or pride to conscientiousness: "My Conscience!" *Love* of *money* and *luxuriance* of *fancy*, *thrift* and *imagination*, are quite inseparable. *Building* and *music*, though their noises are so distinguishable, almost occupy a common ground. *Metaphysics* are found most favourable to *wit*. It is difficult to prove a trespass where there is no fence. We may, perhaps, enquire into the proof that these organs are so strangely figured, as well as uncouthly collocated. Here are angles acute and obtuse; triangles, right-angled, isosceles, and scalene; straight and curved lines; cones and circles; rhomboids, trapeziums, and polygons. Now, as there is nothing *very* like all this upon the brain, or the skull, it may not be impertinent to ask how they have been discovered?

He must have had ingenuity at least who drew these amorphous etchings of the head.

It is not a little singular how every objection to Craniology may be evaded. When we show a large head, with every symptom of healthy brain, and are obliged to associate with it great stupidity—we are told every thing depends upon the proportion of the organs. There is not even Juvenal's apology:

> "Vacuumque cerebro
> Jam pridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quærat?"

When we exhibit a small head, and allege the intellectual superiority of its owner, we are told every thing depends on its activity. As to *size*, it is common to say, "*great head*, little *wit*;" and most unphilosophic does it seem to make mind a question of scale and dimension. Even Hume enquires if any one "can conceive a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness." Every craniologist loves a large sweeping development. But when this is not the case, though it is anomalous and opposed to the proper rule—then *activity* is to supply the place. This of all principles is most occult, and is rather a picklock than a key to every difficulty. You can have no hold, for they pass from what is most tangible to what is most subtle, the equivocation is incessant, and they play themselves out of the game! Theirs is a system of eternal counter-balance, of antagonist powers—each organ is a Marplot.

> "*Function*
> Is smothered in surmise: and nothing is,
> But what is not!"

Intersect the palæstra as you please, they compel the athletæ to a particular course, and ere the race can be run, adjudge the palm. Strike the keys as you may, you must finger through their Chiroplast, must obey their Da Capo, and must follow their Score.

The Negro skull is often cited as a witness in favour of these speculations. The receding brow, the overhanging occiput, are quoted as conclusive. It is never remembered that

barbarism rules over the African continent. It is never remembered that its kidnapped children are necessarily imbruted by slavery. Their frontal depression, it seems, must brand them to endless ignorance and degradation. Then where stood Egypt whose glories still survive? Who was the Hannibal that climbed the Alps and shook the Capitol? Who were Cyprian, Tertullian, Augustine, whose venerable writings are still eagerly perused? That profile must have consisted with Cleopatra's beauty; and may be traced in the Memnon's head, whose deified, though negro-countenance, forms the most magnificent relic in our national museum.

But when we speak of the Egyptians, that great and intellectual people, we are reminded that they were a distinct race from the Negro: that theirs was not the distorted foot and the woolly head. Now let us consult contemporary authorities upon this point. Herodotus infers that the Colchi were identical with the Egyptians, because they were black and had woolly hair.* Aristotle remarks that the Ethiopians and the Egyptians were Βλαισοι,—deformed in their legs and feet, probably with a special reference to the elongated heel of the Negro tribe. He then enquires into the causes of this deformity. He supposes it may be heat. He expressly ascribes to each of them the woolly hair, and reasons that whatever produces the one, may also produce the other.† In vain, then, does the modern craniologist endeavour to press his distinction. It is not only opposed to the best classical historians and naturalists; but to whatever we retain, in monument and painting, of that contour.

That some tribes have adopted singular methods of altering the natural shape of the head, is generally admitted. It has been made to assume a flat, a square, a mitred appearance. The organs must have been crushed when their developments

* "Μελαγχροες και Ουλοτριχες."—Euterpe 56. H. Stephens.

† Δια τι οι Αιθιοπες και οι Αιγυπτιοι βλαισοι εισιν; διοτι υπο θερμου, ωσπερ και τα ξυλα διαστρεφεται ξηραινομενα, ουτω και τα των ζωων σωματα; δηλουσι δε και αι τριχες, ουλοτερας γαρ εχουσιν. Η δε ουλοτης εστιν, ωσπερ βλαισοτης, των τριχων."—Problem: Phys: 294 p.—Basle Edition.

were stunted. Yet these tribes have equalled others, who were contented with the natural head, in all the arts of savage life; and in the instance of the Caribs, there was a generous and refined race. It is easy now to speak of them as mean, dastard, recreant; the bay of the bloodhound, and the toil of the gold-mine, would soon change the proudest national character, and quench the finest native spirit.

I recollect an experiment or two of a singular nature, of which there survive not a few witnesses. Craniologists are anxious to bring their system within the operations of consciousness. The worthy lecturer gave us specimens how the head was managed by us, in various instances of conduct. In pride we tossed our head. In cunning we slanted it. No globe could be worked with greater exactness than his own exempli gratiâ head. But in bringing any place on a globe to the *meridian*, we very rudely send many others below the *horizon*. And, in his case, having only a vertical hemisphere to adjust, while it was day with one set of powers, it was night also with the very same. Zenith and Nadir saw outspread above and below them the one invariable zone. Latitude and longitude were set at defiance!

There has been nothing more advantageous to the belief in Craniology than the fortunate guesses, made by its professors, of character and disposition. A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross-examination begins, mixed with most dexterous *leading* questions.—"You have pride very large." "That's a mistake, I am very bashful, and oppressively humble." "I mean proper pride, honour?" "O yes, that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself."—"You have ideality very large." "There you are out, I am a plain matter-of-fact man, and often admire what the Governor says to Tilburina, when distraught with love and fiction; "The Spanish fleet thou *canst* not see—because it is not yet in sight!" "But you like poetry?" "O yes, I hope so."—"You have destructiveness very large." "*Now* I have no opinion of this science at all; for I would not tread on a worm; and concienti-

ously abstain from lobsters and eels." "Yes, now I perceive it *will* be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence."—"You have causality very large." "Farther and farther from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument." "Stop; do not be hasty; let me see: I have it: your *comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense, that your *causality* cannot work."—"You have wit very large?" "That is not at all in my way." "But when you speak do not they laugh?" "They do, and much more than I like." "That is your wit which makes them, for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, 'but is the cause that it is in other men.'" Thus the conjurer may throw his balls at pleasure, without the trick being perceived. A sleight of hand, and a readiness of equivocation, are the perfection of his art. It is a device of materialism to assert that, as the mind must be *somewhere*, and is seated *in* the body, it must have *extension*. Now as extension is a property of matter, it would trick us into the conclusion that the mind is either matter, or that mind and matter were homogeneous. But all this is gratuitous. If I am asked, *where* is mind? I answer, "You would put words into my mouth. It is not any *where*. I believe that it is incapable of extension. It is related to my body and that is all I know. I am perfectly ignorant of the manner. I am contented with the fact. It is you who would affect acquaintance with the mode of operation. You would force upon mind an attribute which not only it was never known to possess, but in discrimination from which it was only ever known to exist. You leap from the admission of a *connection* or *relation* to the conclusion of a *locality*. There may be a thousand such relations, and yet no idea of place. These are the most different things. They can never be properly confused." Yet from the assumption, the mere begging of the question, that the mind must be *somewhere*, many are deluded and entrapped into every materialistic dilemma. It is not evasion, but a pure philosophic symbol, to say that there exists *relation*—no more, and nothing else.*

* Ut supra, p. 443.

Another expedient is found of great utility in these lectures on heads. Such dispositions are attributed to the party under examination, as no one would renounce, or could disclaim. What are called in this system "fundamental powers," are of course acknowledged by all. The most excellent, being the most humble, will admit their faults and temptations, though they maintain the strictest self-government. The inspector cannot fail in his generalship or generalization.—The physiognomy, as the word is commonly employed, will lend most valuable aid. The idea of the disposition is obtained before the head is explored. But never is the inquisitor so accurate as when he is the bosom friend or familiar companion of him whom he tries. He seldom, in these cases, misapprehends! It is wonderful with what divination he hits off the character! If you will give the lines of Catullus a rather *punning* translation, they will most satisfactorily explain the intuitive knowledge which these connoisseurs are accustomed to boast.—

> "Risi nescio quem modo in corona
> Qui, cum mirifice Vatiniana
> Meus crimina CALVUS explicasset,
> Admirans ait hæc, manusque tollens!"

It is asserted that as certain organs of the human body perform their separate functions, so it is equally evident that judgment and memory are the functions of an appropriate apparatus, the central organ of the nervous system. We will not quarrel with the position of such centralization. Let us simply deal with this hardy assertion. The glands are ordained for particular secretions. Now in their ducts all these secretions have been detected throughout their several stages. The mechanism of the heart is known, and its office in the circulation of the blood. We can explore the causes which modify that circulating fluid. The alimentary canal has been laid open, and the successive processes of digestion have been minutely traced. This is intelligible. But who can apply these statements to the mind? When were brought to light the different progressions of mental maturity? When was seen the half-formed thought, the embryo idea, in the duplicatures of the brain?

It is but, it seems, a Gland! Thought is generated from it as wax and lymph are from others! A Majendie might find it in operation! If thinking result from matter, it can only be in two ways. It must, in the first place, be an essential property of it. But this no one will maintain. Matter is found in all kinds and forms where there is no accompaniment nor effect of intelligence and reason. Or the alternative is, that thought may be produced in matter by refinements and combinations of certain parts. It is not denied that substances in compound often elicit that which seems wholly new. But a third can never spring from the two without being perfectly similar, or without changing the one or the other. A compound may be disintegrated by the addition of another ingredient which, forming a new compound with the first, liberates the second. No union of parts can create a new and permanent property which is opposed to those parts when separate. By what analogies is it, then, contended that material changes can create a new element or quality which is neither a like nor a hybrid? Where is, indeed, the compound? Where are any *two* things to constitute it? Matter there is, but it is *alone!*

The celebrity of some names, which have given their sanction to this new company of speculatists, has caused many to waver in pronouncing against it, though strongly, and, but for this circumstance, convincingly impressed. But there never was an invention, however weak, but it found advocates among learned men. How the great VERULAM himself defends and approves what a child would now detect to be fallacious. When MESMER, after repeated disappointment in Germany, taught and practised his Animal Magnetism in France, he was the idol of the multitude. Testimony was borne to his candour and acuteness by the learned. He declared that there must be a revolution in philosophy as well as medicine. Thousands gave experimental evidence in his favour by the most singular cures. Man was represented by him as having the poles of the magnet, and animal magnetism was described as a most subtle, circumambient, fluid, connecting the starry influences with our frame.

His theory is now universally scouted, but it had once as many able apologists as Craniology can boast. The Academicians who examined it, and reported on its falsity, agreed that the system was not useless to philosophy, "as it affords one fact more to be added to the history of the errors and illusions of the human mind." Perkins, of America, discovered the powers of the *Metallic Tractors*; and, when he arrived in this country, such relief was given to innumerable cases of disease, that he must be incredulous indeed who rejects them all. Many of the witnesses were unimpeachable, the cases were generally incontestable, and the benevolent sold these rods cheaply, or gave them gratuitously, in their pity for human misery. Then Gall and Spurzheim come into vogue with their nostrum; and will be remembered with the same affectionate veneration! Theirs will prove "a caput mortuum" too!

In some cases the misfortune would be to have only one bad disposition; its influence would be most active and mischievous. A solitary burglar or murderer generally proceeds to a greater excess than when surrounded with associates. The banditti are restrained by mutual jealousy. Happy is he who has not only the organ of slaughter, but of covetiveness! he will be the kindest of men in seeking to be rich! Happy is he who is cunning, if he have but pugnacity, which is always frank! he will be the most honest and ingenuous soul alive! The neutralization is perfect! The balance of power is restored! —Thus the quantities of Craniological Algebra will repair every evil of superfluity or deficiency; this quality *plus* that; that quality *minus* this, until we should get into its most convenient equations.

I am prepared to expect, if this hypothesis be true, that some great end is to be answered by it. These are golden words of Warburton—"Truth is producive of utility, and utility is indicative of truth." If it be a work of nature, what does it intend? The organs struggle to the surface of the skull, and contend for pre-eminence. Is it not that they may be exhibited? Why, then, the thick integument and over-spreading hair of the pericranium? How can we learn the human tendencies? By

passing the hand over the head? Upon what pretence? Can we bring up the fashion of patting it? Many, with Ollapod, would resent the contact, and exclaim, "Touch my ears, you touch my honour!" Or are heads to be shaved, as is universal in Persia? In some cases of mental hallucination it has been found very serviceable here; when the theorising epidemic prevails it may be safely recommended! But the "Rape of the Lock" is always an adventure! The Catch-pole sometimes comes off the worst!

If the mass of the brain can thus affect the bulk and conformation of the skull, it must be possessed of powers which have hitherto eluded detection. In mechanics it is easy to produce a *simple* motion, and to *multiply motions* in the same direction; but it requires genius to give *complex* and *contrary* motions. But what an instrument must we have inside our heads, perpendicular, horizontal, rotatory, in its operations; raising, elongating, rounding, at the same time the same substance; gouging out prominences through the whole compass of the periphery; and losing no power, though thus extended, multiplied, and inverted. No Board of Works could do the business of the cerebral machine!

It is commonly urged in support of this theory, that it will have a favourable effect on education. This must be necessarily dependent on its truth. But grant that it is true,—and I have found that its advocates are very reluctant to express an opinion of the juvenile head. A professor of the art assured me that he never confided in a judgment formed of a person under twenty years of age. The structure of the infant's head may be so affected by circumstances, and the growth of the head is so peculiar, that I am not surprised that the craniologist is somewhat chary of his sentiments. Then how does it assist education? An affectionate parent will be too observant of the early dispositions, the unfolding faculties, of his child, to have occasion to grope for them on the skull. The lisp, the look, the manner, will plainly declare the invisible mind. One remark of Gall may serve to illustrate the utility of this science in education: speaking of certain organs he most com

fortably adds, "these are to be sought for after the death of the person!"

I am not to be informed that this system is extolled as the only solution of the phænomena of insanity. Believing that insanity is often produced by animal causes, it is at least as probable that it is often a pure, independent, disease of the mind. Why may not intellect have its idiopathy as well as the body? But surely this pretext of defence is most luckless; for countless cases of mental derangement might be adduced, in which the organization of the brain has not been even most slightly affected. It is only a quirk to take refuge in the physiology of the brain. It merely begs the question. What *is* this functionary action? And when the structure is perfect, what possible ground have any to assume an imperfect and unhealthy action?

It is often put as a strong case, that the mind must be in the brain, for that, on the removal of the brain, the operations of the mind cease. But I suspect that man would find an equal difficulty in thinking, were he under a bond to some Shylock to lose a pound of his heart. That the brain is essential to vitality, was never disputed; and, of course, whatever destroys life, destroys also intellect, as far as united to flesh, and confined to earth.—That the soul is in the brain, can be as little proved in cases of amputation. It is said that the sufferer feels pain in the extremities, though no longer his. Now if this be true, and the inference drawn from it be valid, the pain should be in the head; and it is a misinformation of the mind to assign it to a limb which no longer exists. The explanation is easy without so clumsy an inference,—mental association springing from morbid habitude.

When Induction is pleaded as the basis of this theory, we feel that there is a very impudence in the assertion. There have been living for ages upon this earth, at any one period, five hundred millions of human beings. Upon how many of these heads have craniologists laid hands and measures? There must be dissection for a perfect examination of cranial phænomena. Now the business should be, not to go into catacombs

and charnels to collect skulls, because we cannot generally say what was the mind or the character of their former possessors; it is to collate the skulls of those whom we intimately knew, and to establish by them the soundness of these conclusions. Is there a man who could exhibit a hundred skulls, and say as he took up each, "I knew him well." What becomes, then, of the inductive boast? A rule is laid down, from the merest scantling, to be applied to millions of millions, when probably this scantling consists of exceptions to the universal rule! Induction! "Prodigious!"

I should be very glad if I thought the theory, as a straw whirled into air, would only mark the veerings of popular opinion. I am no alarmist; and were I one, I would not disturb you with my tocsin. Yet I cannot calmly review these trifles without regret; in sorrow more than anger. "Hæ nugæ seria ducunt." I ask, do not these studies argue a decay and vitiation of public intellect? Are they characteristic of a thinking age? Breathe they a healthy spirit of learning? Can they school genuine philosophers? Appear they not the toys of our second childhood? Speak they not a degeneracy of power and taste? Surely we have fallen on an age of little men. Its very activity is a wanton caprice, and feverish restlessness. If any which preceded it was the age of *iron*, though heavy, it was massive; though rigorous, it was useful. This is the age of *tinsel*. Is it come to this? Is our Io Pæan loudest whilst we most flagrantly offend the god? Could any recorded climacteric of liberal enquiry, of severe art, of genuine science, have produced this abortion? Could it have lived for a moment in the times of Newton, Locke, or Johnson? It seems, that after the unexampled growth of former years, we must now have a fallow,—this is one of the weeds. The river has retreated to its channels, and only left its ooze,—this is part of the spawn. If such bagatelles have any attraction for us, our intellectual retrograde has at least commenced. If these be the proofs of an enlightened æra—if these be the rays of our noontide splendour,—the twilight will soon thicken, and the night quickly fall. I am incapable of nationality in

science; "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur." But I confess that a suspicion haunts me when the import arrives from a particular land: the bills of lading demand a quarantine and fumigation. We have had enough already of Transcendental Mysticism, of Antisupernatural Religion, of Mawkish Sentimentality, from the German shores. Our literature, our metaphysics, have been sufficiently infused by Teutonic decoctions. Let our fountains for a time be left to well up their own waters. Their health and purity require their unmixed element and undisturbed source.

I do not retract a single apology which I have both suggested and admitted in favour of this system. I freely grant that Craniology is not necessarily, in the case of its partizans, identified with a low animal philosophy. But that there is such a grovelling principle at work, cannot be denied. The Linnæan arrangement is more calculated to degrade man than to assist science. What boots it him that, in all the essentials of his humanity, he is so dissimilar, and so transcendent? A pectoral indication suffices to classify him! A whale! ("very like a whale!") a bat! ("cast to the bats," as we shall soon be "to the moles!") a man! *Id omne genus!* These are levelling and equalising doctrines truly! And as little can it be denied, that this system is cordially greeted by these brutalising misanthropists. They only wanted this to make the demonstration complete. It now becomes us to decide whether we must succumb! It is for us now to determine whether we feed our lamp with our kindred leviathan! Whether the bat pays us the tribute of a common nature, as it skims over our grave!—Those resemblances, which all admit, it were folly to question. But the comparison has lately known no prudence. Man is described as an ameliorated brute. He has made his own way out of the œconomy of bestial instinct! Not satisfied with this emersion, he is to be taunted with his origin. The chance of a forehead makes him what he is. His intellect is a mere result of organization. His dispositions are blind and mechanical instincts. Let him think fellowly of the ape! This philosophy only wanted the Craniological

addition to complete the ingredients of its enchanted caldron;—

> "Cool it with a baboon's blood,
> Then the charm is firm and good."

Time was when organization was admitted to be much affected by the mind. This is a hypothesis with which we should have little quarrel. The physiognomical transformation we could heartily abet. But organization is now made restrictive. "To expect," says Lawrence, that the Americans and Africans can be raised by any culture to an equal height in moral sentiments and intellectual energy with Europeans, appears to me quite as unreasonable as it would be to hope that the bull-dog might equal the grey-hound in speed; that the latter may be taught to hunt by scent like the hound; or that the mastiff may rival in talents and acquirements the sagacious and docile poodle." The plot is at last betrayed. "This is no flattery." The human species is at a hopeless rest. Advance is impossible. The barrier is insurmountable. Taunt, of course, follows when such opinions are broached. The canine allusion is all within that vein. It is pleasing to these misanthropes to conceive of their fellows as packs of so many breeds, and of the earth as a kennel or menagerie.

It has been already admitted that a believer in these speculations is not required of necessity to be a materialist. But I must express my conviction that they are founded on a low, gross, materialism. If such be the origin of the theory, such may well be its consequence. Perhaps its suspected or its real connection with the system of materialism creates no alarm. Be it so; I am the keeper of no man's conscience, and judge of no man's creed. My own alarm is undissembled, and there are thousands who participate it.—Some have supposed that they might allow the facts of materialism, and yet reason differently upon them. They feel themselves secure against the *undue* conclusions of a Spinoza or a Lawrence. But it is untrue that it adducess any facts. It can claim assumptions and find analogies, to surfeit; but it is destitute of a single credible

and argumentative ground, of a solitary plain and tangible fact. If you admit its *facts*, you cannot long quarrel with its *inferences*. And is this the precise time for concessions? Have all the previous concessions of too-confiding candour been generously used? Are first principles of no importance? Are we to surrender our consciousness to the omnific power of brute flesh, and to describe thought as the effect of organised, and as the accident of perishable, matter? It is painfully evident that Materialism has made a great advance; that it is viewed with less apprehension than it was wont to excite; that it is flattered by a candour which it never exhibits, that it has corrupted our language, that it has debased our finest thinking, that it threatens the Palladium of our Religious Faith. Yet in our candour we are to open every gate for it, and never forbear until it is within our walls.

> "Instamus tamen immemores, cæcique furore,
> Et monstrum infelix sacratâ sistimus arce."

In the mean time Infidelity has not been inactive in the conflict, nor indifferent to the dispute: and I may expect her venomed serpents to entwine me for the "ne credite, Teucri," I have presumed to utter. Ever watchful, she has gloated over the rising enchantment. Her loud, boastful, laugh now proclaims her triumph. Man, an animal merely!—man, a compound of matter! — man, a tool of fate! She asks no more! Drunken with hope she once again flings high her thyrsus! mingles her filthy potions, and prepares her bloody revels!

The influence of these opinions on human conduct seems to me, also, necessarily mischievous. For many reasons it would be wrong as well as ungracious in me to discuss questions of necessity, volition, well-being; but when mankind at large are informed that their histories are engraved where they may read them, — that their cranioscopy is truer than their consciousness,—then, it may be feared, that man will presume that a destiny decides every thing, that human liberty is a fiction, that virtue and vice are only conventional, and that he is running but an appointed race. The freedom of the will, it

may be alleged by the advocates of this system, is not denied,—nor is this impulse of disposition inconquerable. But such extenuation will appear as unmeaning as must other two statements of the poet on the same subject:—

> "And binding nature fast in fate,
> Left free the human will."

Inform any ordinary man that on such portions of bone are stamped his leading propensities, his powerful appetites; that you can tell his character from his skull; surely his apology will be immediate, and placing his hand on the part he will exclaim:—

> "The very head and front of my offending
> *Hath this extent*—No *more!*"

To impress on any person his master-disposition must be unnecessary, for surely he knows it; and often will he, who finds himself the subject of a prophecy, fulfil it. And what cannot accomplished diviners of this school prove? The character being given, they can find the name. The Edinburgh Phrenological Journal knows as much of Macbeth's head as though it had seen it brought in by Macduff: the murder of Duncan, with all the successive tragic horrors, arose, it informs us, from Macbeth's "love of approbation and cautiousness acting on *defective concientiousness!!*" To show that I am no caricaturist, I will quote from the preface to Foster's Phrenology his own eulogium on the science: "It is a method, the physical structure of the individual being given, to find the moral and intellectual character!!" Surely the men who compute the grounds of friendship and the qualities of esteem by the dimensions of a bone, must reduce them to a mean principle of gregariousness. They have yet to learn what is meant by the high commerce of mind, the kindred soul, the bosom confidence. They should live by themselves; and sing their Anacreontics over the adhesiveness of their own fortunate skulls. I would, with Demosthenes, most fervently invoke the heavenly powers on their behalf:

> "Τουτοις βελτιω τινα νουν και φρενας ενθειητε."

But if these indulgences be refused, I cannot withhold his indignant imprecations:

"Ει δ' αρα εχουσιν ουτως ανιατως, τουτους μεν αυτους καθ' εαυτους ...... ποιησαιτε."*

But, forsooth, there is to be a universal reign of candour when Craniology wins its triumph. We shall then make allowance for mutual misfortune! We shall beweep these callosities as the common source of human error and woe! Amiable specimens of this temper begin to appear! But for these unwearied philanthropists some of the most *finished* characters might have been unrecorded. They have rescued neglected excellence from the grave! What though premature death withdrew a Haggart from the present scene? They have embalmed his virtues! It was theirs, also, to honour a much-injured man; to throw a blaze of benevolence around his memory;—I speak of the lamented Thurtell! This sweet forbearance is exercised to all but to the unbelievers in Craniology. In the first number of the above-mentioned Journal, of course before any provocation, they divide their opponents into twelve equally elegant and charitable departments: "Wasps, butterflies, ants, geese, ducks, owls, parrots, monkeys, bears, swine, asses, and curs." Preachers of candour! Models of benevolence! "Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?"

I would intimate in this place the propriety of disclosing the results of Craniological investigation rather more prudently than has been the habit of its professors. There are certain feelings which cannot be eradicated at once! There are particular scruples which must not be too abruptly shocked! Let the weak eye be strengthened by gradual allowances of light, ere it be required to endure the noontide sun! We have been gravely informed that there "is a superadded portion of the brain by which we obtain a knowledge of the Great First Cause." We are pleased at any recognition of the Deity in science, for it favours the testimony that only "the fool says in his heart there is no God." We may be informed that the head is incapable of such atheism. But I do solemnly protest against

* Περι Στεφανου.

the profane indecency of many recent attempts to connect the Omnipotent with peculiar studies. He is introduced as a poetical machine. His holy and reverend name is abused to sanction, while it is mixed up with, the most hideous incongruities. Is my indignation kindled of too earthly elements when I denounce a practice of as bad taste as of impious levity? That name is sufficiently blasphemed without any philosophical auxiliaries. Man has always possessed this "superadded portion;" but "by wisdom knew not God." Did Tully successfully discover the "nature of the gods," or the existence of the True One? Or did La Metherie, in our own day; who, giving a table of elective attractions, speaks of that particular combination and mode of chrystallization which constitutes the Divine Being? Thus men will leave the source of all religious knowledge to find it in a bone or a pulp; will turn from every manifestation of His nature with which the Supreme meets them, for the desperate hazard of one which he will never deign; and create the horror of thick darkness which descends upon them by extinguishing the only torch which could have dispelled it. With Priam I demand, "Quid petunt? quæ relligio?"

They who are acquainted with the publications of this school, will recollect the prevailing attempt of many to reconcile the system with Revelation. The position which the Divine Word rather assumes, than intends to argue, is the universal depravity of man. The great aim it proposes to itself, is to achieve a moral revolution in his condition and nature. Other dogmata are contained in it, which neither the tone nor compass of my theme can allow me to discuss. But Craniology assures us that it calls not for the surrender of these truths; that it provides their basis and ground-work; that it constitutes their evidence and rationale. It repeats the very ignorance of Nicodemus, and to be "born again" we ought, according to its doctrine of physical formation, to "enter the second time into our mother's womb, and be born." Thus the unwary are deceived; and the believers in Revelation are betrayed into a league with Materialists, Fatalists, and Infidels, against it.

"Lucernam fur accendit ex ara Jovis,
Ipsumque compilavit ad lumen suum.
. . . .
Repente vocem sancta misit Relligio
. . . .
Ne ignis noster facinori præluceat
Per quem verendos excolit pietas Deos,
Veto esse tale luminis commercium."*

A remark may be introduced here touching the supposed organ of veneration. To what accidents may we trace its development or diminution! We know that this part is very yielding in birth: that the laminæ of the infant head continue for a time unclosed: that very frequently a depression, a valley, is left upon the spot for life. Yet all of religion depends upon this formation!

I am not disposed to go into those objections which might be raised against this system on grounds of religion. These are not few nor trifling. It is one sneer at moral responsibility. The dispositions which it ascribes as necessarily belonging to us are incompatible with any state of innocence. Did they attach to man when he shone in his Maker's image? Has his structure, the index of his present dispositions, received a similar change of conformation since? Or, when his "soul is restored," when it is "renewed after God,"—often most suddenly—is this the true phrenology still? And is the organology preserved? And in disposition and signiference are we to mark the identity of the "new creature?" Acquisitive the same, while consenting to "the loss of all things?" Secretive the same, while "going forth without the gate?" Self-approving the same, while "not having on their own righteousness?" Combative the same, while "gentle unto all men?" Imitative the same, while "walking not as others walk?" It is irksome to enlarge: it is an unpleasant contention: for there can be no common principles between Craniologists and Christians!

We are in possession of facts strictly religious. Tens of thousands of the negro race have embraced Christianity. These have yielded themselves to its power. Of what are its disciples

* Phædrus.—Lib: iv. Fab: 11.

in our latitudes capable, of which these do not present and prove an equal susceptibility? They alike with us can "love their neighbour," can "sing with the spirit and understanding," can "search the Scriptures," can "walk orderly," can "deny ungodliness and worldly lust," can "hope to the end," can "die in the Lord." Mandingo, Eboe, Coromantin,—Foulah, Gambian, Angolan,—have lived in Christian piety and departed in Christian peace. Did a cranial scale forbid? They were chained as captives, yoked as beasts, branded as felons, bartered as chattels. All was done to break down their mind.* But they heard the call of the Gospel: they received "the truth, and the truth made them free." Conformation and tint, if difficulties to that reception, were instantly overcome. Christ has welcomed these sable converts, saying, "Behold, my mother and my brethren!" Depressed as is their brow, "His name is upon their forehead!"

Of the Intellectual Philosophy Craniologists speak in unmeasured terms of acrimony. How can it be pursued without them? What was ever accomplished by it before them? They are the only discoverers of body and mind! They have inserted the link! They have sprung the arch! For ourselves we affect no such trophies. We think the studies different, and shall not be disappointed if we never make them meet. Such an enquiry is indeed interesting, if not of very probable solution. We have done our utmost. Our consciousness, like a *discovery-ship*, is in full sail for that point, while dissection is a *sort of expedition over land.* "From what I have stated," says Spurzheim, "it results that the philosophy of the mind must be entirely changed!" A modest warning truly, and his recent lectures demonstrate his qualifications for the task. In them he has laid down one most novel position. "I repeat," says he, "the assertion, and it is an important one in the consideration of the philosophy of mind, that *all the feelings* are *felt!*" How far his *phrenology* supersedes the systems of Locke and Stewart, I will

* "Ημισυ γαρ τ' αρετης αποαινυται ευρυοπα Ζευς
Ανερος, ευτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν."
Odyssey.—Lib: xvii. Lin: 322.

leave others to determine. If it be the true one, we have much to unlearn. We have mistaken our nature; and may "change our humanity with a baboon." He who can admire it, must, on his own principle, "have a most uncommon skull."

There is a liberal intercommunity between the genuine sciences: they reciprocate kind offices and useful succours. This new system is the most intolerant firebrand. It denounces all other enquiry to be absolutely fruitless. Like Moliere's Maistre de Philosophie, it treats all instructors besides itself with singular disdain: "Je vous trouve tous trois bien impertinens, de parler devant moi avec cette arrogance; et de donner impudemment le nom de science a des choses que l' on ne doit pas même honorer du nom d' art, et qui ne peuvent être comprises que sous le nom du métier misérable de gladiateur, de chanteur, et de baladin." It knows no bounds to its contempt of metaphysics. Did Craniologists but know the meaning of this word, they would never apply it to the philosophy of mind. But as this is what they ignorantly intend by it, a more gratuitous, groundless, averment was never risked than their common one, that little or nothing has been done in this department. As there is no subject so worthy of being studied, so there is no one that has received greater explanation. I fearlessly conjoin a Locke with a Newton, and a Berkeley with a La Place. Only in this enquiry have we the united aids of consciousness and induction. This intuition is far more certain than demonstration, or testimony, or external sense; for upon it all these other instruments of conviction depend.—What do you know of the *substance* of mind? is frequently asked; equally as much, we reply, as you know of the *substance* of matter. When you inform us of the one, we shall be induced and enabled to inform you of the other. In the mean time, we shall content ourselves with the perceptions of the first, and willingly remit you to all the qualities which your favourite study of the second can reveal: the contexture of either element and its substratum will still be evitable and latent.—A strong objection is alleged against the Intellectual Enquiry, because it can go no farther than effects, and is ignorant of the corresponding causes.

These, Craniology declares it has discovered; but, with all its causality, it shows little knowledge of causation. The relation of a cause and effect no man, who has thought at all, would pretend to define. The fact is, that we do not understand a *law* or *reason* of nature. Let the experimentalists, in what is most absurdly, when restrictively, called Physical science, tell, —why the sealing-wax upon friction will gather light substances about it; why the load-stone draws certain metallic matter; why atoms cohere; why bodies are borne in a particular direction; why limpid water is arrested into crystals. It is not enough to answer that these phænomena are *caused* by Electricity, Magnetism, Attraction, Gravitation, Congelation. These are only so *many declared effects*; or, more properly speaking, so *many subsequent states* in which these things are found. I know from experience when I may expect these states; in what order of succession they will occur; but of their *causal subsistence* nothing has been apprehended. Of mental *operations* we may speak as correctly and confidently; we are only stopped by the *limit of all enquiry*.

But when Intellectual Science is mentioned, all must have "a gird at it." Its persecution is as common as it is unreasonable. Is it possessed of facts? Are those facts within our cognisance? Are they capable of classification? Can they be reduced to system? May they be turned to account? The introverted mind at once answers each interrogation. I know no pretext for its depreciation but this; that it is so accessible and so transcendent. It may be dangerous to the other sciences by its greatness. They may be neglected in consequence of its attraction. They may shrink from comparison with its paramount importance. They, therefore, by a species of ostracism, would exile it!

O happy world! The secret of thy redress and reformation is elicited at last! Eldorado, and Atalantis, and Antilla, cannot picture thy bliss! Let Bacon yield the prize, and pore over this "Novum Organum." Ye Grotius' and Montesquieus, ye Puffendorfs and Vattels, ye studied laws too soon! Statesmen shall now acquire their wisdom amid cabinets of

skulls ! Ye Corams and Guys, ye Howards and Vennings, ye wept unavailing tears ! There shall be, though not in a Scotch sense, a universal Humanity Class ! By a better management of heads, prisons and lazarettos will soon be swept from the earth ! "Redeunt Saturnia regna." Servants will need no character, register offices will be superseded, and counties will entrust to the returning officer, the business of measuring the candidates' heads. Should they wish to be seen by their constituents, it will be unnecessary to speak, but be sure they uncover and *keep the poll open*. Biography will be no longer required to depict the "daily beauty of the life," but merely to lithograph the proportions of the scalp. Education will direct its aim to higher purposes than it now contemplates; it will "rear the tender" pate, and "teach the young" cerebrum "how to shoot." By a vacuum, it will be easy to elevate a cranial depression; and should another organ rise too high, a compress or ligature must be used. The Atomic theory will be probably applied, and a scale of proportions be hung up in each school. Some great national undertaking must be adopted to close a chasm which now swallows up so much important matter; and either some Curtius will devote himself, or the parts of the *sinus* be brought together by a nobler Roman cement. A certain enemy to many high human powers will no longer be permitted to flatten and suffocate them, nor to stave in their apartments,—the evil will be no longer endured, nor further *temporising* be admitted. These grievances being healed, the Cephalic globe will swell into nobler dimensions, it will stand out with new enchasements and bas relievos, and show how it has been restrained for ages. The passions, now the vultures of the mind, will become simple and gentle as Venus' doves. The powers will adopt the mutual instruction and co-operative schemes, and be adepts alike in all mental employments. Monboddo, the theorist of human tails, would hear, could he return to the earth, of nothing but heads. Men will no longer steal,—acquisitiveness is checked; nor fight,—destructiveness is destroyed. The snake will not only be scotched but killed. The possibility of mischance will be extinguished. Each new-born babe will exhibit a head within a sort of tourniquet:

a youthful training shall prevent the thousand ills of the community. Equality of character will generally obtain, and man, at peace with himself, will be at peace with his neighbour. Should any fossil remains of the present generation be discovered in future times, our descendants, with their towering heads, will stand aghast at the smallness and comparative nothingness of ours. Theories will be rife,—classifications puzzled: these anomian specimens will not submit to any arrangement: but surely the singular petrifactions must be placed hard by the ammonitæ, while posterity will speculate, with St. Hilda or without her, on the circumstance of our headless conformation. By the greater mass and superior activity, of the brain, essential advantages may be obtained. Even sleep will become superfluous, perhaps impracticable. There will be heard a voice which shall cry through all the chambers of the brain, sleep no more. A part of the head may occasionally feel drowsy, but it will only answer to our idea of a leg or arm being asleep: neither body nor mind, then most perfectly amalgamated, will require repose. An earthly immortality will be enjoyed. An unfading youth will be perpetuated. Hail! ye happy scenes! Hail! ye glowing visions!

> "Spare mine aching sight,
> Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!"

The fulcrum is obtained for the lever which shall move the world. After the failures of six thousand years, this grand experiment will make man the subject of knowledge and virtue, and render earth the dwelling of happiness and love!— —— SANCHO AND BARATARIA! SPIRIT OF CERVANTES THOU ART OUTDONE!

To conclude this Essay, I would sum up with as much indulgence as the case will allow; and really do think that Craniology will deserve respectful attention *when* it can exhibit one fact for its basis, one plausibility for its recommendation, one application for its use:—but not *till then!* If my faculties be developed or not, if they be various or not, all of which I am conscious determine me against this system. My *order* revolts at a confusion of genera and species and substances, such

as it involves. My *locality* rejects an area so pitiful, refuses to "prate of such a where-about," and seeks a limitless space. My *comparison* pronounces a theory like this unworthy to be weighed against the standard systems of human philosophy. My *causality* demands premises and reasons, as well as conclusions. I trust that I have too much *wit* to be overawed by such shallow pretence, and I am sure that I have too much *ideality* to be reconciled to such debasing materialism. My *cautiousness* renders me suspicious of the thousand and one tales of modern discovery. My *benevolence* holds me back from giving a sanction to that prying inquisitorial surveillance, which, if it were general, would taint all the sources of confidence and good will. *Veneration* teaches me to adore the Great First Cause, not only as a Potter having power over his clay but as the Father of spirits. *Hope* cheers me that the silly bubble will speedily burst. My *conscientiousness* yields me the testimony that in scouting such charlatanism, I am subserving the cause of truth and virtue. My *pride*, I own, disdains affinity with the brutal herd. My *decision* confirms my purpose, however fashion may simper its favour upon this conceit, and gaping credulity devour it. My *love of approbation* assures me that I shall gain the applause of many, for an honest effort against a dangerous folly. My *adhesiveness* shall still grapple me to my friends, whether their heads be circular or square, projected on a plane or tapering to a cone, small or large, elevated or oblong. Nay, my *Love of Offspring* is so passionately intense, that I will not, I cannot, be a party in transmitting such a distorted, mischievous, fable to *posterity!*

"Ειμι δ' ασχολος α—
ναθεμεν πασαν μακραγοριαν
Λυρᾳ τι και φθεγμα—
τι μαλθακω."

PINDAR.—Pyth : Od : viii. Lin : 40

"*Præter cetera*, me Romæ ne poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas, totque labores ?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini :
Hic extremo in Aventino : visendus uterque :
Intervalla vides humanè commoda ! Verum
Puræ sunt *plateæ*, nihil ut meditantibus obstet !"

HORAT :—Epis : ii. Lib : 2.

"Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses !"

CITIZEN, IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

SONNETS ON THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

This natural phænomenon forms the extreme Northern boundary of Ireland. The Causeway is composed of pillars most exactly adjusted to each other—principally pentagons—and presents all the regular insertion, though not the even surface, of a Mosaic. It runs like a pier or jetty into the sea, and no termination has been found of it. Majestic cliffs of the same pillars rise on each side of it, and distinguish at intervals a considerable line of the coast. Some of the caves, into which you row, add greatly to the grave, and almost dread, character of the scenery: the waves constantly rolling into them and awakening the echoes, which often resemble the cries of living things. The influence of the whole is that of intense solemnity,—there is an awful charm, which even a smile might break!

I.

Whence rose ye? on what basement are ye stayed,
Ye forms of wondrous grandeur? Who hath hewn
These matchless strong proportions? Who hath strewn
This mass of glorious power? Whom obeyed
Nature in rearing thee, Dread Colonnade?
Answers come sounding forth from depth and height!
While ocean bears me on, hark from these caves
A thousand echoes tell,—and as it raves
Against yon headland shores, its voice of might
Thunders the Name at which Heaven's pillars bow!
E'en ye, too mean to prop his footstool-world—
Down at His presence shall ye quickly flow—
Soon from your sunless rests shall ye be hurled;
When in one flame the Universe shall glow!

II.

Where are the deep-laid chymic cisterns, whence [1.]
  Precipitate congealed these crystals vast?
Or what the forges, whose wild vehemence,
  Fanned by the bellows of an earthquake-blast,
  Into these moulds the molten mineral cast?
O! far from scenes like these be banished hence
Proud theory and arrogant pretence!
  Memorials of a world adjudged and past!
Ye solemn monuments, of nothing vain,
  Over some guilty race like tombs ye rise!
Or, sweeter thought, ye shaped to Heaven's strain
  Attuning mighty order from the skies,— [2.]
The trophied architecture of a reign
  With whose mysterious harmony it vies!

III.

A highway for your God! and lo! the Sea[3.]
  Gave way, and wondering Spectator stood;
  Its boiling fury was at once subdued,
And its waves kissed the mole, no longer free!
A highway for your God! and suddenly
  The promontory cross-way clave the flood:
  And still the surge repeats that "all is good"
To the Primeval Mandate, "Let it be!"
So when Thy Footsteps, Lord, are still unknown
  As through the waters deep Thou hold'st thy course,
Thy people onward pass, not overflown,
  The wildest billows soon have spent their force,—
Soft gales just breathe where tempests long have blown,
  All stilled and hushed to ocean's deepest source!

IV.

Are ye not bulwarks to this lovely Isle,—
  Isle of the shamrock, of the harp, and saint?
  Where verdure doth its greenest beauties paint,
And hill, glen, lake, in each proportion smile,
Framed in by every mountain's grim defile!
  What though among its legends, strangely quaint,
  We trace the spread of superstition's taint,
As flaws deform thee, thou great Barrier Pile!
The trefoil twined around Life's healing tree,—
  The song of holy burden filled the air,—
Wide flew the seed of the devout Culdee,[4.]
  And grateful harvests well repaid his care!
And Thou wast as the Porch to which to flee,
  When Erin was Earth's purest House of Prayer!

V.

And stretches outward,—to yon Wondrous Rock,[5.]
  In magic pillars rising from the deep,
  Of lightest cluster or with bending sweep,
Braving the eddy's waste and billow's shock,
As placed the works of human art to mock,—
  Stretches this platform's massive masonry,
  As if a pathway, leading through the main,
To the ne'er-closing threshold of this Fane,
Paving the ocean's dark immensity?
  That hidden cloister shall no eye discern:
That sunken passage shall no plummet sound:
  There only monsters plunge who may not learn
Why reaches on this sea-dividing bound,—
  Secrets, still Sea shall dry and Earth shall burn!

VI.

Dread Temple of the Waters! Ocean-Shrine! (6.)
Oft beneath pointed roof, through lengthened aisle,
Of superstition's dight and columned style,
The Pattern we recall of Truth divine,
And as we gaze, deplore the strange decline.
No sin *thy* self-hewn pillars can defile!
No cheat *thy* self-sprung arches can beguile!
Far nobler than where golden altars shine!
Ages have seen thee! while the piles of earth
Have mouldered: if indeed thou wast not flung
In all thy majesty from Nature's birth:
And when the Morning Stars blest jubilee sung,
Didst thou not all reverberate their mirth?
Here Pilgrim-Waves aye bowed, and Choir-Winds rung!

(1.) The Basaltic formations, it is well known, are attributed by the rival sects of Geology, the Neptunists or Wernerians, and the Plutonists or Huttonians, to aqueous causes on the one hand, to igneous on the other.

(2.) It seems impossible to disconnect the association of exact arrangement and music:

> " From harmony, to heavenly harmony,
> This Universal Frame began."

(3.) It rather suggests the idea of " His footsteps which are in the sea," than of those Titans who are fabled to have reared it.

(4.) The Culdees were a most zealous community of Christian Ministers, allied to the old Cathari,—opponents of superstition, and missionaries of transcendent excellence. Ireland was their home,—the latest refuge of primitive Christianity amid general defection and corruption, and was then indeed " an isle of saints." Why it remained not so, let the History of our Second Henry tell.

(5.) Many have supposed that the Causeway extends by a submarine range to Staffa, on the opposite coast of Scotland. It is exactly similar, only that Hebridean wonder is more singularly developed.

(6.) Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, exhibits the appearance of an august sanctuary, open to the sea, which swells and breaks in it, and symphonious with the eddy of the wind. Its sides, its roof, its tout ensemble, must be seen to be estimated, but never can be described.

SONNETS WRITTEN AMONG THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF CUMBERLAND.

Who that has ever visited this region of our British Alps, and of our British Tempè too, can fail to bear away an ineffaceable impression of its sublimity and beauty? Yet must that impression be always imperfect. It cannot be too frequently renewed. The writer has seen it in its vernal promise, beneath the summer glow, amidst its autumnal sear,—the sear of a ruddy though expiring sacrifice,—the mountains in every disposition of light, the valleys in every change of hue,—and knows not what season or hour, what reflection or aspect, are to be preferred. These lines would not have appeared, but that they had obtained the very high honour of Professor Wilson's approbation—long a sojourner among these scenes,—their eloquent rhapsodist and most musical bard.—*Blackwood's Mag.*, *Oct.* 1837.

I.

Ye Mountain Surges! Mimic Mountain Main!
How on each other do ye seem to roll!
How doth one pulse your every sweep control!
While sounds from crest to crest your thrilling strain!
The tempest-rack drives on its thundering train,
And wakes your countless outcries with its crash,
While melted into torrents on ye dash
As though a real ocean! Now again
Is hushed the furious elemental dint!
Ye stand, like adamants, in columned piles
With chiselled fluting, and unfolded tint,—
Or, like a warrior-guard in concave files,
With heart of iron and with face of flint,—
Protecting Beauty shrined in these soft lakes and isles!

II.

Ye are not one alike! In fork and fell,—
With spire and dome,—ye climb your way above,
As though in emulation proud ye strove
To spurn most distant each retiring dell!
Lightnings have scathed your peaks but could not quell
Your giant-mass! However fierce the storm
With plastic power it varied every form,
And moulded to detail this Spectacle!
And were this all, how noble 't were to gaze,
To call each height by its own rank and shape,
While with a rising joyance of amaze
We saw, as sudden pass and gorge should gape,
A scale to try where still in richer blaze
Earth shoots sublime to Heaven's blue waves her loftiest
Cape!

III.

But ye are more! The Monuments of power!
Typing the soul's best attributes of might,
Like you, most native to celestial light
Which ye reflect through day's extremest hour!
And when in wreaths of haze your summits lour,
Ye speak of mystic and eternal things,
Mingling with heaven upon those solemn wings
As if to its most fearful point ye 'd tower!
Ye tell of God! The mountains may depart,—
The hills remove,—how moveless is His Throne!
Forth from their searchless seats the rocks may start,
His love would fill the void itself alone!
Your Strength is His! He stamps your Symbol-art,
And writes it on your Tablets of unmouldering stone!

IV.

My soul swells through you! On you live once more,—
Whether in flowing outline ye dispread,
Or heave on high the thunder-rifted head,—
The awful Chronicles of sacred yore,—
When kindred summits of another shore
Through all their grand and ever-varying range
Exhibited a thousand Marvels strange!
Why didst thou shake to centre, Sinai hoar?
Upon Thy terraced platform, Zion! rose
The great Jehovah's fixed and loved abode.
And there where Carmel still in beauty blows
Was re-established the eternal Code!
Tabor rejoice!—O Calvary, what throes
Are Thine! Fair Olivet, from Thee ascends our God!

V.

Ye to me always were a life intense!
My youth disported on your cliffs at ease,
My cheek, unfurrowed then! flushed in your breeze;—
While infancy reposed 'neath your defence,
Still would mine eye trace out the uplands whence
Ye left our nether earth, and then combined
With your proud barriers other worlds behind,
The curtains of unknown magnificence!
How my mind teemed with your sublimity!
—Its transcendental thoughts were then its life,—
And as it wrought itself a passage free,
Present and past, like flow and ebb in strife,
Chafed up its yearnings to their last degree!
And my heart strangely grew with feelings new and rife!

VI.

Ye are not strewn in vain! Ye have a voice,
Articulate, sonorous, often sweet,—
When silvery runnels tinkle, mix, and greet:—
But when ye overhang in beetling poise,
And Cataract, from on high, shouts to rejoice,
And the reverberating Thunder wakes,
And the deep-groaning belted Forest shakes,—
Then with that rousing clang, that blitheful noise,
Swell to the Lofty One your Anthem-Peal
Who tunes your mighty music! Low incline
Your heads where stateliest, brightest, natures kneel!
Thus pay the Adoration all divine,—
Plains, Streams, and Woods, with you shall vie in zeal,—
Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Scawfell, ye great Chieftain-Trine!

VII.

Since eye first rested on your wondrous heaps,
What looks of youth and age, of grief and joy,
Have turned toward you nor found that ye could cloy,—
And yet the fondest in its burial sleeps,
And from its orbit the foul reptile creeps!
What awful changes roll on at your base!
Nathless the turmoil strives in vain to rase
Your rock-foundations, or to bow your steeps!
For all is else inconstant,—though it seem
Firm and trustworthy, 't is the wind and cloud:
And Hope is the poor offspring of a dream,—
The husbandman the empty air has ploughed,—
The pilgrim faints o'er the false mirage-stream,—
And there is only left, the bier, the grave, the shroud!

VIII.

Blest trance of calm! A sabbath evening stays,
With fondling pleasure o'er thee, Mountain Sea!
Purpling each crag, illumining each tree,
And on the Mere's soft banks and gentle bays,
Streaming a flush of richly-pencilled rays!
O sweet among these grandeurs 't is to find
A little band of Christians disciplined,
Teaching the echoes, simple songs of praise!
For even *here* is sin and grief and care,—
Ah, it is not by Nature we can rise
To Thee, her God! However bright and fair
This lovely outward world, the sinner flies
To surer refuge,—and, with humbler prayer,
Another Temple seeks where there is SACRIFICE.

SONNETS COMPOSED AT THE SEA-SIDE AND IN VIEW OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

THE SEA.

WHATE'ER man images of profound and great!
Eternal Might! With energy unbound
In tide and main and ocean, Thou roll'st round!
Eternal Motion! Thou dost undulate
In gentlest ripple,—heave by cape, through strait!
Eternal Freshness! Breathed in every morn,
Wafting each gale which life and health hath borne!
Eternal Music! How Thy notes dilate

Like lute Æolian or in trumpet-peals!
Eternal Grand and Fair! Thy power can strew
As spray, and break as foam, the proudest keels!
Beneath the orient, or at eve, what hue
Thy crisped surface like a prism steals,—
Earth's fairest green, and Heaven's deepest blue!

THE CALM.

What is this field so smooth? No furrowed trace?
What mirror without waving line or flaw?
What sweeping sand-plain where no lizard claw
Hath left its print near the tent's dwelling-place?
Sylph hath not touched thee, nor the Horal race!
Ne'er saw I type, like thee, of perfect calm!
Not such as poets feign in bower of balm,—
Emotion! deep in awe and sweet in grace,—
As mother's rapture when she clasps her babe,—
Beauty's repose is here, gentle, benign,—
Still dread, as is the sphere of Astrolabe
Where undistracted stellar concaves shine,
When sages lift and spell the heavenly web!
Zephyr's wing folded! Day's devout decline!

THE TEMPEST.

The storm-clouds burst along as demon-vans
Whirling the abysses from their lake-like sleep,—
Forms, monstrous as themselves, start from the deep,—
And yestreen swells, that glided fair as swans,
Now writhe in wrath like gored leviathans!

How yonder headland the rude billows lash !
Yet on its crest there stands a friendly mark,
A sign that is a hope to many a bark
Which midst this yeast and yawn of surges dash !
Its shoot of light, like lightning's arrow, flies
Through haze, or, as the sunset's crimson glance,
On all the multitudinous vapour lies !
The sea-boy wakes from panic's freezing trance,—
The hoary mariner far higher lifts his eyes !

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Thou rayest out a Star ! Solemn Watch-Fire !
Thou burnest there the beacon of each night,
Quenchless in thy recess as Delphic pyre,
As Parsee's naphtha-altar ever bright !
Calmly thou seest the elemental fight !
Revolving many-hued, thou dost remind
Us of experience gleaming on our track
With Pleiad beam, oft broke by wave and wind,
Refracted on the tempest's scathe and rack !
Still fitter emblem ! Faint this ocean strife
Depicts the troubled sea of human breast,
Where raves a vortex gulphing treasures rife,—
Far, far, from reach of help and port of rest,—
Lights of the World, Hold forth the word of life !

STANZAS WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM IONA, THE SEAT OF ST. COLUMBA.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that the name of this venerable Isle is derived from the Hebrew correlate, יונה, to the Latin Columba, a dove, the name which the saint assumed. The Arkite allusion of the legend is very beautiful, as the Tutelary fled hither from persecution, here preserved the remains of religion; and hence disseminated, by his Missionaries, the benefits of knowledge and faith to the surrounding nations.

I.

See I then Thy wave-beaten shore, lone Isle,
Whose vision oft hath mingled with my dreams,
When all fair, holy, forms around me smile,—
When with the types of beauty fancy teems,
And Earth a pictured allegory seems?
Barren thy soil and bleak thy iron shore,—
Where nature seldom blooms and sun scarce gleams;
Thy ruins mock the elemental war!
And, uttermost of isles, thou brav'st the Atlantic's roar!

II.

The tide of ages rushes through my heart!
I live in olden time upon Thy coast,—
The veils of history, dissolving, part
As I perforce allow thy hallowed boast!
Here lived, and greatly bled, the martyr-host! [1.]
Here the chaste choirs of pious virgins sung! [2.]
Here holy hermits were in heaven engrossed! [3.]
Science her torch on this wild region flung,
And to Jehovah's shrine the contrite sinner clung!

III.

How oft along Thy cliffs was heard the toll
From yonder Tower, (4.) with its sad, soothing, note.
To cheer the parting, waft the passing, soul,—
That, like sweet music, it upborne may float!
But hark! a dirge-like summons now hath smote
Upon the wind! A solemn bark draws near,
With drooping oar and ensign! Kingly coat
And diadem surmount that hearsed bier!
And murdered DUNCAN seeks anointed burial here! (5.)

IV.

And often, too, upon this sterile strand
Has nobly stood the armament of Truth!—
Sure God had touched each heart of all that band! (6.)
The grey-haired sage, the soul-enkindled youth,
With dint of courage and with tear of ruth,—
Great was the Company! (7.) To and fro they ran,
The sorrows of the barbarous horde to soothe;
To win to love and law the roving clan;
And bend o'er all the earth the Covenant Rainbow's span!

V.

Amidst this shattered roof, this crumbled wall,
What anthem-peal, with Sursum Corda, woke,
When prayer and song rung out high festival,
And music, in its sweetest surges, broke—
Bathing the soul beneath each rippling stroke!
When Requiem, Eleison, Sanctus-bells,
Did thousand gushing griefs and joys evoke,
Thrilling the farthest of these haunted cells
Where still, the last responsive votaress, Echo, dwells!

VI.

Thine is not Staffa's columned Sanctuary,
Isle for its dome, its pavement of the waves!
That magic architecture of the sea,
Which yet, as in fresh-hewn perfection, braves
The tempest strife which endless round it raves!
Yet what the Hope and Peace *it* ever taught
With all the truth that nature there engraves?
But Mercy's altar *here* the wretched sought,
And long-tossed, shipwrecked, souls, *here* moored in Quiet's port. [8]

VII.

Hail to Thine awful Ruins, and farewell!
Their sacred bounds I ne'er shall trace again:
Long since has vibrated thy funeral knell,
Prolonged by tremulous crag and mourning main!
Thy desolation prints no guilty stain
As when strongholds of rapine are o'erthrown:
The tears we weep for thee, we do not feign:
Thy memory lives! though centuries have flown,
And thousand trophied piles have sunk of brass and stone!

VIII.

For in the Day of final ire and doom,
When every island shall have fled away,—
From many a yawning grave and bursting tomb
Shall not a glorious army deck this clay?
And having made the Saviour all their stay,
And led the Pagan savage to His feet,
Shall they not shine as stars of brightest ray? [9]
Shall they not near His right hand find a seat?
And a Columba his loved convert-children greet?

IX.

What though, in scene so dark and age so past,
Deformed was Truth, and desecrated Rite?
What though into the Shrine was rising fast
The Idol, Sense, which ever doth incite
Vain Passion's ardour, Superstition's blight?
Their hearts a heavenly Charity subdued!
It swelled the onset of their holy fight!
Intrepid, melting, every power embued!
All triumph they abjured but in the Bleeding Rood!

X.

Nor shall I lose Thine impress, wondrous Spot!
Howe'er my pilgrim feet may stray afar:
Nor shall thy lustre fade, whate'er the lot
Haply thy renovation shall debar,—
Of faith the Pharos long, of man the Star!
Nor call it fickle chance or cruel fate,
The Olive blooms which not a Flood could mar!
Rest thee, Blest Ark! for new-born ages date
From thy subsiding, and new worlds thy Dove await!

(1.) The Bay of Martyrs is still shown to the stranger.
(2.) The Nunnery of St. Oran.
(3.) The Cell of Monks.
(4.) The Cathedral.
(5.) "*Rosse.*—Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff.—Carried to Colmes-Kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."—*Macbeth.*
(6.) 1 Sam. x. 26.
(7.) Psa. lxviii. 11.
(8.) "Ad portum quietis et aram misericordiæ tandem, Luci, venisti."—*Apuleius.*
(9.) Dan. xii. 3.

DOVEDALE.

EMBRACED by mountains of precipitous rock,
  Embosoming fair Flora's sweet domain,
  Perfumed with all her starlit fragrant train,
Cloistered in silence which a breath could shock,—
Awful Ravine! and yet most tranquil glen!
  Long since the shattering earthquake's womb has burst
Which gave Thee life, the mighty throes which then
  Brought forth this River-child, which thou hast nurst!
Well hast thou kept it! Thou dost brave the blast,
  Nor let it rudely visit its clear face,—
  On which thou fondly mayst, as mothers, trace
Thy larger features far more lovely glassed!
  O foster-parent, sure such child of love
  And peace requites thee! still, still screen thy Dove!

Hail peaceful, living, most pellucid, stream!
  Placid and murmuring as Thine emblem-name,
Glancing still onward 'neath the sunny beam,
  As with an undiverted, solemn, aim!
  Peace be through all thy vale! I would not maim,
With murderous art, the warbler on thy side
  Who trills its lay in tribute to thy fame,—
Nor the just peeping tenants of thy tide,
Which make instinct thy crystal waters glide!
  E'en now the fragrance of thy margent sod
Breathes on my brow a rich and freshening balm,—
  A pilgrim I, who streamless wastes have trod,—
These heights, the Zion! *thou* the river calm
  Which makest glad the Sanctuary of God!

STONEHENGE.

I toss upon the ebb of rolling time,—
  Backward my spirit cleaves the impetuous stream,—
As I behold these monuments sublime,
  Unearthly as the columns of a dream!

Are these the roots of some primæval Mount,
  Evulsed, and shattered, by the Deluge-surge?
That earth's new-born sojourners may recount
  The doom of sin in that "o'erflowing scourge?"

Are they the buttresses on which was built
  Some mighty City of a towering state?
Which sunk in ruins for egregious guilt,
  It's name e'en buried in its dreadful fate?

Are they devices of some Gymnic ground
  Where giants met and held their Titan-sport?
Along whose reach their mirth-shouts would rebound,
  While their fierce gambols shook this trysting court?

Are they the types of the round Zodiac,
  A rude but well-adjusted Calendar?
In which we mystic trace the solar track,
  Or mark the circuit of each planet-star?

Are they the models of the World's huge frame,
  That its inhabitants may dwell secure?
Left on its surface mutely to proclaim
  That its foundation still abideth sure?

Are they spontaneous Rafter, Prop, and Shaft,
As in their first formations shaped and hewn ?
To teach the savage the first homestead craft,
And as its earliest alphabet thus strewn ?

Are they the Tombs of some old Burying-place,—
Date, name, and heraldry for ever fled ?
The fearful cromlech of some blotted race,
The record blank of the forgotten dead ?

Or are ye, rather, the once-hallowed stones
Which gave wild pomp to the Druidic Fane ?
Whose Genius, like a troubled spirit, moans
In this chill, eddying, wind's most dirge-like strain ?

How art Thou fallen ! Like this tumbled heap,—
And with it thy long, cruel, sway is past !
Thy crown is rent, like this coronal sweep,
And down to shameful sacrilege is cast !

Here didst thou rise, Metropolitic Shrine !
Here nations bent before thine Adytum !
Thy priests the mistletoe no longer twine,—
Thy bardic harps of prophecy are dumb !

Here human victims shuddered, altar-bound,—
Here magic orgies held their darkling spell !
Now tranquil scenes and flowers dispread around,—
The flock lies down lulled by its tinkling bell !

Still is there grandeur in this Votive Pile,—
Seeking no dome but in the azure vault !
Setting to earth's far corners every aisle !
Which thousand storms and years in vain assault !

The Cross has conquered ! The dread Esus falls !
The awful Cella every foot profanes :
The lichen creeps along the mouldering walls,
And silence o'er the desolation reigns !

A FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

'T is blest, when families survive,
E'en though their members widely part:
Their oneness ne'er can distance rive,—
A circling pulse swells every heart:
That pulse to nether lands can dive,
And from the pole to tropic dart!

And still more blest, the roof-tree round,
When households praise, that have not felt
The anguish and the bitter wound
Which severment and death have dealt:
These lift to God a joyful sound,
As 'neath their palms the Patriarchs dwelt!

But oh, most blest, when households stand
On the calm shore of endless peace,—
Not like a frighted shipwrecked band,
But such who well outrode the seas,
Pile their memorial on the strand,
And pour their triumph to the breeze!

Yet not at once they gained that Port:
Many the storms their prows have driven,—
Their toils were neither few nor short,—
Long days and starless nights they 've striven,—
But one by one that passage wrought,
Parent, and child whom God has given!

Barks of the same course separate,
By currents warped, by tempest tossed:
Each voyage may be of different date,
And each may fear its fellow lost,—
But to the haven, soon or late,
All speed, howe'er their track was crossed.

And such our lot! launched on the deep,
Fitful and louring is our day,—
As mocking us the billows sweep,—
In company we cannot stay,—
A heavenward course still may we keep!
There meet! Not one a castaway!

SUNSET.

The Sun now sinks beneath the western wave,—
His radiance melts away from yonder sky,—
And now has disappeared the latest dye
Which to its canopy of clouds he gave.
But though the night there dark and darker grows,
And shadows gloom like a sepulchral pile,—
With streams of light the opposing heavens smile,
And lambent splendour all the east o'erflows.
Yet 't was that *setting* sun which bade the sphere
Of silvery lustre gleam upon the earth;
And *hidden* though that sun, fair orbs appear
In glories borrowed from his fulgent birth.
So dies the Christian! From his parting bier
Far distant worlds reflect his radiant worth!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

O Sun, that cast thy bending light
On the Guest-chamber's simple board,
And saw'st the ordering of that rite
Which realised the Bleeding Lord!

Thou Moon, that rose full-horned and spread
Thy gentle, melancholy, beam
Over the Saviour's prostrate head,
In Agony, by Kedron's stream!

Ye Stars, that twinkled in your spheres
When Unknown Conflict bled and strove,
As if Heaven's face had flowed with tears,—
For what could not Gethsemane move?

Orbs, that did herald on, or mark,
The night when Jesus was betrayed,—
This Feast ends not till ye are dark,
And all your glorious courses stayed!

For from that night successive bands
Have eat this banquet of the Cross:
Saint, pilgrim, martyr, of all lands,—
And counted earthly portions loss.

'T is here we still forget *our* woes
'Mid what far ages saw bequeathed!
The Bread is life! the Cup o'erflows!
As when their Blessing first was breathed!

'T is manna, which can never cloy,—
'T is Canaan's vine-juice here we quaff:
Wine both of God and man the joy,—*
Bread of eternal life the staff!

When we rise up and leave our seat,
Millions shall press and fill our place:
Still shall the poor and needy eat,
And sing, like us, the Founder's grace.

Night saw this earliest Festival!
Since that, what times have sped their flight,—
The Church shall crowd the Banquet-Hall
Till Day's last shade and Nature's night!

* Judges ix. 13.—The reference is to the libation of wine on the altar, which was a required and, therefore, an acceptable, service. It "pleased God."

THE SKY-LARK.

What is that point on high? a ray or note?
Brightening and warbling both,—a two-fold birth!
Its carol gushes forth a boundless mirth,
Ecstatic anthems swell its little throat,
While on the yielding air it does but float!
I saw it lately in its mossy cell,—
Amid the loneliness of yonder dell,—
Where o'er its broodlings then it seemed to doat.
How different now is this far upward flight!
It leaves its home and yearnings far behind,—
Oh, not those yearnings leaves it! That the sprite
Which, *lowly*, *loving*, dwells,—the *humble* mind,
The *tender* heart,—should easiest soar the height,
And sweetest sing,—might always be divined!

NUNC DIMITTIS.

SAINTED Patriarch! Wherefore linger
 In a world grown old with thee?
Wherefore doth thy withered finger
 Seek the strings of prophecy?
Art thou Israel's latest singer?
 Strik'st thou dying harmony?

What 's thy visioned coruscation,
 Illapse brooking no control?
'T is thy People's Consolation
 Now illumes thy raptured soul:
On this hour turns all Creation,—
 Here finds Providence its goal!

Haste to Zion's dread recesses,—
 Pass thy farewell through yon gates!
—He hath reach'd them! There confesses
 Him, the Christ, for whom he waits,—
And the Child-God fondly presses
 To a heart which death dilates!

"Welcome now the long-wished hour!
 Sweet the peace my bosom fills!
Nature yields in every power,
 But faith conquers all its ills:
Melt the shades which deeply lour!
 Sunlit are the morning hills!

"Pensive Mother! Thine embraces
Round thy Babe once more entwine!
Lo,—though fair with human graces,
Radiant with each charm divine,—
How vile outrage Envy traces
On Him as its mark and sign!

"He, who bows for his transgression,
Proves how soon can Jesus raise!
Mirrored is each soul's expression
In the light this Sign displays!
When is poured Love's intercession,
Hate and sorrow turn to praise!

"Ah, what means this bloody vision
Which o'er these faint lids doth stoop?
This pale, dying, Apparition?
See His head in horror droop!
Yet His grief still finds addition
From a visage in that group!

"Mother mild! To thee He turneth,
Though upon the Cross He hangs!
Thence thy tear-worn face discerneth,
While transfixed with iron-fangs!
Now *thy* soul, as sword-pierced, learneth
Fellowship with His strange pangs!"

THE HOME OF BETHANY.

"Low-rooft beneath the skies!"—*Milton.*

"The air of Paradise did fan the House,
And angels officed all!"—*Shakspeare.*

Of Judah's dwellings many a roof
Shone with a loftier pinnacle;
And foldings of a richer woof
O'er many a couch in splendour fell:
But which of all the hearths of man,
And all his palaces, can vie
With Thee (—since Christ, who heaven doth span,
Bent 'neath it—) Home of Bethany!

Embosomed in Mount Olivet,
It decked those slopes with simple grace;
And, surely, art elaborate
Left there no proud and formal trace:
But lovely bines and tendrils wreathed
Its sides in wild luxuriancy,
While from the uplands incense breathed
Around Thee, Home of Bethany!

What was that Countenance divine,
Where gentlest meekness found its throne!
What was the Voice of power benign
Distilling love's unwearying tone!
What was that household, *all* beloved!
He saw them with discerning eye,—
Active, and quiet, virtue proved,
Schooled by Thee, Home of Bethany!

He sought that wicket when the storm
  Of persecution rung its blast;
There His marred visage and His form
  Found shelter till the tempest past:
And oh, how sweet it must have been
  To mark that holy amity
Which found its most congenial scene
  Within thee, Home of Bethany!

We "come and see where Jesus dwelt,"—*
  Nazareth no more is Home for Him;
And this, his fondest rest he felt
  For wounded mind and wearied limb.
Short was that peace! but when reposed
  The Solitary in this family,
On the Incarnate Lord was closed
  Thy doorstead, Home of Bethany!

O for a limning of that Brow
  Which shone on every inmate there!
O for an echo of that flow
  Of gracious words, beguiling care!
He, condescending, sat at meat!
  Smiled through each moment amiably!
Suffered a votary at His feet,—
  Thy Mary, Home of Bethany!

It was the good and lasting part!
  And *none* were strangers to its rest,—
Only less love had warmed her heart
  Who sought a vainer, gaudier, test.
And was not *he*, the brother too,
  Who early learnt what 't was to die,
Taught by that grace which fell like dew
  To bless Thee, Home of Bethany!

* John i. 39.

Other far visits Jesus paid,
  When doing good he went about,—
He brake their bread, enjoyed their shade,—
  But here he goeth in and out:
The all and best of home on earth
  He might commune, was found in Thee,—
Amid his lot's distress and dearth
  Sole refuge,—Home of Bethany!

Hallowed excitement found relief,
  When His heart thrilled in all its veins;
And there stole on His spirit grief
  Deeper than source of mortal pains;
And when He kept the Temple-feast,
  Wrapt in its pomp and minstrelsy,
Divining all,—when all had ceased,
  Thou sooth'dst Him, Home of Bethany!*

Angelic envoys! how ye lent
  Your waving plumes to shade that group:
On all its mystery intent,—
  Encamping round, "a blessed troop."
They rested not, nor sought to rest,
  Through day and night, from ministry
Which all their powers of love possessed,—
  To guard thee, Home of Bethany!

Deep wailings fill that blest abode!
  'T is Death that three-fold cord unties!
The Resurrection, Life, and God
  Draws near, and all its power defies!
Heart-broken sisters, clasp again
  Your dead,—Death's barriers open fly!
Bloom forth with joy, Thou mountain-glen!
  Wake Thy songs, Home of Bethany!

* Luke xxi. 37.

And honour shall be done the spot
Where Christ could find an earthly calm!
Nor can *her* memory be forgot,
Who poured on Him the costly balm—
The mystic pledge of hastening doom,—
Well He rewards that scenery,
Leads forth His triumph,—bursts His tomb,—
Hard by Thee, Home of Bethany!

Let not the risen Saviour scorn
Our mean abode and worthless name!
Enter Thy rest! Wake us each morn,
And every eve Thine entrance claim!
To dwell among His followers here
The Lord ascended up on high:*
We for Him habitation rear,
As Thine was, Home of Bethany!

O may He this our prayer accept,
And in our fragile tent abide,—
He, who for dead and living wept,†
And, save his own, all eyelids dried!
Yes! at His feet we 'll only sit,
And yet each active duty ply,
In love to one another knit,—
Thy copy, Home of Bethany!

Those vine-bound eaves no longer skirt
Yon hill-side and its olive copse:
The spoiler came, with judgment girt,
Blasted its scene, hewed down its props.
But ere that blow, the happy band
Embraced in realms above the sky;
Yet cannot still, in that fair land,
Forget Thee, Home of Bethany!

* Psa. lxviii. 18. † John xi. 35.

O model of domestic joy !
  (An earth-revolving star of heaven !)
Be ours Thy peace, and Thine employ,
  From dawn to noon, from noon to even !
And Thou, Blest Visitant ! assuage
  Our griefs till in Thy Home we be !
Compared with that rich heritage
  Mean wast *Thou*, Home of Bethany !

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Mysterious Murmur ! Where, and what, art thou ?
  Song in the night ! Or art thou more than song ?
  Then more than feathered songster ! Here along
The fragrant copse thou peal'st melodious vow,—
Whether of grief or joy I cannot trow.
  A wail of anguish ! Who can doubt that strain ?
  The thorn is in its breast ! And then again
That long drawn cadence out yon willow bough !
I list once more,—It trills a joyous lay !
  Thy pensive sadness now has found relief !
Like canzonet of flow'ret-hooded fay !
  Yet seemed those mirth-notes oft constrained and brief.
For still, methought, thy *joy* was never *gay*,—
  Perhaps, like me, thou know'st the joy of grief !

MADONNA.

"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

Oh what are all our Nature's ties
To those wound round a Mother's heart?
There glows a love which never dies!
There clings a hold which naught can part!

Long since the Widow steeped the moss
Which covered Joseph's peaceful tomb:
But now the Mother braves the Cross
Where hangs the offspring of her womb!

Strong in maternal love,—the Eclipse,—
The Earth's dread shiver,—ne'er she heeds;
Nor wail nor shriek can pass those lips,—
Her soul is pierced and inly bleeds.

Mother! once fanned by angel-wings!
O'er whom Celestial Influence thrilled!
Couldst *thou* forget? thy ponderings,
Dark and mysterious, are fulfilled!

Born of a woman,—see Him turn
To *thee* His thorn-bound, sinking, brow:
Still toward His mother doth he yearn,
Owning in death the Filial vow.

Upon the crisis of that hour
Heaven's glory, Earth's salvation, hung!
But *there* is seen Maternal power!
There speaks the Child's expiring tongue!

One, worthy her, is only left,
One bosom fit to rest upon!
Go, Woman, desolate, bereft,
And lean upon thy foster son!

Homeward they went: how dread that night,
Another came, but came not sleep,—
Oft they invoked the dawning light,—
How long those nights endured to weep!

News from the Grave where Jesus lay!
The Penitent 's already there!
Serenest Mother, wherefore stay?
Roll, like its Stone, away thy care!

Grief, Joy, can win nor tear nor smile,—
The *sword* has gone through all her soul!
Her eye-beam leaves this earth the while
Reposing on the heavenly goal.

She comes not where disciples meet
To wait the visits of their Lord,—
She sees Him not, though others greet,
Nor hears her own Incarnate Word.

No more of fleshly tie remains,—
Once known as such, He 's known no more.*
And ne'er the Widowed Maid complains
That she is shunned by Him she bore.

The Heavens receive Him now! She kneels
To Him whom erst her arms had prest!
And from her humble hovel steals
To pray with them who Christ confessed.†

* 2 Cor. v. 16.

† Acts i. 14. Whatever poets and painters have feigned, Mary, the mother of Jesus, is never introduced in inspired story, from the moment in which she is led from Calvary, until her meeting with the disciples in "the upper room." This is the last notice of her, and she is heard of no more.

Mother and Son,—relations fond,
Soon broke, though sedulously nursed!
Exile asunder tore the bond,—
She spake no more,—her heart had burst!

Her awful path she now had trod,
And Judah's blessed daughter died,—
She bowed in heaven before her God!
And John bent gently by her side!

Oh Calvary! What bigot-force
Can make thee Nature's ties upbraid?
Thou art of tenderness the source!
Each kindliest virtue seeks thy shade!

SONNET ON A LAKE NEAR TOBERMOREY.

Why pleases well this scene? Not that yon heights
Rise with the pomp of Alpine majesty;
Not that this tranquil lake and azure sky
Swim in the sheen of summer's strongest lights.
Not that yon waterfalls their concert pour,
And iris arch, while they new valleys make;
Nor, that these ripples from each flowery brake,
Like gladsome things, disport around mine oar!
No,—but that man has not defiled this scene!
The tempest of his passions has not marred
Thy lilied border nor thy face serene,—
The discord of his follies has not jarred
Thy soft and pulsing music! Could my boat
In such unearthly calm for ever float!

ODE WRITTEN ON ENTERING SCOTLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME,

THOUGH DESCENDED FROM ITS RACE.

> "Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
> In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
> They were thy chosen Music, Liberty!"—*Wordsworth.*

LAND of the Mountain, hail!
  Thy soaring peaks arise
From out each loveliest dale
  To pierce the arching skies:
Send out thy mountain-cry
  Which shook the earth of old:
It rings of liberty,
  And makes the patriot bold.

Land of the Forest, hail!
  Deep through thy solemn shades
The hollow storm-winds wail,
  Or rustle light thy glades:
Oh clap thy giant-hands,
  And let thy sylvan mirth
Awake the glowing bands
  Of freedom round the earth.

Land of the Torrent, hail!
  Whose tumbling waters roar
O'er every channell'd vale,
  To every farthest shore:
Ye floods, your thunder roll
  Far to the bellowing main,
And rouse the free-born soul
  With nature's choral strain.

Land of the Islet, hail!
  Let all that gem-like throng,
Each tufted rock, prevail
  To swell the freeman's song:
And while this infant host
  Their shriller notes employ,
Re-echoed by thy coast,
  Prolong the sounding joy.

Land of the Tempest, hail!
  Before whose angry sweep
The roots of ages quail,
  And foams to heaven the deep.
Oh lend your voice and van
  To peal, to waft, the shout
Of disenthralled man
  The universe throughout.

Land of the Meteor, hail!
  Thy clouds as incense wreathe
Careering on the gale,
  Or shrouding all beneath:
Let awful curls, as erst,
  Climb towering to the skies,
As swells the mighty burst
  Of all these harmonies.

Land of my Fathers, hail!
I roam thy lineal child,—
Where'er the hill-mists sail,
Or leap the cataracts wild:
My fathers fought beside
Thy noblest chivalry,—
Their blood thy rivers dyed,—
Expiring to be free!

But dearest to my heart,
That firm, heroic, band
Of *truth* who took the part,—
For *conscience* made the stand.
Your mouldering dust I seek,
Where the bleak thistle waves:
Ye, being dead, yet speak,—
Enthronized in your graves.

And oh my Father-land,
Dear as thy soil to me,—
As freedom's hallowed strand,—
In blood, in spirit, free,—
Compel the hand that weaves
The garland of thy fame,
Among its proudest leaves,
To twine the Martyr's name.

FAREWELL ODE ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

LAND of the North, farewell!
 Thy mountains disappear,—
Thy streams no longer swell
 Their voices on mine ear,—
Sadly I turn me from thy strand,
Thou fair, thou wild, thou holy, land!

Science has often told
 The treasures thou canst boast;
And song has often rolled
 To sound thy patriot-host!
Tears can I only give the shore,
Where I, perchance, may rove no more.

I love thy purple mount,
 Beneath a setting sun,
While many a bubbling fount
 Its silvery course shall run;
And hill-side shadows stretch away,
As if to meet the rising day!

I love thy placid lake,
 A mirror, mountain-bound,
When echo sports to wake
 A jocund chorus round,
And rippling beauties o'er it play,
And music's sweetest murmurs stray!

I love thy deepmost glen,
  Where timid wild-flowers blow,
And vanished streams again
  Well up and gently flow,—
And in the concave of that dell,
To find some ancient hermit's cell!

I love thy loud cascade,
  Thundering with endless foam,
Gemming with dews the glade,
  Then, truant, reckless roam
Along a thousand devious ways,
Yet threading skilfully the maze!

I love thy landscape wood,
  By river and by knoll,
Where many a castle stood
  O'er which dark ruin stole;—
Perennial nature thus proclaims
Her triumph o'er the proudest names.

I love thy little isle,
  Embosomed on the lake,
And where o'er magic pile
  The storms of ocean break;
Then guide my skiff to fairy realm,
Or 'mid dark billows hold my helm!

I love thy broad mist-wreath
  That round the mountain creeps,
Feathering the blooming heath,
  Pillared on riven steeps,
In every varying contour twine,
In every varying sun-light shine!

Yet ties far nobler bind
  Thine image to mine heart,

And round it still shall wind,
  When its own life-strings part ;—
Religion, pure and undefiled,
Thy noblest monument has piled !

Thine, mercies ever new !
  Thine, statutes which are right !
Midian of blessed dew,—
  Goshen of heavenly light !
O people saved by the Lord,
Thy shield, thy banner, and thy sword !

Let pious sacrifice
  Thy farthest valleys mark !
Let, too, again arise
  Thy cotter-patriarch !
Let thy land keep her Sabbaths still,
Thy tribes still throng the holy hill !

Invoke thy Witness-cloud,
  That awful, spectral, band,—
Who ne'er to tyrants bowed,
  The glory of thy land,—
Say, is their noble courage fled,
Or vainly was their life-blood shed ?

Should evil days decline
  O'er scenes their blood has nursed,—
Angels forsake thy shrine !
  The patriot's tie is burst !
And though thy soil shall still remain,
Thy country dies beneath the stain !

Thy hills might tower as high,
  Thy crags as dreadly frown,
Thy streams as sweetly sigh,
  Thy flowers still fringe thy crown,—

The glory of the Lord thy God
Departs,—thy name is Ichabod!

Land of the North, farewell!
Small trust dost thou receive
To guard each rock-built dell,—
More solemn charge I leave,—
To claims, which earth accords thy due,
Be strictly just, be greatly true!

AN ALLEGORY.

I wandered a fugitive Dove,
Impatient the waters to roam!
I fluttered their surface above,
Far, far from a refuge and home.
The billows heav'd sullen and dark,
And loud swept the tempest's wild din:
Ah where was the Covenant-Ark?
Where He who might draw me within?

Still onward the terrible surge
O'er barrier mountains was hurled;
Not a peak yet began to emerge,—
So fathomless sunk was the world!
How trembled and ruffled my breast!
I fled on deserted and lone:
The sole of my foot had no rest,
And echo derided my moan.

Then heavily faltered my wing,
I drooped from my once buoyant flight;
I struggled a poor lifeless thing,
While mine eye floated darkling in night.

But when yielding up to my fate,
  I saw with the look of despair,
The dread world of waters abate,
  And the spray of the olive was there!

Sweet pledge of the Waters' decrease,
  How gladly I gathered thy buds,
And bore them, the emblems of peace,
  As I glanced o'er the quick ebbing floods.
My pinions their freedom regain!
  I enter the safe-gliding nest;—
There find I relief for each pain
  On the bosom of Mercy caressed.

As a star rising out of the wave,
  That Refuge as lovely appeared,
The weary and trembling to save
  Through the tumult it only careered:
My plainings are murmurs of joy!
  Rays of heaven illumine my head!
My quiet no storm can destroy,—
  The Dove to his window has fled.

And now other regions I hail,
  New earth and new heavens there glow:
That verdure, that azure, ne'er fail,
  Nor are marr'd by the tempests below.
To bask in the sunlight's broad ray!
  To shine in the rainbow's pure vest!
Oh that I could now flee away,
  And there be for ever at rest!

THE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN.

"And I saw no temple therein."

WHAT turrets blend with yonder sky?
What strains symphonious float afar?
Now sweeps the Heavenly Vision nigh,
Leaving, eclipsing, every star.

Jerusalem its hallowed name
To this unfolding City lends:
Its images of mighty fame
Swell forth, as slowly it descends.

That name transports to olden time,
Deep, solemn, feeling it recalls:
But fades at once the type sublime
Before these jasper-flaming walls!

And yet no Temple rears its pile
Among those structures grand and fair:
The palaces of Salem smile,
Her *Shrine* is strangely wanting there.

Fitly forgotten is that Frame,
And fitly, too, its site unknown:
The Lord Almighty and the Lamb
Build here Their Sanctuary-Throne.

Their Light, the Holiest contains!
Their Glories, the Shechinah blaze!
A God in Christ, when worshipped, deigns
To form the Temple for that praise!

In His own uncreated mind,
  In His own infinite regard,
Alone shall His redeemed find
  Their praise, indwelling, and reward!

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

O WHERE is the Land of the Blest?
  Yon clouds, and those stars, far above:
No footstep toward it ever pressed,
  Nor wing of the quick-flying dove!
Still gaze but on sanctified youth,—
  When grace has expelled "the old leaven,"—
'T is meekness, simplicity, truth:
  'T is here is the Kingdom of Heaven!

O *what* is the Land of the Blest?
  How dazzling, how wealthy, how pure!
Of pleasures eternal possessed,
  And splendours which endless endure!
Rather think of the little one's smile,
  When in infancy's slumber at even,
There flees all its passion and guile,—
  Like that is the Kingdom of Heaven!

O *who* in that Land of the Blest
  Shall share so distinguished a place?
And shall lie on the Saviour's breast?—
  The millions, new-born, of our race.
The Child of the Manger has bled!
  The bond of *their* sin is thus riven!
The dew of our youth is but shed
  To spangle the Kingdom of Heaven!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE THOUGHT

OF THE

MOST INCREDULOUS SURPRISE THE CHRISTIAN WILL FEEL ON FINDING HIMSELF IN HEAVEN.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Doubt no more!
These palace-mansions speak it true!
Weary footsteps find this shore,
And here immortal strength renew.
Pilgrim rest! Thy wanderings close
In these climes of sweet repose.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Hark the songs
Of hard-fought victories fill the sky!
Countless hands from conquering throngs
The palm-branch wave and toss on high.
Warrior rest! Thy weapons sheath,—
Twine around thee glory's wreath.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Thither meet
Successive bands from scenes afar:
Scattered long, how dear to greet
Where nothing can their union mar.
Exile rest! To native bourne
From captivity return.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Here no thrall
Marks the oppressor's gloomy reign!
See the foe, that held us, fall!
List to the breaking of his chain!
Bondman rest! Henceforth thou 'rt free,
This thy dawn of jubilee.

Yes, 't is Heaven! He is here
  In whom the fatherless confide!
Hushed is every panting fear
  While in our Father's breast we hide.
Orphan rest! No longer roam,—
Enter thine eternal home.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Gaze around,
  No mourners go about the streets!
Breezes bear no funeral sound,
  No dust upon the coffin beats.
Mourner rest! No tears are shed
For the dying or the dead.

Yes! 't is Heaven! Soft th' expanse
  That smooths the living river's flow!
Golden sunbeams o'er it glance,—
  Nor billows rise nor tempests blow.
Voyager rest! No rock to shun,—
Leave the helm, thy port is won.

Yes, 't is Heaven! Pilgrim, blest,
  And Warrior, Exile, Bondman, hail!
Orphan, Mourner, Voyager, rest!—
  This long-sought refuge ne'er can fail.
Christian rest! For oh, in Thee
These *diversities* agree!

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Cross of my Lord! In thee I view
Of *saving truth* each form and hue:
Thou art the everlasting Sign
In which all *saving acts* combine!

Thine to *Atone!* Resenting wrong
Done by our race,—vast as its throng,—
Wide as its bound,—which to the skies
Sent its foul, daring, injuries!

To *Satisfy!* It paid the debt
Of human guilt and legal threat:
For past and future can account,
Cancelling all the vast amount!

To *Expiate!* The very stains
Of sin, the soul no more retains:
Conscience is purged in the rich flood
Of this most holy, cleansing, Blood!

To *Reconcile!* It makes us nigh,
Children and friends of God most High:
Saved from wrath, *redeemed* from curse,
His love we sing, His praise rehearse!

We see the wood, the knife, the Lamb!
There darts from heaven the kindling flame!
The real, one, only, *Sacrifice*
From which sweet savour could arise!

Sin-offering! Guilt imputed dooms,—
Burnt-offering! Hate of sin consumes,—
Peace-offering! Endless strife it stays,—
Thank-offering! Ground of endless praise!

Oh, not the flowers of innocence
Might wave to cover our offence,—
None could to hope like this have fled,
But that the Victim's *blood* were shed!

Each Claim and Attribute agree!
The tide of Mercy now rolls free!
Sin is condemned! Impediment
No more obstructs Love's full intent!

Father! Who gav'st that bitter cup!
Son! Who in death wast lifted up!
Spirit! Who showest us these things!
To this blest Cross the sinner clings!

VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

"HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD'S SONG IN *A STRANGE LAND?*"

PSALM THE FIRST.

THERE is a scale of downward ill;—
  The ungodly thought, the sinful course,
Lead to the seat which scorners fill,
  Where soon expires the last remorse.

He who shall shun this prone descent
  How blest! For his is pure delight;—
The law divine he scans intent,
  And muses o'er it day and night.

He stands a tree 'mid sylvan glades,
  Rich in maturity of fruit,
Bright in the green which never fades,
  While rivers freshen round his root.

Not so the ungodly; worthless, seared,
  Like chaff which whirlwinds dissipate,—
The Judgment which they long have jeered
  Now glares on them with sudden fate!

Severed from all the just, they fly!
  They perish 'neath the impending doom!
So the Lord bends on saints his eye!
  Thus flames of wrath his foes consume!

PSALM THE SECOND.

Loud the defiance, fierce the rage,
  Though vain the dream, of impious states,
With myriad-force and battle-gage,
  Marshalled by sceptred potentates.

Why to this contest will ye rush?
  Why these blest ties, infatuate, rend?
This rising empire seek to crush?
  Jehovah will the right defend!

'T is Heaven's own cause! Its highest claim!
  That all should honour Christ the Son!
Their bands, Their cords, are still the same,—
  Peer with his Father,—They are one!

He who in glory sits serene
  Enthroned upon the sea of glass,
Indignant scorns the turbulent scene,
  The mole-hill pile, the worm-like mass!

He speaks! and baffles all His foes,—
  Writhing sore vexed beneath his feet,—
"Mean impotents! Can ye depose
  My King from His anointed seat?"

"Thou art my Son!" Jehovah saith!
  Now breaks Thy Natal, Crowning, Day!
First-fruits of dust! First-born of death!
  Now wield Thy Mediatorial sway!

(To whom of all the angel-throng,
  Was this dread kindred e'er addressed,—
Since first they woke to life and song,
  Or round earth's Saviour wondering pressed?*)

* Heb. i. 5.

"Thou art my Son,"—The only Line!
  Take for inheritance the earth!
"Thou art my Son," My all is Thine,
  The rightful treasures of Thy Birth!

The sceptre of Thy hand shall smite
  Them who rebel against Thy laws,—
Like strokes of iron when they light
  And dash the potter's work to flaws.

O just decree,—ye princes rise,
  Confess His claims, receive His words,
Be ye instructed, O be wise,—
  He 's King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Kiss Him! Embracings of the heart,
  Tears of the spirit, speak your love!
Ye die if wrath-flake on you dart!
  How blessed do all, who trust him, prove!

PSALM THE NINETEENTH.

Jehovah's glory brightly streams
  Where suns and planets sweep their march,—
Blent yet diffused, as are the beams
  They scatter round this azure arch.

Day, like a herald, lifts its shout,—
  Still caught by day, the news resounds!
Night, silent monitress, holds out
  Her scroll and all its skill expounds!

Onward from earth, through all those spheres,
  Peals deep and long the echoing line,—

Wherever human home appears,
  Wherever gleams celestial sign!

Amidst that infinite recess,
  The sun has found its hall of gold,—
A bridegroom in his nuptial dress,
  In joyous speed a racer bold.

Who can escape its searching ray?
  Exclude its general influence?
When it goes forth to rule the day
  Through heaven's star-bound circumference?

But I would sing a Greater Light
  Cheering and changing human souls,
Chasing from hearts their darksome night,
  As round the moral world it rolls.

So Thine anointed envoys flew
  With every speech of earth baptised,—
Nor vain their flight,—first Israel knew,
  Then nations foolish and despised.*

How far excels Thy Written Law
  Of rich, and sweet, the costliest hoard!
Its salutary cautions awe!
  In keeping it is great reward!

His errors who can understand?
  His conscious and unconscious sin?
Let no presumptuous crime command!
  From great transgression keep me clean!

Presumptuous, *great*, would be this zest
  To make Thy Works and Words my themes,
Did not my hope most firmly rest
  On Him who strengthens and redeems!

* Rom. x. 18, 19.

PSALM THE TWENTY-THIRD.

My Shepherd! I would call Thee mine,—
'T was by Thy grace I reached thy fold!
'T is on Thy bosom I recline!
Still Thou my footsteps must uphold!
Thine eye doth watch, Thy care doth keep,
The most perverse of all Thy sheep!

Fed by Thy hand I nothing need,
Always with Thy rich bounty blest!
When wearied, on some verdant mead
Thou makest me lie down and rest,—
Where waters well,—fresh, still, and deep,—
Thither Thou lead'st Thy fainting sheep!

Alas, I often leave Thy way,
And yet my soul Thou dost reclaim!
In rectitude, lest I might stray,
Thou keepest me through Thy own name!
Thou hear'st my moan, Thou seest me weep,
And pitiest Thy foolish sheep!

Soon I must tread the grim defile
Trodden by all Thy faithful flock,
Where nought, but from above, can smile,—
A pass of cold, precipitous, rock;
I 'll brave the shadows of that steep!
Thy rod and staff assure Thy sheep!

Thou dost my pastured table spread,
Thwarting the rage of all my foes;
Thy sacred unction soothes my head,
My cup with mercy overflows!
What more? When life in death shall sleep,
At Thy right hand shall dwell Thy sheep!

PSALM THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

All is the Lord's! Each proof of sense,
Each voice of truth, His claim describes!
The Earth with all its elements!
The World with all its living tribes!

O'er unimaginable deeps,
On subterranean sea and flood,
This surface-crust securely sleeps,—
Man, in his millions, long has stood.

Vast Temple, consecrate to God!
But He has a more chosen rest!
The Church is His hill-crowned abode,—
Who shall ascend, a votary-guest?

The pure in life and heart alone,
The holy worshipper and true,—
These, God of Jacob! seek Thy throne!
These would Thy Face, imploring, view!

But far above that Mountain stands
A Temple, all of Heaven compact,—
Divinely pure, not made with hands,
By sin and sinner yet intact.

Still One "made sin,"—e'en Crucified,—
Hath challenged rightful entrance there!
Angels to one another cried
Aloud their joy the suit to bear!

Lift up th' empyrean arches high!
Fling back your everlasting gates!
Let every access open fly!
The King of Glory now awaits!

Ask ye, Who is this Glorious King?
  The Lord who wields all power and might,—
Whose victories to the zenith ring,—
  Who comes with trophies of the fight!

Spread wide, ye valves of endless strength,
  Give to this Sovereign fullest meed!
Roll out, ye portals, through your length,
  And hail the Conqueror's crowning deed!

Where, through the universe, can doubt
  Still dwell or ask, Who is this King?
Angels through that dread circuit shout,—
  The Lord of Sabaoth we sing!

While they thus chant, the lofty posts*
  Move at their voice,—they ope their leaves!
He has gone in! The Lord of Hosts!
  And now His glorious crown receives!

PSALM THE FORTY-FIFTH.

The noblest breast that ever beat
  Might envy strains like those I sing;—
The best-skilled bard would vain compete
  With the recitals of my string,—
My heart a worthy theme indites!
Verse flows as the apt penman writes!

Supernal beauty decks Thy brow!
  Immortal grace informs Thy speech!
And there assemble round Thee now
  Millions of votaries who beseech
That Thou wouldst dress Thyself in arms,
And conquer nations with Thy charms!

* Isa. vi. 4.

The girded-blade, the victor-car,
The well-stored quiver, all are Thine!
Go forth with trappings of the war,—
In majesty and glory shine,—
So bloodless triumphs shall succeed,
Which widows, orphans, all, may speed!

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands!
Thy sceptre sweeps a rightful aim!
Thy God, e'en Thine, o'er seraph-bands
Doth Thy co-equal rank proclaim!
Creatures Thine office may approach,—
None on Thy Godhead can encroach!

The oil of gladness is out-poured
Upon Thee,—costliest perfumes breathe
From all Thy robes,—'t is Thy reward!
And now unbind the Conqueror's wreath—
A Royal Spouse to meet Thy bride
Who bends in homage at Thy side!

And Thou betrothed queen attend!
Thy people and thy father's house,
Earth's every lure and every friend
Abjure, and take the solemn vows,—
For Him thy Lord with all to part
In full abandonment of heart!

Fair art thou, Church! No golden vest,
Nor whitest raiment, can express
How "the Lamb's wife" shall be confessed
In all her saintly righteousness:
Not only is no trace of sin,
Thou art all glorious within!

King's Daughter! Of a kingly race,
Not raised alone to royal state;

Thy retinue, princesses grace,—
  Unfold the ivory palace-gate!
Long on the threshold has He stood
For her He purchased with His blood!

They come, they come, from earth's far bounds,
  With joy and tributary stores,—
Gentile with Jew in concert sounds
  Her fame, while she her Lord adores:
Though death shall tear a thousand ties,
Endless successions shall arise.

Lord, King, and Bridegroom! Hark the Voice
  Which makes Thy name for ever known!
And still all people shall rejoice
  In choral hymns to its renown!
Thousands of years have passed away,—
The Scripture is fulfilled this day.

PSALM THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

Messiah has triumphed! To the skies with our shout!
  Death, threatening and mocking, His arm overthrows!
From the Grave springs Almighty! His foes fly in rout!
  And over the earth as its monarch he goes!

Messiah has triumphed! Far diffuses His power
  And kingdoms which raged are won to His side!
The nations He gives to the Church for her dower,
  And delights in the excellency of His Bride!

Messiah has triumphed! With a warrior's cry,
  With a conqueror's clang, with a kingly state,
He rises to wield His dominion on high,—
  While rolls back in welcome each heavenly gate.

Messiah has triumphed! The diadems bring
  To honour His state! Let earth still prolong
The praises of Jesus, the glorified King,
  With heart's ardent, and mind's reflective, song.

Messiah has triumphed! The Idolater yields!
  The long-stubborn Hebrew to Calvary bends!
Peoples, Princes, submit! Earth hangs up her shields,
  To trophy the throne which now He ascends.

PSALM THE SEVENTY-SECOND.

Son of the Eternal King!
  Tidings spread Thy peace around!
Mountain-summits with it ring,—
  Hill-sides echo with the sound!

No inglorious peace He sends;
  Judgment, righteousness, its grounds!
Need's poor children He defends;
  Sceptred tyrants He confounds!

Long as yonder sun shall burn,
  And night's planet gleam o'er sea,
Shall each generation turn
  Reverently its eye to Thee!

But unlike those rolling orbs
  Is the glory of this scene,—
'T is as dew which earth absorbs,
  Silent, soft, on pastures green.

Righteous worth and gentle peace
  Shall adorn earth's deepmost vales,
Flourishing with rich increase
  Till moon's latest crescent fails.

Who shall bound His glorious reign?
Throw its limits backward still,—
To where tosses farthest main,
To where pulses nascent rill.

Prowlers of the savage wild
Bow before His claims as just:
Though His enemies have piled
High their seats, they bite the dust.

There shall come each potentate
And a princely tribute pay,—
Isle and Continental state,—
All the nations shall obey!

Where the tear He'll not repress?
Where the moan He cannot hush?
Where the wrong He'll not redress?
Where the foe He cannot crush?

Martyr-blood in streams may flow,—
He shall give it precious worth!
Heavenward shall its incense go!
Deep its seed shall sink in earth!

All confess His endless throne!
Mines heave up their golden store!
Suppliance pours its ceaseless tone!
And, unpausing, all adore!

From the driven seed, the wind
Bears to some rude, sterile, height,—
Who can seek his sheaves to bind?
What secure from hopeless blight?

Yet His cause like this might seem,—
Weak its springing, scathed its field,—
Suddenly His harvests teem!
Rural, civic, trophies yield!

His a Name 'bove every name,
With undying honour crowned!
Sun! to it how pale thy flame,
Short thy time, confined thy bound!

O what blessings, lavished wide,
Cover all the woes of man,—
As heaven's rainbows soft bestride
All the gloom beneath their span.

Hark! what rapturous hymns arise
Where the Ensign-Cross He rears!
Songs are tuning out of sighs,
Smiles are wreathing out of tears!

All shall bless Him! Lift thy voice
Earth, and sea, and firmament!
Acclamation of your joys
Peal out in one chorus blent!

Blessed God of Israel!
Working marvels of His love!
He with us descends to dwell
From His glorious sphere above!

Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Aye His glorious name maintain!
Let the loud hosanna tower,
Filling heaven with its strain!

Let the blest Immanuel's glory
Like a golden ocean roll,—
Merging every mountain hoary,
Swelling to the farthest pole!

Amen, Amen!——As he sung
Israel's singer rose to heaven,—
All had been too tensely strung,—
Charm, and harp, and heart, were riven!

PSALM THE EIGHTY-FOURTH.

In vain, with all his art and fire,
  The Chief Musician strikes his chord;
And, rapt in transport, would aspire
  To sing Thy tabernacles, Lord!
Thy hosts could not their sweetness tell,—
Oh who *can* say, How *amiable*?

My soul is lost in this intent,
  With this fond wish it sinks opprest,
To be where Thou the heaven hast bent
  To come down to an earthly rest!
My varied powers of soul and frame
Now for the Living God exclaim!

Instinctive yearnings never erred,
  Since Temple-pinnacle arose,
To prompt towards it the parent bird
  Seeking protection from its foes:
There would it flutter, brood, and sing,
Warbling Thy praise, my God and King!

Supremely blest, in filial right,
  Is the Celestial family!
They dwell for ever in Thy sight,
  Attuning holy harmony!
Their strains they endlessly fulfil,—
Ages revolve,—they 're praising still!

And *he* is blest, whose pilgrim road
  Is firmly travelled in Thine aid!
Who passes on to Thine abode
  From strength to strength's untiring grade,—
Nor his a solitary part,
A social way is in his heart!

Oh 't is a blest companion-band,
They wind the vale, the summit mount;
The well springs up at their command,
They drink, march on, but note the fount,—
Renewed by Heaven's most gracious rain,—
Their panting followers to sustain!

Not one shall perish from those coasts!
All before Zion's God appear!
But who am I, O Lord of Hosts?
My prayer, Thou God of Bethel, hear!
Thou wilt: Messiah's face revealed
Secures Thy favour like a shield!

A thousand days are no mean share
Of life's amount of days on earth:
Each brings its duty, joy, and care,—
One, such a sacrifice is worth!
That day within Thy courts I ask,
However menial be my task!

Father of lights, illume my ways!
Mine Ægis, still my head enfold!
Thy glory consummates Thy grace!
No proper good dost Thou withhold!
My walk be ever with the just,
And in Thee mine unwavering trust!

PSALM THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

Blest Spectacle! Yon holy heights
  Uprear no city of the world!
Therein are served no common rites,
  Thence no mean ensign is unfurled!

City of God! The dwelling-place
  In which His glory is enshrined!
Precinct of refuge and of grace,
  Set ope to all of human kind!

The latch of the devoted home
  He passes not, nor will despise,—
But to its altar-hearth doth come
  To bless the household sacrifice.

But in the Progress of His State,
  Far loftier portals He demands,—
And lo! He enters Zion's gate
  And dwells in it, though made with hands.

O Church! Once feeble, small, and mean,
  What glorious things are told of thee!
And, in prophetic light foreseen,
  A world now crowds thy sanctuary.

They who once knew Thee,—could they hope
  That thou a listening world shouldst teach?
Chaldean, Tyrian, Ethiop,—
  Men of each kindred, tribe, and speech?

Thou a new life dost spread around!
  From stones dost sons and daughters call!
With matron-honours art thou crowned!
  Thou art the mother of us all!

Thine is the renovating spell!
From soul to soul it multiplies!
A record none, like thine, can tell!
Thy strength the Highest fortifies!

Soon will, amidst the Last Account,
That sumless offspring be displayed:
And they shall bless the natal mount
Which swells and blooms when all things fade.

While at its base,—I cannot sing
Like the sweet choirs which crest that hill:
Yet do its sides with echoes ring,
And yield me each refreshing rill!

PSALM THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH

PARAPHRASE.

What rivers cleave this waste forlorn?
Rivers of Weeping and of Death:
Along their dreary banks we mourn,—
A sigh each breath!

The willows bear our stringed shells
Which droop and murmur 'mong the reeds,
No purposed strain of sorrow swells,—
Our spirit bleeds!

The foe may o'er us proudly vaunt,
And impiously disdain our woe,—
No harp shall answer to his taunt,
Though tears must flow!

Nor can we find our own relief
  In sweeping yon suspended lyres,—
In pensive thought, 'midst sobbing grief,
          Our song expires!

O Zion, ne'er art thou forgot!
  Nor thou, Jerusalem, our home!
Whate'er from memory we must blot!
          Where'er we roam!

Our touch shall lose its chording art,
  Our utterance praise no more employ,
When aught shall wean this broken heart
          From its chief joy!

O Earth farewell! Thou doomed place,—
  Our foeman's seat,—Thy judgments fall!
Thy children perish! Vain Thou 'dst rase
          Our City's wall!

We 'll sing again! Our bosom burns!
  Skill shall direct our new-strung hand,—
Earth's days are numbered! Now returns
          The Exile Band!

PSALM THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND.

In reciting this Psalm, Francis of Assisium expired: the version is accommodated to the scene.

Ah, 't is not now that I commence
  To pour to heaven my suppliant cry:
But now my soul is parting hence,
  O Lord! sustain and bid it fly:
Wilt Thou not still be its defence,
  Who all my life wast ever nigh?

Long have I proved Thy gentle care,—
  Each plaint of sorrow Thou hast heard,—
Each secret trouble I could bare
  Before Thine eye: when inward stirred
My spirit's depth, when outward snare
  Was set, my path was ne'er deterred.

Little I mourn to leave this scene,
  Strange 't is to me, and I 'm alone:
No refuge here my head can screen,
  No pity meets my soul's deep moan:
Yet not unblest my lot has been,—
  As refuge, portion, Thee I 've known!

But now I die,—with tenderest love
  Mark my last prayer, my latest woe,—
Let not my tempters greatly move
  My heart which trembles faint and low—
I 'm free! I 'm borne by saints above!
  Praise, Praise! Thy heavenly bounties flow!

PSALM THE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH.

HALLELUIA! We will raise
To the Lord God songs of praise!
Halleluia! We proclaim
The high honours of His name!

Where shall this our Hymn begin?
The Sanctuary-courts within:
Tenderness and awe combine
To endear that chosen shrine!

Yet a temple made with hands
Roofs not wide extended lands,—
Be a nobler concave bent!
Praise Him in the Firmament!

What His homage first attracts?
Praise Him for his mighty acts!
But in essence great is He,—
Excellent His glories be!

How shall these our vows be paid?
Let sweet Music bring her aid!
Pealing, solemn, festal, sound
Through the universe rebound!

Man! thy breath is life and mind!
Not like senseless string and wind!
Voice hast thou! Its lispings train,
Till in gasps shall die the strain!

" Accipe, sed Facilis !"

Georgii Buchanani Epigramma
ad Mariam Reginam.

" Καταγελᾷς μου, δηλος ει :
Αλλ' ουν εγωγ' ου παυσομαι, τουτ' ισθ' ὁτι,
Πριν αν πτερωθεις διαδραμω τον αερα."

ARISTOPHANES.—Ornithes, Line 1408.

" Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit deus :
Ridetque, si mortalis *ultra*
Fas trepidat."

HORACE.—Carm : Lib. iii. 29.